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A HISTORY
OF
BRADFIELD COLLEGE

Oxford

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Frontispiece

THE COLLEGE GATE FROM WITHOUT

U. of T.
Univ. B.

A HISTORY

OF

BRADFIELD COLLEGE

By Old Bradfield Boys

EDITED BY

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WINCHESTER COLLEGE,' ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

A STATEMENT of defence is perhaps required from one who undertakes the history of a School of which he has not been a member. Mine is that though I have no filial affection for Bradfield, I have a fraternal and paternal interest in it: fraternal, from having watched the progress of an old school-fellow of the same year, who went 'up to books' in the same Form and played in the same 'Six' at Winchester, as Warden and Headmaster bringing order out of chaos and converting an institution on the verge of dissolution into one of the most successful of its class; and paternal, through having contributed two pledges to its fortunes in the shape of sons. A third line of defence might be, that an outsider is not so likely to indulge in the dithyrambics sometimes developed by that uninformed patriotism which credits to a particular place a custom or a spirit common to many, or to all, Public Schools.

Different parts of the book being by different hands, it should be stated that the authorship is distributed as follows:—

Chapters I-IV and VIII are by the Editor, while he is responsible for Chapters X and XII. He desires particularly to acknowledge the assistance derived from the knowledge and zeal of Mr. F. H. Woods in the chapter on the buildings.

Chapter V is mainly by Mr. A. J. Butler (1852-7), formerly Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, and editor of 'Dante.' Chapter VI is wholly, and Chapter VII mostly, by the Rev. F. H. Woods (1864-9), formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, Vicar of Chalfont St. Peter's, Bucks. Chapters IX and XI are by Mr. T. Steele, a Master of the College since 1882.

A large number of Old Boys have contributed their reminiscences to form this book. While the sources of most of these have been acknowledged in the body of the book, some of them can only be acknowledged here in terms of general gratitude. The number, extent, and quality of them show that old Bradfield boys are certainly not behind the members of other schools in the lively affection which they entertain for their Alma Mater. I am speaking the views of the writers of the different parts of the book as well as my own, when I express my regret that more of the contributions could not be used bodily. But it was thought best to abstain from all characterization of any of those who are still connected with the administration of the School; and so, many eloquent passages and glowing panegyrics have been perforce omitted.

For the illustrations of the old Church and the old Manor House the book is indebted to water-colour drawings by Miss Le Mesurier, whose family resided in the latter till the foundation of the College. The later portrait of the Founder is from an oil-painting by his daughter, Miss S. Stevens, and the earlier one from a photograph belonging to Mr. T. Stevens, while Miss Kate Stevens lent the photographs for the interior of the Church and the old Rectory. The Chapel is shown as it is to be when finished, from a drawing by Mr. J. Oldrid Scott, O.B.B., its architect.

Mr. F. H. Woods supplied the portrait of Mr. Denning and the counterfeit presentment of *The Owlet*. The caricature of the College as a castle of celibacy is from a pen-and-ink sketch in the possession of Mrs. Shea, of the Village House, the view of which, as also those of Bradfield House, of the Tan or Bridge House, of the Terrace, of the Bathing-place, of the Water-meadows, of the effigy of Sir Nicholas de la Beche in Aldworth Church, and of the Seal of Isabella de la Beche (reproduced by permission of the Vicar of Aldworth), are due to the patriotism and skilful camera of Mr. S. V. Shea. The Sluice, the Hog's Back, the Village Street, and the College Water are from photographs done by boys in the School for a photographic competition. King Ini is taken from his fourteenth-century portrait in the MS. of the Abingdon Chronicle in the British Museum. Mr. J. Vaughan, architect and O.B.B., made the plan of the buildings.

The rest of the illustrations are from photographs done, for the most part, expressly for the book, by A. H. Fry, photographer, East Street, Brighton.

ARTHUR F. LEACH.

34 ELM PARK GARDENS,
S.W.

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THE OLD MANOR HOUSE
(From a water-colour drawing)

BRADFIELD COLLEGE

CHAPTER I

BRADFIELD'S PLACE AMONG PUBLIC SCHOOLS

FIRMLY planted on the solid chalk ridge which marks the first rise of the Berkshire Downs from the basin of the Upper Thames, set in scenery such as Southern England at its best can show, stands the school called St. Andrew's College, Bradfield. Below it runs a stream of many names, haunted by many trout; above it rises a wooded hill. It looks on one side down a park-like glade dotted with forest trees, and it fronts a green expanse of water-meadows, laced with silver streams. Hill, wood, and water form a setting for its stately lines of spacious buildings, and its ample playing-fields, which no school can surpass. The added charms which Winchester and Eton may boast, in the historic piles of Winchester Cathedral and St. Cross Hospital, or Windsor Castle and St. George's Chapel, are indeed wanting. Perhaps they are not wanted, for Bradfield School is a child of the nineteenth century, and finds its success, not through the attractions of an historic past, but solely by adaptation to the needs of the present.

It has no need to be ashamed of the century which gave it birth, the fame of which will surely be not less great in the history of education than in the history of science and the arts of war and peace. With far more justice will

the Victorian era be known to after ages for its creation of new schools than the Edwardian age, which spoiled ten where it improved one. Alike in the fields of elementary, secondary, and university education, this century has seen more educational development than the whole of the three preceding centuries. It would be difficult to decide whether the impulse came from above or below, whether the movement was for the benefit of the masses or of the classes. Certain it is that there is no sphere of education in which it has been more marked than that of Public Schools. It is unnecessary to go here into the question, discussed at length in my *History of Winchester College*, as to what constitutes the differentia of that particular species of grammar or secondary school which is called a Public School. The conclusion arrived at was that a Public School was an endowed grammar school, which was wholly or almost wholly a boarding school for the wealthier classes.

At the opening of the century, the term Public School, in common parlance, covered only the number of the Graces—Winchester, Eton, Westminster—though Harrow would have claimed to increase the trio to a quartette. When, half a century later, Parliament first tried its hand at interfering with the Public Schools by the Public Schools Commission, it recognized the number of the Muses. Yet the result of its inquiry was to reduce that number to a sacred seven, Charterhouse, Rugby, and Shrewsbury being added to the other four. But by that time it was well recognized that the parliamentary definition was by no means exhaustive. New planets had come into being outside the system of the ancient endowed schools. Parliament took no heed of them, but they had swum into the ken of the British parent, and he had come to recognize them as at least on a par with some of the older lights.

Marlborough College, opened in 1843, is credited by its historians with being the first specimen of the new Public School. But it was such a rough and queer specimen that it could hardly claim public school rank before 1852, when it imbibed from G. E. Cotton the traditions of Winchester

and Westminster, filtered through the Rugby of Dr. Arnold. It is besides difficult to make out why it claims the honour, as Cheltenham, founded in 1840, was certainly before it. The mere admixture of a minority of day-boys could hardly deprive it of its title. In 1844 Rossall made its appearance. August, 1847, saw Radley begin, not with 200 boys like Marlborough, but with a modest three. In 1848 Lancing was opened. With admirable felicity Bradfield chose the distinction of the turning year of the century for its birth, and starting in 1850 with three boys is able to celebrate its jubilee in 1900 with more than 300. Since then, Wellington, 1859; Clifton, 1860; Malvern, 1862; Haileybury, 1864, have been added to the number of Public Schools: while many older foundations of the grammar school type, like Uppingham, Bedford, and Repton, have blossomed into such larger life as almost amounts to a new birth.

Various motives have prompted these different foundations. Cheltenham rose as a day school for the children of the old Indians, civil and military, 'the fleeting remnants of whose livers' sent them to drink the Cheltenham waters. Marlborough was a joint-stock concern, aiming at the combination of economy with education, religion, and a good five per cent. investment, chiefly for the sons of the clergy. Rossall, opened as the Northern Church of England School, was the effort of a soi-disant Roman Catholic hotel-keeper and a speculative squire, to develop a new watering-place.

Bradfield, like Lancing and Radley, was an outcome of the religious revivalism of the second quarter of the nineteenth century, known as the Oxford Movement. Lancing, though owing its initiative to one man, the late Canon Woodard, and not seeking for profit, at least shareholders' profit, was yet a joint-stock affair in so far that it was mainly supported by subscriptions and donations. Like the later schools of Wellington and Haileybury, only more emphatically, it followed what may be called the Marlborough model, the barrack and caravanserai type, aiming at cheapness by dint of a common life.

Bradfield, together with its immediate predecessor and neighbour, Radley, resembled rather the old foundations, in owning a single founder, and being entirely innocent of commercial enterprise ; having, as Carlyle would say, no cash nexus ; not seeking to pay a dividend to subscribers, either in money, or in kind by a cheap education.

Another feature that distinguished Bradfield, as it did Radley, from other foundations of the period was that its constitution was deliberately founded on that of the oldest and chiefest of Public Schools, and that it sought its inspiration, not like Marlborough, in the later Arnoldian development of the Winchester ideal through Rugby, but in the original model, Winchester itself. The founder of Radley was a Wykehamist of Wykehamists. Though he died at the age of seventy-one, twenty-six years ago, he was—how strange it seems!—own brother of the present head of the Wykehamical body, the venerable Warden of New College, James Edwards Sewell. The founder of Bradfield, Thomas Stevens, though not himself a Wykehamist, nor a public school man at all, was the son of a Wykehamist, and the friend of many Wykehamists.

There was however a great difference between the foundation of Radley and that of Bradfield. William Sewell and some of his High Church friends, intent on religious propaganda, had already founded one school at St. Columba's College, Dublin, and it was more or less of an accident that in seeking where to pitch the tents of a similar foundation in England, after inspecting divers places, they selected the Manor House of the Bowyer family at Radley.

Thomas Stevens was himself the lord of the manor and the rector of the parish, or, to speak profanely, the squarson of Bradfield, when he dedicated the Manor House, which had been in his family for four generations, to his school. But he did not found the school of set design to spread his own views of religion, or 'true Church principles' as he called them, or even because he was bent on a new educational ideal, though he had ideas on that point too.

The foundation was largely a kind of happy thought, a fortunate accident in the course of a quaint and original career. In 1842 he succeeded his father as rector and 'lord' of Bradfield. He set to work to restore the church as a memorial to his father. The restoration was effected under the influence of Sir Gilbert Scott, then Mr. Scott, of Spring Gardens; and took the form which 'restoration' usually took in those days and under those auspices, of complete destruction. The whole of the old church, except the tower, was pulled down, and rebuilt in the 'purest Gothic' style, as then understood, a medley of 'Early English,' but with the square abacus rarely seen in England outside the French part of Canterbury, and 'Decorated.' The new church was finished in 1848, and being finished, was thought to need a new choir, and new inhabitants to live up to it. The whole village had been taught to sing. But the village voice was not good enough for the new church. That was an age when 'choral scholars' were in vogue at New College and Magdalen. They were said to have been killed at New College by Arthur Ridding having shown that it was found impossible to obtain scholars who could both sing and pass their Responsions, 'et cantare pares et respondere parati.' At Magdalen, the choral scholar was supplemented by the gentleman-chorister recruited from Magdalen College School. Tom Stevens, as he was always called, was fired with the ambition to produce a Magdalen College School on his own land. Perhaps also the idea of making the choir a source of income instead of outgoing may not have been without its charm to a man who had sunk £30,000 in cold stone. It was 'proposed to establish a College at Bradfield, to be called St. Andrew's College, for the education of a limited number of boys upon moderate terms. They will be admitted between the age of eight and twelve years. Their education will be based upon true Church principles; and will first be directed to Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and Music; and as they advance to Classics, Mathematics, History, and other branches of general knowledge. The College will

be governed by a Warden, assisted by one or more Fellows, and will be subject to the superior control of the Rector of Bradfield, the Visitor.' So ran the first print of the first prospectus, with a drawing of the church at the top. Development, however, quickly took place. Manuscript additions conveyed the information that each boy would have a separate bedroom, and the charge would be £42 a year; while the Rector as Visitor promptly gave place to the Lord Bishop of the Diocese and a Headmaster was added to the Warden. The terms were very soon raised beyond the modest sum of £42 a year. The prospectus, issued on St. Andrew's Day, 1848, did not refer to filthy lucre at all, but stated that the College would be open at Easter, temporary accommodation being provided for the Headmaster, Fellows, and seven or eight boys; while contributions were invited for the erection of a projected new building to receive fifty boys.

Having put his ideas on paper, the next thing for the Rector was to find a man to carry them out. Here we may let the man selected, Dr. Guy, afterwards Headmaster of the Forest School, Walthamstow, tell the tale as it was told in his words in the *Bradfield College Chronicle* in July, 1888. Dr. Guy, it should be premised, was just 24 years old, had taken his degree at Oxford about a year, and was engaged in private tutoring in Wales, when he was pitched upon to be the first Headmaster of Bradfield.

'My first acquaintance with the Rector of Bradfield began at Christmas, 1849. He wrote to me in the autumn of that year inviting me to assist him in starting a school, saying he understood from friends that I was likely to be disposed to help him, and if so he would offer me the Headmastership. The object at that time nearest his heart was the maintenance of a choral service in St. Andrew's, the parish church, which, with the exception of the tower, he had just rebuilt, exactly as you see it now. I took a little time to think over his offer, and I decided that I was not qualified. I was young, had very little knowledge of music, and, as yet, had not seen Bradfield nor its



THE FIRST HEADMASTER, 1850-1852
(Rev. F. B. Gay)

To face p. 6

Rector. By his invitation I arranged to visit him at Christmas to talk the subject over. I spent nearly all my holidays with him (who could help being drawn into a warm attachment for the Rector of Bradfield in 1849?). To see him in his home was to love him. We became fast friends. But for all that I could not advise him to select me for his project. Besides my ignorance of music, I did not feel myself adapted to the sort of school which he had at that time in view. One thing however I discovered: that the idea of an exclusively Choral School was by no means of paramount importance. Music was on the brain with him just at this time because, after his church building was at an end, he had determined to make its worship *good*. The whole village had been trained to sing from note. Mr. Binfield of Reading, one of the finest teachers (for power of interesting the taught) in England, had triumphantly carried out the Rector's ideal in this matter of music for all. "Why," asked Rector Stevens, "cannot a man who fills a dung-cart be taught to sing?" Certainly the result was marvellous. But the boy element in his village choir he thought might be in part supplied, strengthened at any rate, by the voices of "College boys." So a College he wished to found.

'James Charles Norman, Rector of Highworth, had some time early in 1849 been called by Mr. Stevens into council. He was an old friend of mine at Oxford, though my senior in years, and it was he, I found, who had suggested my name. But where was I to begin, supposing that the opening of the school was delayed till Midsummer, 1850? A new building near the river, known as the "Red House," was considered by Norman as likely to answer the same purpose as what they had got at Harrow Weald, inaugurated by Keble, Gladstone, and Bishop Blomfield. This was proposed as the "plant" of the new institution, and the idea approved itself to Mr. Stevens. That idea however confirmed me in declining the post. To begin there would, in my opinion, altogether destroy all chances of getting a big and good school: and there were other diffi-

culties besides, which I have not mentioned. Everybody acquainted with Bradfield knows that, in suggesting difficulties to its late Rector, you were only strengthening his determination to devise means for making them useful to his purpose. We talked and talked. Later friends of Bradfield will be surprised to learn that we never discussed these things over a pipe—we, of that day, were non-smokers! But as we walked and talked and, by the delightful river-side footpath between the Rectory and the church, daily sauntered morning and evening to and from the service, I used to look wistfully at the mansion above, with its fine old chimney stacks, and the quaint old bits of ruin around “Tom o’ Bedlam’s Hole,” and the huge ivy-covered fireplace. *College must be there*, I was convinced. This mansion was at that time occupied by Archdeacon Le Mesurier and his two sisters. But this fact presented only one more difficulty for the owner to battle with. How it came about I never knew. I will not say that it was without some compunction that I found myself urgent for the eviction of these benevolent ladies and their venerable brother; but, before my next visit to Bradfield, they were comfortably transported over the river to the house once used, I think, as post office, now Bridge House. I was generally, and perhaps not unfairly, credited with this bold deed of innovation: its completion however was as astonishing to me as to any one else.

‘This admirable site having been secured, I could no longer hesitate to make trial of my qualification for a novel position. In accepting Mr. Stevens’ offer I stipulated that the school should be for the sons of gentlemen, and I promised to help forward their musical education as much as possible, in order to supplement the choir. All this was the result of my protracted visits at the Rectory.

‘We began with six boys in August, 1850. How well I remember our first procession on that evening to the service in church, as it left what is now the Snake Door of the College! Stevens was for caps and gowns, so in caps and gowns masters and boys issued forth!’

It will be observed from the prospectus already quoted that Dr. Guy has unconsciously exaggerated his share in the enlargement of the Founder's idea of the School. Before he had been communicated with, the idea of a boarding-house for fifty boys was already in being and in process of fulfilment. One of the prospectuses in 1848 even gives promised subscriptions to the amount of £410: £400 from Mr. C. Marriott, of Cotesbach, Leicestershire, and £10 by the Rev. H. Harris, of Magdalen College, Oxford. The conversion of the old Manor House of Bradfield into the College certainly was largely responsible for the immediate and the permanent success of the foundation.



THE TAN OR BRIDGE HOUSE.

CHAPTER II

HISTORIC BRADFIELD

THE Manor House, which became the home of the School and the nucleus of the present buildings, has a history, though not the history invented for it. Bradfield boys have been taught to believe that 'Tom o' Bedlam's Hole,' the small octagonal turret-shaped building in the red-brick wall surrounding the churchyard on the north, represents the remains of the ruins of an ancient Benedictine monastery, a cell of the great monastery of Abingdon. Even the *Bradfield College Chronicle* has lent the weight of its authority to this 'tradition,' which is almost certainly not older than the School.

Bradfield and its manor have, however, a long and interesting history. It seems pretty certain that its history did not begin under the Roman Empire. Some masonry found under the wall by the steps leading down into the church have been pronounced Roman because some of the salmon-coloured mortar used by the Romans was, it is said, found there. But this masonry had never been critically examined by experts. The salmon-coloured mortar is by no means an exhaustive test. I have myself seen, in a Register of Durham Cathedral monastery of the fourteenth century, a receipt for its manufacture. It has been found in buildings certainly not Roman; amongst others, as Mr. St. John Hope informs me, in Dudley Castle—a significant coincidence, as will be seen. Mr. F. Haverfield, of Christ Church, Oxford,

sends the following note on 'Roman Bradfield,' which, as far as the evidence of the presence of Romans at Bradfield is concerned, savours of the chapter 'On Snakes in Iceland':—

'In 1884 a rather rude lamp was, I am informed, picked up in a ploughed field near the present workhouse. The finder was at the time a master in the School, and the lamp was deposited in the School Museum. On Jan. 28, 1897, I exhibited it to the London Society of Antiquaries, but the best judges who saw it, Sir John Evans in particular, considered it to be not a genuine Roman lamp but a continental forgery, brought (it may be) by some Bradfield person from abroad and then lost. Or perhaps the tale of its "invention" was itself invented. If genuine and local, it would be of considerable interest, as it resembles fourth-century work and bears a rude imitation of Chi-Rho, the Christian monogram. The supposition that a christianized Briton or Romano-Briton lived at Bradfield in the fourth century would, in itself, be not impossible (*Eng. Hist. Rev.* July, 1896), but it had better be left alone till the authenticity of the lamp can be settled. Apart from this lamp, the nearest Roman remains to Bradfield occur on the Pangbourne and Theale road, which was very probably a Roman track connecting Silchester (Calleva) with the Thames Valley, and possibly with Dorchester. It was however a track, not a full high-road.'

The name of Bradfield is of course as English as it can be. The same place-name, the Broad-field, is to be found, as is not surprising, in eight other counties, Bradfield Monachorum in Suffolk, and in Norfolk, Hertfordshire, Essex, Kent, Devonshire, Herefordshire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire. Oddly enough three of these at least did belong to religious houses, and it is possible that one of them has been confused with our Bradfield. The Broad Field was no doubt the field on the top of the hill, the Hog's Back, where the Modern House now stands. It could not be, as is sometimes supposed, the water-meadows in front of the School, across the river, broad as they are. The old language and ancient documents always carefully distinguished between

the fields, the land, that is the arable land, and the meadows, pastures, and woodland.

Bradfield has the honour of a very early appearance in English history, and that in connexion with Abingdon Abbey. Only, instead of appearing as a cell, or as property in possession of the abbey, it appears as one of the original sites of the abbey itself, which after only five years it had to give up. A very complicated tale is told in the two medieval chronicles of the abbey, now preserved in the British Museum (Cott. Claudius, C. ix and B. vii). Unfortunately the later and more corrupt of the two chronicles was selected by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson for printing as the *Chronicon Monasterii de Abingdon* in the Rolls Series in 1858. We adhere to the earlier chronicle, in which the story appears as follows. Abingdon monastery took its name from Abbandun, the hill between Abingdon and Oxford, whereon the nightingales sing in Bagley Wood. Its first founder was Cissa, king of the West Saxons, who gave one Hean, 'a man of the religious life and an abbot,' and his sister Cilla, a site for the monastery with endowments. By the reign of Ini, grandson of Cissa, no monastery had been built, and the land was resumed; only however, according to the chronicler, to be regranted to Hean, now described not as a 'religious' but as a nobleman (patricius). A charter of King Ini is cited, by which he purports to restore 'to Hean, patrician, and Ceolswitha, to erect a monastery, forty-five hides of land, which land is called In Bradanfeld, and Bestlesford (Besselsleigh?); and Streatley.' Another charter of Ini is also quoted, by which he is made to give to 'Hean, abbot,' land 'for the benefit of the church,' viz. in Bradanafeld fifteen hides, fifteen at Besselsleigh, and twenty-five at Streatley. This is dated in the year 687.

But the chronicler then gives another document, dated in 699, which he calls an 'abbatial decree.' This document, which has a most abrupt commencement, simply beginning 'Then the said patrician Hean,' tells how Hean had become a monk and placed himself and all his possessions under

the rule of the unnamed speaker, who was abbot. But 'now when five full years have not passed,' he wanted to leave the monastery, and King Ini accordingly decided that he might recover his inheritance. Thereupon the anonymous abbot surrenders 'willingly,' as he says, the property, including 'one hundred hides in Bradanfeltha (Bradfield), where I erected a monastery.' Another document is however given, called 'the Will of Abbot Hean,' by which



KING INI.

Hean purports to give 'a little bit of land, which had been granted to my use by my parents, who, as is known, enjoyed the government of the kingdom, in the place the name of which is Bradenfeld,' to his sister Cillan (*sic*: it is the dative case) for life, in trust to give it after her death wholly to that monastery. 'The aforesaid quantity of land in Bradfield is forty-eight hides.' The will is undated, and it does not appear whether it was before or after the 'abbatial

decree.' If it is genuine, we may assume it to have been executed when Hean entered the monastery, though it is strange that he should be called abbot, when the decree states that he was a simple monk under some one else. Most probably it is a forgery.

The discrepancies of these documents as to the amount of land given, the difficulties of date arising from the names of the witnesses, and mutual contradictions, throw suspicion on the whole series. That which is least subject to suspicion is the 'abbatial decree,' which witnesses to the surrender to secular uses of the land in Bradfield and the monastery which had been built there. This at least accords with subsequent facts. In times of records there is no connexion between Bradfield and Abingdon. Neither in Domesday, nor at any later time, do the manor or the church of Bradfield appear among the possessions of the monastery of Abingdon, nor as attached or tributary to it, or to any other monastic house. The living of Bradfield appears always as a rectory, never converted into a vicarage or appropriated to any religious establishment. The manor of Bradfield was always a lay fee held of the king in chief, or, in other words, directly of the Crown.

If the history given in the 'abbatial decree' is genuine (and is not a late forgery, representing an attempt of Abingdon Abbey to obtain possession of Bradfield by fraud), Bradfield was, for less than five years in the seventh century, the seat of one of the monasteries out of which Abingdon Abbey was formed, but it has no later connexion with any of those magnificent, if useless, establishments.

Bradfield must have seen other sights when at Englefield, the next parish on the south, Alderman Ethelwulf began a wondrous series of battles against the Danes, in 871. 'In this year,' says the Saxon Chronicle, 'the army [i.e. the Danes] came to Reading in Wessex, and three nights after, two jarls rode up, when the Alderman Ethelwulf met them at Englafelda'—the field of the English, not the corner or angle field as some local historians vainly teach—'and fought with them there and took the victory.' The victorious

Alderman was however killed four nights afterwards attacking Reading, with King Ethelred and Alfred his brother; while, after four nights more, a great battle was fought at Ashdown, when a Danish king and five jarls were killed, 'with many thousands'; which, oddly enough, did not prevent the Danes beating the English brothers at Basing a fortnight later, or at Merton in Surrey two months after that.

The next appearance of Bradfield in history is in Domesday Book. Here we find it (f. 60 b) mentioned second among the manors of a very well-manored person, William, son of Ansculf, who comes twenty-second among the Berkshire tenants-in-chief:—

'The land of William fitz Ansculf. In the hundred of Radinges (Reading).

'William fitz Ansculf holds Inglefelle, and Gislebert of him. Alwin held it in the time of King Edward . . . when it was worth £10, and afterwards £7, now 7s. more.

'The same William holds Bradefelt. Herling held it of King Edward. Then it defended itself for nine hides, now for six. The land is thirty ploughlands. In demesne are two ploughlands, and twenty villains and thirty-one bordarii with eighteen ploughlands. There are nine slaves and three mills of 54s., and twenty acres of meadow; wood of a hundred pigs. In the time of King Edward and afterwards it was worth £24, now £16.'

Ansculf had come from Pinchingi in Normandy, and had been Sheriff of Surrey. His son appears in Domesday as the holder of many manors in various counties, the chief being Staffordshire and Worcestershire, in which latter county he held Dudley, 'where his castle is.'

The monopoly of eleven manors in Berkshire, which in the time of King Edward the Confessor had been held by ten different owners, in the hands of one absentee landlord who held no less than seventy-six manors elsewhere, accompanied by a reduction in the value of the manors, and almost certainly of the population also, by 33 per cent. in the case of Bradfield itself, and by 50 per

cent. in the case of Hartridge, sheds a lurid light on the supposed benefits of the Norman Conquest. *Latifundia perdidere Italiam*. England suffered, and indeed still suffers, from the accumulation of broad acres in a few hands that had done nothing for their fertilization and much for their desolation. The fatalistic spirit of history writing which invariably finds that whatever has been, has been for the best, must shut its eyes very tight, and draw on its imagination very largely, to deduce a benefit to England in an event which, in this as in other places, substituted a single foreign adventurer for ten native gentlemen. The assumption that because the mixed host of Normans, Bretons, French, and Flemish conquered England they were superior in civilization, is as gratuitous as a similar assumption in the case of the Turkish conquest of Constantinople. It is not too much to say that the Norman Conquest threw back the civilization of England and of Normandy for 100 years. Not until the brigand barons had torn themselves to pieces in the Anarchy of Stephen and the Barons' War of Henry III, and the English began to assimilate the foreigners, did England begin to flourish again as a progressive state. 2.

The medieval history of Bradfield is, like the medieval history of most country places in England, little more than the history of its manorial lords: the story of the devolution of the manor and the church. Like most manors it passed from time to time through heiresses into new families. Seven families have held Bradfield from the year 1090 to the year 1880—the Pagnells or Paynells, the Somerys or Someries, the Beaches or De la Beches, the Langfords, the Staffords, the Thompsons, and the Stevensens. The Staffords held it longest, for upwards of 150 years. The De la Beches held it only for a single generation, about thirty years.

The history of Bradfield is a blank from the days of Domesday to the days of Edward I. It passed as an appendix to Dudley with the other possessions of William Fitz Ansculf, probably by marriage of his daughter, to

Fulco Paganellus or Fulk Paynel, and remained in the Pagnells through three generations, Fulk, Ralph, and Gervase. The last of these fought for the Empress Maud in 1138, but in 1174 joined in the rebellion of the 'young king' Henry III, as he was called, though he is not so reckoned in our histories, against his father, Henry II, and had his castle of Dudley dismantled for so doing.

Part of his inheritance, including Dudley and Bradfield, passed about 1190, with Hawise his daughter—clearly not his sister, as Dugdale has it (*Baronage*, p. 432) (for she could not have succeeded when there were divers brothers to take in priority)—to John de Somery. Of three generations of Somerys, John, Ralph his son, William Perceval, and Nicholas his grandsons, a certain amount is known in connexion with their capital, Dudley (Nash's *Worcestershire*, p. 358), but nothing as regards Bradfield.

There is reason to think that Bradfield was their dower house, the manor and its dependencies being held as the portion of the ladies of the departed lords of Dudley. At least in the *Testa de Neville*, a list of knights' fees made for the purpose of assessment of the tax called scutage in the reign of Henry III, we find Margery de Somery holding Bradfield of Roger de Somery in dower, free from scutage; and it will be seen that Bradfield was held by several subsequent dowagers of its later lords. This return shows that there were $9\frac{1}{2}$ knights' fees held of the honour of Duddeley (Dudley), of which Bradfield was the chief; Robert of Offinton held the manor of Offinton (Ufton) for half a knight's fee; William of Engelfield held Englefield for a whole knight's fee; Peter of Yatingden held Yattingdon, Peter of Stanford held Stanford (Dingley) for whole knights' fees; Walter le Maunsel, Nicholas of Ingpenne and the abbot of Tychefeld (Titchfield, Hants), held Inkpen for two knights' fees. Hodicote (Hodcott); Kingston Roger, which was held by Matilda de Gornay, as guardian of the heir of Roger of Kingston; Estildesle (East Ilsley); and Cumpton, now Compton, in the tenure of William de Bellocampo or Beauchamp, each formed a dependent knight's

fee. In Bradfield itself Nicholas le Buteyller, the butler, held a quarter of a knight's fee. A century later a part of Bradfield was called Butlerswood.

In 1272, on the death of Roger de Somery, the inquisition usual on the death of a tenant-in-chief to ascertain whether the Crown was entitled to his lands by way of escheat for default of heirs, or by way of wardship if the heir was a minor, or to other feudal incidents, was held at Bradfield (*Inquisitio post mortem*, Edw. I, No. 15), and gives some interesting details about the place.

The writ for the inquiry was signed by Walter of Merton, not the founder of Merton College, Oxford, who was then Bishop of Rochester, but a near relation. The foreman of the jury was Walter of Meydenhach, now Maidenhatch, a hatch on the river which still exists, a little way below the College; among the others being Nicholas le Moiller, the miller, Ralph de la Bocholte, Buckhold being a chapelry in the parish, and Peter le Frankelyn, the franklin. An extent was taken of the manor of Bradfield; that is, the details of its value are set out at full length. The manor had been held by Roger of Somery as a member of the barony of Duddeley.

Its capital messuage or manor house with its gardens and courtyard were valued at 45s. It had two dovecotes, which only lords of manors had the right to have, valued at 4s. There were five carucates, or ploughlands, of sixscore acres each, worth £10 a year, at 40s. a carucate or 4*d.* an acre; 30 acres of meadow worth 15s. or 6*d.* an acre; two parks, the pasture of which was worth 10s. a year, while free or common pasture outside the parks was worth 2s. a year; two 'foreign' woods, woods not forming part of the demesne, brought in 13s. 4*d.* a year, the pasture of one of them being worth 14*d.* and of the other nothing 'because common.' There were nine free tenants whose rents amounted to £4 7s. 8*d.*, eighteen customary tenants, and thirty-nine cottagers (cotmanni) who with 'chirche soc' rendered £9 14s. 4*d.* The customary tenants held 12½ yard-lands of land (a yard-land was about 30 acres)

and did services with £4 17s. 3d. a year, and could be tallaged at will at Martinmas, and the tallage was commonly worth 54s. 4d. The mill brought in 26s. 8d. a year; and perquisites of the manorial courts were estimated at 50s. The total value of the manor was £38 16s. 9d. The advowson of the church belonged to the lord, the church being worth 20 marks a year.

It is remarkable that in the two centuries which had elapsed since the Domesday survey, while the value of the manor had more than doubled, rising from £16 to £35, the population, as estimated by the number of heads of houses as tenants, had only grown from sixty to sixty-six; the most noticeable difference being the disappearance of nine slaves, and the appearance of nine free tenants. It is however doubtful whether this return comprises the whole manor, or whether it does not apply only to two-thirds of it, deducting part for the dower.

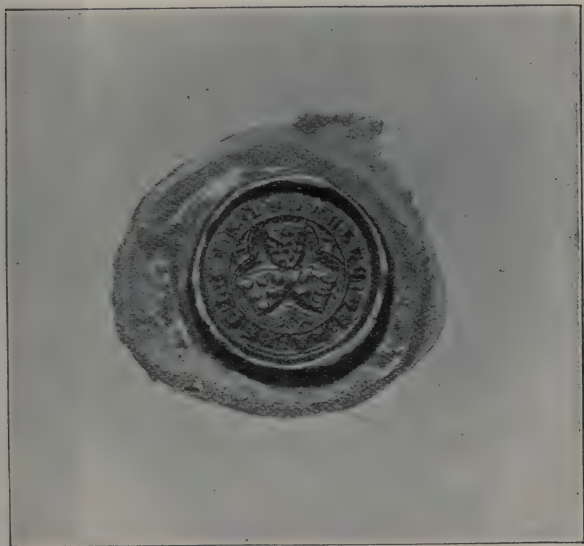
For in 1291 another extent, but not of so detailed a character, is recorded at the Inquisition on the death of Roger de Somery, son of the last (*Inq. p. m.* 19, Edw. I, No. 14), which shows the value as £47 2s. 9d. The sums are oddly different. Thus the arable land was worth £13 10s. 3d.; 42 acres of meadow, 40s.; pasture for twelve cows, twenty-four bullocks, and a large number of sheep, 6s.; 200 acres of land, 10s.; work of customary tenants, £8 13s. 4d.; sixty-six hens given as 'cherche set,' 5s. 6d.; tallage, 37s. The church is put down as worth 30 marks, instead of only 20. John de Somery, who succeeded his brother Roger, was a peer of Parliament, and recorded as being summoned as a baron by writ in Edward II's Parliaments. He was in the Scotch wars 1301-10, and a Knight of the Bath.

When he died in 1321, another extent of Bradfield was taken. The manor remained in the hands of his widow Lucy as part of her dower, and it was then called a member of the barony of Sedgeley, in Worcestershire. Again strange discrepancies appear in the valuation. The capital messuage was valued at only half a mark or 6s. 8d.; the two dovecotes another half mark. There were four plough-

lands, containing 500 acres, worth £4 3s. 4d. at 2d. an acre; 10 acres of meadow at 10s. a year. Three woods now appeared worth 20s. for pasture. There were 20 acres of pasture worth 10s. Two water-mills (there is only one water-mill now) brought in 26s. 8d. The rents of assize of free tenants brought in £10 2s. 10d., if bondsmen (*natorum*) £8 18s. 5d.; while the work of the latter was rated at £9 15s. 10d. The whole was valued at £40 10s. 10½d. The whole value of all the estates was £372 15s. 2d. This was carefully divided into three parts between the widow, Lucy, and the two sisters of the deceased, who were his heirs, and their husbands; Margaret, wife of John de Sutton; and Jane, wife of John de Bouttorte. Bradfield, after the widow's death, was to pass to the Suttons. The manor of Englefield and several of the other De Somery manors were now said to be held of the lord of Bradfield. The manor of Yattendon, belonging to John de Bech, held as a knight's fee of the lord of Bradfield, worth 45s. a year, was in the king's hands. It appears from a subsequent inquiry, on the petition of Lucy the widow (*Inq. p. m.* 17 Edw. II), that John of Beche (Beech Farm still exists in Aldworth close to Bradfield) had incurred forfeiture as a traitor. She claimed and obtained that the Crown should pay over the rents of certain lands in Bastildon (Basildon) held by Beche, which had descended to her husband from his mother Agnes. The seal here represented was that of Isabella, wife of John de la Beche, and shows the shields of the de la Beches and two families into which they had married. It is a silver seal, which was turned up by the plough on Beech Farm in 1871.

John of Sutton was himself implicated in the treason for which John de la Beche had suffered (*Inq. p. m.* 1 Edw. III, No. 55, 2nd Nos.) After the battle of Boroughbridge, in which Thomas Earl of Lancaster was taken prisoner and then beheaded at Pontefract, John of Sutton, being in London, was seized by Hugh le Despenser, Edward II's favourite, and thrown into prison in the Mar-

shalsea on the charge of treason in having adhered to Earl Thomas. Under threats of death and promises of pardon he was persuaded to seal grants of all, or nearly all, his property to the Despensers. Hugh, the father of the favourite, received some of the manors, while Hugh junior took Dudley Castle and Bradfield with its dependencies. The treacherous Despenser, having got his property out of him, still kept Sir John in prison—a way of proceeding which may sufficiently account for the animosity with



SEAL OF ISABELLA DE LA BECHE.

which the Despensers were regarded. When the Despensers were in their turn defeated and beheaded, the Suttons were still left in prison, and their property seized by the Crown as part of the possessions of the Despensers attainted for high treason. On Edward III's accession, however, they promptly presented a petition to the Crown for the return of their property, and after due trial by a jury at Reading, on which jury Peter the Franklin again served, it was restored to them. Apparently the de la Beches had been served in the

same way as to Aldworth, but poor John de la Beche had either been put to death, or died, as in 1328 Thomas de la Beche, then fifteen years of age, was found to be his heir; the manor of Yattendon belonging to them being proved to be held by knight's service and 'suit of court from three weeks to three weeks' of the manor of Bradfield; that is, every three weeks the holder had to attend the manorial court at Bradfield. In 1332 we get a glimpse of the way in which the land not held in demesne was worked, in an inquisition *ad quod damnum*, held to inquire whether Mr. John of Blewbury, an ecclesiastic and a lawyer, might be granted a licence in mortmain to convey lands in Pangbourne to the Abbot of Reading without loss to the Crown, and it was proved that he might be allowed to make the grant, as he still held two ploughlands in Bradfield of John of Sutton by fealty and a rent of 6s. a year.

A few years later we hear of Bradfield being in the possession of the de la Beches and again seized into the hands of the king. It appears from a petition to Parliament in France (*Rolls of Parliament*, II. 175) that in 1340 John of Sutton had enfeoffed Monsieur Nicholas de la Beche, Knight, of the manor of Bradfield, and Nicholas had in turn granted him an annuity of fifty marks with power of distress, secured also by a recognizance under the Statute Merchant for £200 as a debt due 'for merchandize bought.' It has been assumed by Lysons (*Magna Britannia*, I. p. 245) that this transaction represents a sale of Bradfield by Sutton to Nicholas de la Beche; but as the transaction was also accompanied by a deed by which Bradfield and other lands were settled 'in fee tail' on Nicholas and his wife Margery, there can be little doubt that what really took place was a settlement of Bradfield and its dependent manors by John of Sutton on his daughter Margery on her marriage to Nicholas de la Beche. Nicholas was a considerable person. He had the guardianship of the Black Prince, and was Lieutenant of the Tower of London. In 1338 he had licence to crenellate, that is to fortify and convert into a castle, his manor of Beaumys, and the following

year he received a similar licence for Aldworth. He, with other ministers of the Crown, got into trouble in 1340, through not having duly supplied Edward on his expedition to France, and was committed prisoner to the Tower; but he was restored to favour the following year, summoned to the Great Council as a baron in 1342, and made Steward of Gascony. He died in 1347 without male issue. Margery, the widow, married Sir Thomas Arderne; and afterwards (?), while living at Beaumys Castle, near



SIR NICHOLAS DE LA BECHE.

Reading, was 'ravished' or carried off and married by Monsieur John of Dalton. For this—the story is very obscure; the rape was perhaps an elopement, the real crime consisting in Margery's marrying again without licence—Bradfield was seized by the Crown. Thereupon John of Sutton petitioned Parliament in 1347 for his annuity of £50 under the deceased Nicholas' grant, and for £200 under the mortgage. The case was referred to Chancery for an inquiry whether the money had not been repaid or the

deed revoked by another. The result is not known. But as two years afterwards, in 1349, the ravished Margery was found to have died seised of Bradfield (*Inq. p. m.* 23 Edw. III, No. 89), with divers other Berkshire manors — Whitchurch as of the honour of Wallingford, Ashdown of the honour of Tutbury, one of the honours of the Duchy of Lancaster, and lands in Benetsfield of the Queen's manor of Cookham—she probably had recovered possession of her estates. They descended under the entail to Edmund de la Beche, archdeacon of Berkshire, on whose death, in 1364, they passed under the same entail (two younger sons having predeceased their mother) to Thomas de Langford, who had married Johanna or Jane, one of the daughters.

The Langfords were a Berkshire family, holding Compton as of the honour of Leicester, part of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Bottonamsted of the manor of Pesmer (Peasemore).

After the death of Sir Thomas (*Inq. p. m.* 14 Ric. II, No. 35) his widow Joan, on August 14, 1380, was assigned her dower by virtue of a Crown writ in the presence of Sir William Langford, Knight, her son, and, among others, John the Tanner, a name which suggests a considerable antiquity for the Tan House, now called the Bridge House. The assignment is a very singular document in itself, and should be highly interesting to the O.B.B. or Old Bradfield Boy, as showing beyond cavil the true purpose of 'Tom o' Bedlam's Hole.' The right of a dowager was to one-third of her husband's lands. In this case the good lady was assigned 'the chamber'—all rooms, like those in College at Winchester still, were called chambers—'called Gesten chamber, next the hall of the manor of Bradfield on the east side, and two chambers beneath it, and free entrance and easements in the kitchen, bakery, and ovens.' She was then given 'a third of the garden on the south of the hall, from the hall door opposite the said chambers to the corner of the hall chambers, as it was marked out with hedges and pollard willows.' What a pleasant arrangement for the heir, especially if he were not her son but a stranger, to have a third of his garden marked off for the dowager!

Then there were given her 'three houses and an upper chamber (*solarium*) under one roof, next to the churchyard, adjoining the stables of the manor, opposite the hall door,' called the 'lordesstables.' This is the only building that is mentioned as abutting on the churchyard, though, as we shall see, practically all the other buildings are described. The present remains consist only of a wall of red brick some 100 feet long, running along the south side of



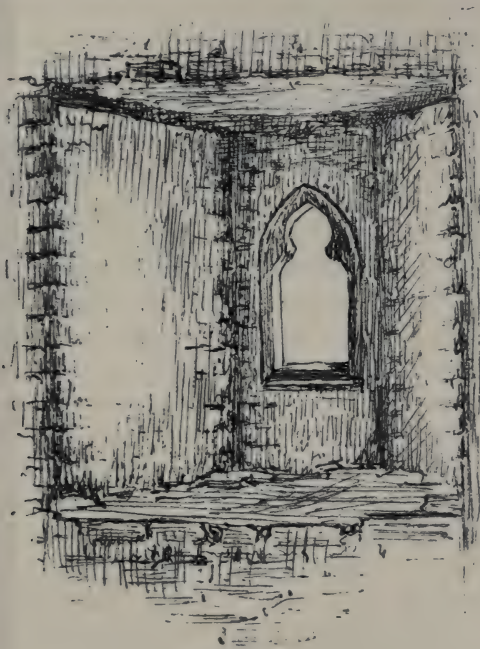
TOM O' BEDLAM'S HOLE.

the churchyard, into which steps at the west end of the wall give access; while there is a turret at the east end. This is a hexagonal building of red brick, the ground floor storey of which only remains. At the north-west corner is a narrow pointed arch opening on a small vestibule, which is vaulted with ribs of red brick with a boss in the centre still covered with plaster, which is probably also of brick. Inside is a hexagonal chamber lighted by four stone windows in as many sides of the hexagon, one of which is nearly perfect.

On the west side another narrow arch leads to an inner chamber in the thickness of the wall. The ceiling of the hexagon now consists of tiles, half an inch thick, attached to which are two of the narrow beams which supported it, and, to judge by the nail holes, formerly formed a complete wooden ceiling below the tiles. There was clearly a building above it, which was, no doubt, the 'solar' spoken of, which also had its hexagonal end, and ran above the three 'houses' which are still plainly marked by so many divisions in the wall. The bricks of which the wall and turret are built are of a deep red, and are from 2 inches to $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick. The narrowness of the bricks, the hexagonal shape of the turret, and the cusps of the windows, render it possible that the so-called 'Tom o' Bedlam's Hole' and the wall adjoining were the very building assigned in 1380. 'Tom o' Bedlam's Hole' was no hermit's or monk's cell, but probably a groom's chamber. If, however, the present ruins are of the fifteenth century and later than the time of Jane Lady Langford, they occupy the same site and were no doubt applied to the same purposes. It may here be added that the piece of flint and brick meeting this old wall near the steps to the churchyard—a corresponding piece of which, covered with ivy, juts out from the Masters' Corridor, leading to Big School—is of a much later date, the bricks being 3 inches thick, and built of rubble chalk with rough flint outside, and forms part not of the old Manor House of the de la Beche period, but of a later house, probably of the time of the Thompsons in the eighteenth century.

Besides this much-debated building, the Dowager Lady Langford was assigned a third of the courtyard, three 'bayes' of the Great Grange on the east of it, with entrance by the old great doors on the south; a third of the 'berton' or barton 'on the south of the Grange, and east of the door of the Grange gate as far as the granary, and so in a line (per lyne) to the ash-trees growing by the king's highway, and so to the east corner of the Grange as bounded by hedges,' a third of the dovecote, and access to the well (fontem) in the great garden. She also had a third of the advowson

of the Rectory; a third of the profits of 'lymepitts et chalkepits'; a third of the pannage or swine-feed, of the profits of rabbits, of two mills, of the fishery and two pools of water; reasonable estovers, i.e. wood for her stoves, in Bradfield wood. The third of the arable lands to which she was to be entitled is then set out in detail: 'in middle furlong,' 'Stanford furlong by the little coupit,' and so forth. Lastly, she was given the rents of certain of



WINDOW.

the customary tenants named, and the homage of certain of the free tenants, viz. 'William Undrewode, John Eylesbury, the Prioress of Kilburn, the heirs of Thomas Fichet, John Ingelford, Almaric de Sancto Amando, William Hill, Thomas Paynell, Peter,' and the MS. then becomes illegible. The later arrangement of a dower house and a certain income is a more convenient one than that of this ancient dower, though it by no means follows that

the widow is quite as well off. There is a piece of old wall with a stone buttress, built into the west corner of the College, bordering on the high-road, on the east side of the present gateway, which would appear to mark that part of the east end of the ancient Barton assigned to the Lady Jane, or a fifteenth century substitute. The gray stone buttress and the elaborate flintwork beside it, in which the flints are not left rough as in modern flint building but shaped into even bricks, and the concrete base appear to be old work *in situ*, though all around them has been rebuilt.

Lady Langford did not live long to enjoy the rights conferred on her by the elaborate instrument quoted, but died two years afterwards, when her son Sir William was twenty-seven years old. The Langfords managed to hold Bradfield and the de la Beche manors, with their own ancestral manors of Botenhamstead (Bottomstead) and Benfield, apparently undisturbed all through the reigns of the Lancastrians, Yorkists, and Henry VII—no slight feat in those troublous times. They passed from William Langford, ‘chivaler,’ in 1412, in virtue of a deed of entail, to his cousin Edward Langford, Esquire; from him, in 1474, to his son Thomas, by another entail, and under the same entail to his son John in 1493. This John died a knight in 1510, leaving, by his first wife Katharine, a daughter Ann his sole heiress.

Her great fortune brought her some strange matrimonial experiences. At the time of her father’s death she was only eleven years old, but had already been married twice, once to Walter Smith, who died before the marriage was consummated, and again to Thomas Spenser, son of John Spenser, Gent., a descendant of the Despensers who had robbed her ancestors, the Suttons, of Bradfield for a time. Then on the very day of her father’s death she was married for a third time to William Stafford, Esquire, lord of the manor of Pebworth, in Gloucestershire. She was again married to Thomas Ogle, as appears by her presenting to the rectory of Bradfield with her husband as late as 1556, so that in spite of her varied career she

attained at least the age of fifty-six. The exact date of her death does not appear, as an inquisition on it is not forthcoming and there is a gap in the parish register of burials from 1549 to 1559. Probably she did not die at Bradfield, for her son by Thomas Stafford had apparently been allowed to occupy the Manor House before 1540, when his children begin to appear.

His son Read Stafford was baptized in 1540, as appears by the parish register of burials, complete in a seventeenth century copy, from 1539, except for an interval in the reigns of King Edward and Queen Mary. It is amusing to see the rapidity with which the little Staffords followed their eldest brother into the world, in 1541, 1542, 1544, 1547, and it is certain from the burials that there were more in succeeding years. The baptisms of Holloways, a name still well known in Bradfield, appear with even greater persistency. Read Stafford succeeded 'Mr. Thomas Stafford esquier,' as he is dubbed in the register in April, 1583. Sir Reade Stafford, knight, died in 1605, leaving his grandson Edward his heir, by reason of whose minority the Crown presented to the living of Bradfield in 1613. Though a minor, Edward Stafford was then married, and had several children before he became a knight in 1620. He died in 1623. During the Civil War the Staffords were Parliamentarians. Edward, the eldest son, was Recorder of Reading. Humphrey, the younger, nearly killed Elias Ashmole the antiquary, founder of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, in 1649 for wanting to marry his mother, Lady Manwaring; but marry her secretly in London the insidious antiquary did. Her sons, according to Ashmole's account in his diary, caused her to be made to compound for her estates as a malignant. Edward died in 1651. His sons died in 1661 and 1667. Humphrey his brother, who had succeeded to the estate, died in 1674: and with him the line of Staffords seems to have come to an end.

The estate then came to, or was bought by, Samuel Thompson, a merchant of London. He presents to the

rectory in 1686. He died in 1735, and the deaths of his sons were recorded by John Stevens, then the Rector, the first of the Founder's family in Bradfield, in 1745 and 1747.

With the death of Elizabeth Thompson, spinster, in 1753, the Thompson family seem to have come to an end. The manor had then already been sold to Henry Stevens, the brother of John Stevens the Rector.

So much for the history of the manor of Bradfield. Of the holders of the living, a list of whom from 1304 is given in the appendix, little has been ascertained. The most interesting one appears to have been Dr. Pordage, the intruded minister under the Commonwealth, who was a man of great ability and had the honour of being tried for heresy, the chief of the delinquencies charged being that he held the 'dangerous and wicked doctrine that there was no devil.' A humorous account of the proceedings, given by himself, appears in the *State Trials*, V. 537.



THE FOUNDER, 1860

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CHAPTER III

THE FOUNDER

As has been already said, the Founder came of a family which for three generations had been lords of Bradfield. The Stevenses came in after the Thompsons. On May 16, 1740, John Stevens had become Rector, on the presentation of Francis Blandy, of Henley, seemingly a trustee for the purchaser of the advowson. In 1751 the manor and lands attached to it were put up for sale by the Court of Chancery. The rack-rents then amounted to £136 a year, and leases for lives brought in £15 a year, making £151 a year, while the 'improved value' was estimated at £332 a year, about ten times its value in the thirteenth century. Henry Stevens, the brother of the Rector, became the purchaser.

The Stevenses were a family of the yeoman order, long settled in the Thames Valley. The will of John Stevens of Henley-on-Thames, who died in 1558, is known. One grandson, Richard, was of Easington in Oxfordshire, and another, William, of Cholsey, Berks. Henry, the eldest son of Richard, was Wagon-master-general, or, as he is also called, Commissary-general, or General commanding the Army Service Corps to Charles I. In connexion with a grant of arms to Henry Stevens of Culham and Wargrave in 1694, there were recorded at the Heralds' College copies of some letters from the king to his Wagon-master-general, two specimens of which will be of interest.

The first, in 1643, contains the appointment; the

second, a few months later, shows that his services were in request, though, fortunately for the country, they were not permanently successful.

CHARLES R.

Trusty and welbeloved Wee greete you well Whereas Wee have out of the confidence of your Fidelity and Ability to serve us made choice of you to be Waggon Master Generall of our Army and seeing that for the present there is evident occasion of having a present number of carriages to send Provisions to our Army about Buckingham our Will and pleasure therefore is and We doe hereby require and authorise you immediately by Warrant or otherwise to provide so many Carts as you shall receive Command for from our Lieutenant General for the carriage of the said Provisions thither And so from Time to Time to continue the same as hee shall direct allowing for every carriage the allowance of 6*d.* per mile or as you or they shall agree Wee hereby assuring you you shall have allowance for the same Wherefore you may not fayle immediately to performe the same and for your so doing theise shall be your warrant Given under Our Signe Manuall at our Court at Oxford this First of November, 1643.

By his Mat^{ty}s Comānd

EDW: WALKER.

To Our Trusty and wellbeloved

Henry Stevens Esq^{re}.

Waggon Master General of our Army.

Oxford this 11th of June 1644

Whereas Captayne Stevens Comisary General of the Victualls is intrusted by this Board to fetch in such Provisions of Corne and Victualls from the several divisions of this Country as shall be necessary for this Garrison. It is declared that it will be a very acceptable service in all those who shall list their Horses to be employed or given out from Tyme to Tyme with the said Captaine Stevens upon that occasion. In the w^{ch} wee our selves shall give example.

Cottington
Hen: Douer
F. Seymour
Jo: Banks

Hertforde
Chr: Hatton
Edw: Hyde
E. Niclas.



THE OLD RECTORY

The Wagon-master's son Richard took to the law as a barrister, and was of Culham Court, Wargrave. Both his sons became limbs of the law, the elder, Henry, as a barrister, the younger, Thomas, as an attorney. Henry was succeeded by another Henry, also a barrister and F.R.S., who died in 1760, and with him the elder branch came to an end. The son of the attorney of Henley, also called Henry, followed his father's profession as a proctor of Doctors' Commons, a solicitor that is in the ecclesiastical courts, and was the purchaser of Bradfield manor, the other son, John, being the rector. The rector died in 1758, and was succeeded by his nephew Thomas, who was a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and, on the death of his elder brother John in 1779, without issue, became also lord of the manor. For 123 years manor and church were held by the same persons, Thomas, Henry, Thomas, all pillars as well as buttresses of the Church.

Henry Stevens, the Founder's father, was at Winchester, as a Commoner, 1778-84. In his first year the famous Trusty Servant assumed his present garb on the occasion of a state visit from George III. From that time, however, the school began to decline. The Headmaster, Dr. Joseph Warton, though a noted figure in the literary annals of the time, was not a good schoolmaster, and the numbers in 'Commoners' while Stevens was there sank from 116 to less than half that number. Sydney Smith, who was his contemporary, but in College, spoke indeed in very strong, though clearly exaggerated, terms of the state of the school.

This, certainly not economy, was probably the reason why Tom Stevens, Henry's youngest son, born in the old rectory, May 16, 1809, was sent by his father to a succession of private schools and private tutors instead of to a Public School. One of them is said to have been at Pyrton, and another a boarding-school kept by a Mr. Ward at Iver, near Uxbridge, where, a small boy among big ones, he was very miserable. Scarcely anything can be ascertained about his boyhood or school life.

Those who could have given the information are all dead. All that is known is that he was regarded as a mischievous boy, led into mischief by his elder brother Henry; and, that he himself frequently spoke and wrote his regret at not having been at a Public School. 'We pine for what is not.' It was a pity he was not at Winchester. He would have been a fine companion for Frank Buckland, whose tastes for Natural History, catching trout, shooting, stuffing or keeping any form of winged, climbing, crawling, creeping thing, he appears to have shared to the full.

'From a child,' says Mr. Henry Stevens, his eldest son, 'he was always of a practical rather than a studious disposition. His elder brother was his tutor, and I have when a boy, heard old workmen (employed subsequently by my father) say that he used to slip out of the study window, go off to the carpenter or the blacksmith or the gamekeeper, interest himself in their work, and have to be fetched in again. He was always very sociable as a child with the Bradfield folk, being of a bright and sympathetic nature, and I think that he was a favourite with them throughout his life. One of his chief companions was a certain Dicky Giles, who afterwards kept the first College tuck-shop. With him he often went boating on the Kimber.'

He was admitted a Commoner at Oriel, at the age of 17, on February 16, 1827. Here he found himself in the midst of the 'Oriel set,' and the Oxford or High Church movement. To judge from the amount which has been written about it, and the terms in which not only its chief prophets, but its secondary disciples, its followers, and its smallest of small fry, have been described, one would suppose it was a world-shaking religious revolution instead of an ecclesiastical storm in the teacup of the Universities and the country parsonages. Imagining itself to be a revival of the sentiment, the religion, and the art of the Middle Ages, its chief visible result has been a greater destruction in half a century of and among those buildings which it professed to worship than all the efforts of both

the Cromwells, Thomas and Oliver, and all the church-wardens of three centuries.

It was chiefly on the architectural side that Tom Stevens was affected by the movement. He was too little of a scholar or of an ecclesiastic—it may indeed be said that he had too much common sense and was too much a man of the world, even though he fell under the influence of Newman and called him friend—either to be in danger of Rome or of any very serious devotion to ecclesiastical controversy. At first he was not destined for the Church. His elder brother Henry was to succeed both to the manor and to the Rectory. He had to make his way in the world. It will be expected that the account given by T. Mozley in his *Reminiscences* of Tom Stevens at this epoch should be reproduced, so to avoid disappointing such expectations it is here reproduced verbatim. In regard to the references to the College it must be remembered that this book was published in 1882.

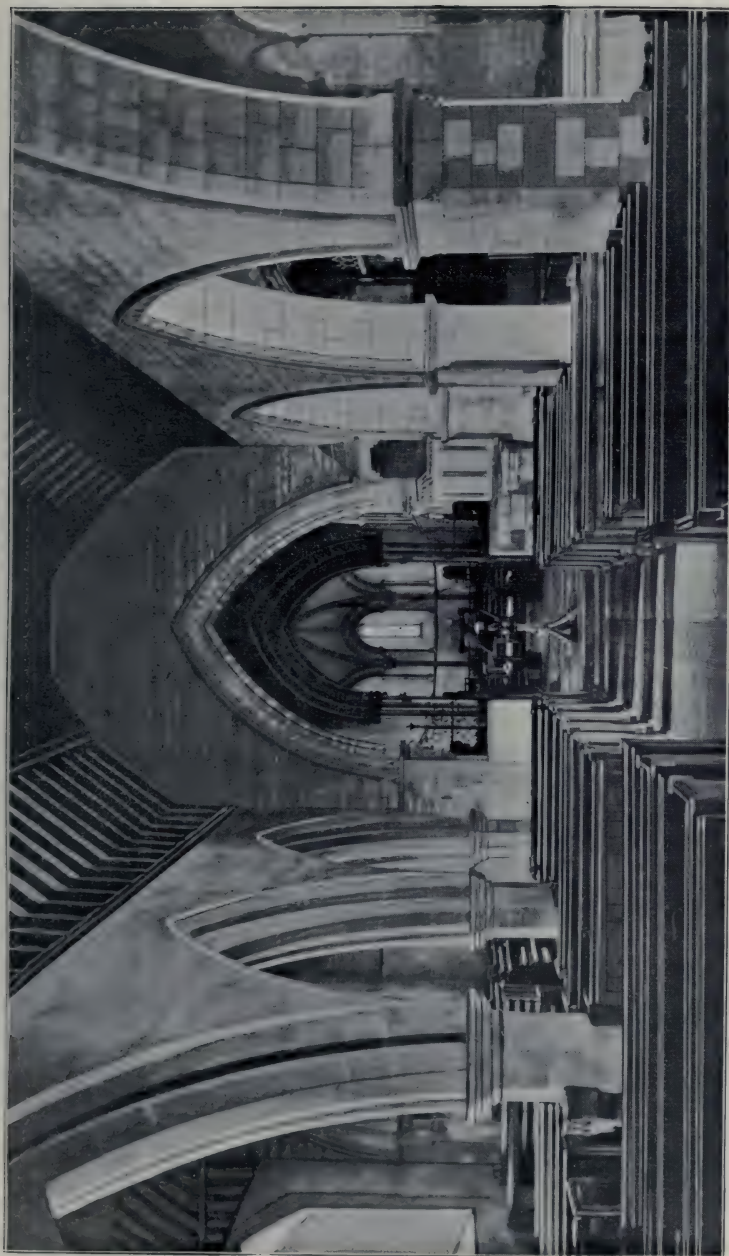
Others there were, men of position, hopes of families, and destined pillars of society or centres of some local world. Some had extraordinary powers not binding their scope in the beaten track of life, and only to show themselves in something approaching to eccentricity. Of these several contributed to the movement their friendship and influence, with a sincerity costing their life's work, and all they had in the world. One of the first examples to occur to Oriel men will be Thomas Stevens, the Founder and Warden of Bradfield College. It is often said that the child is father of the man, but the child is more easily seen in the man than the man in the child. To be the founder of a public school, designed to emulate, and in some important respects to surpass, those which are among the glories of England, was about the very last thing that could have been imagined of 'Tom Stevens.' Nobody so easy, nobody so pleasant to get on with, nobody so full and overflowing with practical matters. But classics and literature did not seem his line. He was a true child of Nature, and of her kindest mould. There was a homely wit and rural dignity about him that always recalled green fields, water-rights, timber-falling, and harvest-time. Such a character was a pleasant contrast to those who had their fortunes still to make, or had had large fortunes

provided for them. The heir of two or three thousand acres is but a small man compared with the heir of half a county, or, better still, half a suburb. But there was something free, ready, and wholesome in Stevens' talk that usually seemed solid ground to rest upon.

He had a troop of friends about him, always at home there. Like most genial men, he had special command over nature, as well as the human kind; though I think it was not he, but his friend John Marriott, who could call a cuckoo and make it perch a few yards from him. Thomas Stevens kept a tame snake in his room which he could whistle out of its hole in the floor for a saucer of milk at breakfast time. He rented an apartment in the town where he used to employ himself, properly armed and attired, for hours in stuffing birds. Going out one morning with his gun to Bagley Wood, he brought home fifty different species and varieties. But there were arriving also, in various stages of preservation, birds from Norway and other countries. The museum he established at Bradfield soon contained two hundred and fifty specimens, all of his own stuffing. Every now and then Stevens had to go home and sacrifice a term in looking after his father's property, for his father was squire as well as rector, and in years. When he returned to college it was to talk of saw-mills, crops, wages, and poor rates. Not very long after taking his degree Stevens formed his own Poor Law Union, and had some very hard fights with the prejudices which prevailed against the new system. The Bradfield Poor Law Union was so well formed, and worked so well, that the Department pressed him into its service, and made him Assistant Poor Law Commissioner. In that capacity he drove over the country far and wide, wherever there was a bit of rough work to be done, a refractory Board of Guardians, or some old Parliamentary Union obstinately persisting in its own lines.

Stevens had at last to take orders and settle. His father's friends told him he must do as his fathers had done, for they had been rectors and squires of Bradfield for two centuries. But Stevens inherited a practical genius which could not find its whole sphere even in this double character. It is not very difficult to hold to one career, but when a man has added a second to it he immediately wants a third. There are 'Jacks of all trades,' but never of two.

Stevens was nephew of Tinney, the eminent Chancery lawyer,



THE CHURCH (INTERIOR)

and had thus legal as well as practical ability in his blood. When, therefore, on the death of his father, he finally settled in his double position at Bradfield, it was on the express condition that he was to do 'something.' Whatever he did grew in his hands. Perhaps the spirit of Oriel, and the contagion of Newman, told in that. He put his hand to his village church, and it became a small cathedral. The little organ grew into a big one. Two or three village lads multiplied into a choir. They must have some education, and so there came a good school; two indeed, one better than the other. The little school grew into a college, with magnificent buildings, on Stevens' own land, a few hundred yards from his front windows. He trained his own artisans. A lad was apprenticed to him to learn the trade of a blacksmith, and became a second Quentin Matsys, and might perhaps have grown into an Apelles. But the Founder had to be Warden, and to maintain the life of the College as well as its bodily frame. He had to manage schoolmasters, a race that loves its own way, and cannot easily work in harness.

Who could have expected such a development from the bird-stuffer and land-bailiff? Yet it can be easily traced backwards, especially if we take into account the element of a nobler ambition supplied by a residence in those days in the circle of Newman's friends at Oriel College. The generous flame caught a rich material, and it burnt well.

That there was a vast and lamentable intermixture of error in all this outcome, is no more than must be admitted of all movements whatever. There was much exaggeration; there was excessive self-confidence; there was often the disregard of sound advice and the plain dictates of common sense; there was the reading of Providence by the light of one's own inclination, and there was even a neglect of the homely maxim, 'Be just before you are generous.' The fate of Radley I have to tell. The elder of the two Monroes, who were at Oriel about this time, founded a school at Harrow Weald for the transmutation of raw ploughboys into sweet choristers and good scholars, and he easily obtained the assistance of confiding college friends, philanthropists, and dignitaries. It was a forcing-house, and wanted money to keep it going; money, and more money. When that failed, the little paradise collapsed, and Monro found himself and his poor protégés under the iron heel of vulgar necessity.

Bradfield College survives, but has ruined its Founder. He started in that complex and absolute position which Englishmen seem to have a special weakness for, and which they seem to tolerate in everything and everybody, except the Pope. He was rector, squire, priest, and king. His house was parsonage and mansion, all in one. To this hybrid form he must add the material plant, and the wardenship of a most magnificent college. It was calculated to flourish and pay its way on 150 scholars, and there really seemed no reason why it should not attain that measure of popularity, and even exceed it. But the competition, both that from the beginning and that which came after, was overwhelming. Marlborough was already in the field. Woodard was now starting his first, second, and third class schools all over the kingdom. Wellington College rose like a *mirage* in a summer's day, peopling a waste. Reading developed a public school. All the Public Schools were putting on steam. Charterhouse went down into the country, within a walk of Berkshire, which, with Eton at one end and Oxford at the other, and half a dozen private schools midway, was now the schoolground of England. These rivals had the benefit of ancient foundations, noble and wealthy benefactors, national subscriptions, or royal patronage; some had a strong hereditary hold on the best blood of the nation. Stevens had to do everything himself. Every pound in his pocket, every acre, every brick and stone, in his ancient patrimony, did the Warden of Bradfield College throw into the tremendous venture, fighting against such odds as no hero of romance ever encountered. It was all in vain, and Bradfield College has now that touch of tragic interest which in one way or another is ever to be found in the noblest of human enterprises.

It may be remarked that the idea of the Poor Law Commissioners seeking out the budding genius of Tom Stevens and compelling him to come in as an Assistant Commissioner is one which could only emanate from the brain of a clerical recluse. It is only one out of a dozen inaccuracies which could be pointed out. More trustworthy sources represent him as using the influence of Mr. W. H. Tinney, Q.C., his uncle, a great conveyancer and one of the Real Property Commissioners; as taking up the question of Poor Law



THE OLD CHURCH

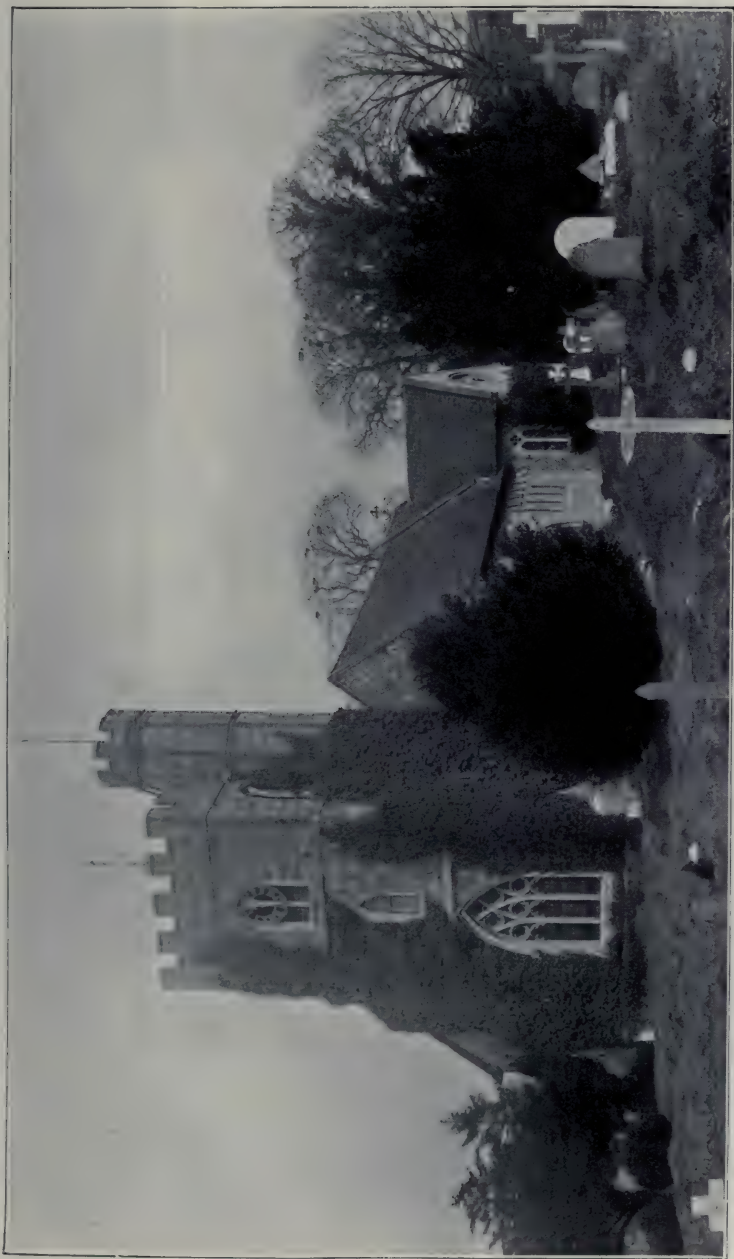
in the practical sphere of Bradfield and Berkshire, bombarding the commissioners with conundrums, memorandums, and applications, and so taking the heaven (or the opposite) of an assistant commissionership by storm. Once in office his energy was unbounded. He had the formation of most of the Poor Law Unions in Derbyshire and Leicestershire. This was in 1835 and 1836. It was here that he made the acquaintance of Gilbert Scott, an architect then, strange as it may appear (*Personal and Professional Recollections*, edited by G. G. Scott, 1879, p. 97), more employed on building prisons and workhouses than churches. The acquaintance ripened into a friendship which lasted through life. Scott's second son and partner married Stevens' eldest daughter, and Stevens' second son married Scott's niece. Stevens procured Scott his first great work as a restorer, that of the ancient collegiate church of St. Mary's, Stafford, which stands shorn of most of its interest and all its antiquity in consequence. Soon after this, his elder brother having died in 1830, Stevens was pressed by his family to take orders with a view to the family living. The family estates even then were heavily mortgaged, and a rectory of £1,200 a year was a better thing than an assistant commissionership at £700 a year rising to £800. In 1839, therefore, he was ordained, and became curate of Keele, in Staffordshire, where he married his first wife, Miss Tollet, of Betley Hall. The marriage took place in June, 1839. In the following year Mrs. Stevens died. She was buried at Betley; but there is a brass in memory of her in Bradfield Church. She left no child. Mr. Stevens remained for two years longer at Keele; and then, in 1842, on his father's death, he became rector of Bradfield. Next year, May 16, 1843, he married Susanna, daughter of the Rev. Robert Marriott, of Cotesbach, in Leicestershire. She was the mother of all his children, of whom there were thirteen.

Then began the fatal rebuilding of Bradfield Church, for restoration it was not, and hardly pretended to be. Tom Stevens' capacity for construction and his incapacity

for finance were never more strongly exhibited than in this undertaking. Practically he was the architect. Dr. Guy says, 'Let those who happen to see the plans first suggested by Sir Gilbert and compare them with what Mr. Stevens has left for us all to admire in the present building, they will at once recognize the genius of the clerical architect, though he always used modestly to assign the success to Sir Gilbert. Remember how little real progress had been made in those days in the so-called Gothic revival. Let me say something about the church. The method which Mr. Stevens adopted for getting the proper inspiration—instinct he had already—for his great work was this. He surrounded himself with plastic casts of gnomomouldings, bosses, capitals, &c., from the finest existing monuments of the skill of the old ecclesiastical master builders of the transition period from Early English to Decorated. To the last, the 'den' at the old Rectory was approached through intricate passages crammed with these, and, many a year after the church was completed, his eye would sparkle as he passed to and fro, and discovered some fresh beauty in one or other of these choice specimens of his own gathering.'

This is the account given in Sir Gilbert Scott's *Recollections*:—

In 1848 my friend, the Rev. Thomas Stevens, commenced the restoration, or rather the partial rebuilding and enlargement, of his parish church at Bradfield, which had been in contemplation some ten years previously. Though executed so long since, I still view it as one of my best works. Mr. Stevens is a man of very strong views and will, a detester of everything weak, mean, or unmanly. As a natural consequence of this disposition, he took a very determined liking to the transitional, or what we usually called the 'square abacus' style. In this preference, as a matter of taste, I strongly concurred, though, as a matter of theory, I held with the use of the early Decorated as the point of highest perfection in the style generally. Mr. Stevens got to employ the term 'square abacus' as a moral adjective, used in the sense of manly, straightforward, real, honest, and all cognate epithets,



THE CHURCH

and 'round abacus' for what was milder, 'ogee' being used in the sense of mean, weak, dishonest, &c.

The period over which the work at Bradfield Church extended was a time of great pleasure owing to my constant and most friendly communication with Mr. Stevens. He is perhaps the most valued friend I have had, a thoroughly staunch, firm character, a thorough man of business, of undaunted courage and determination, and a strenuous follower out of whatever he undertook. Some years later he founded, in connexion with the church of Bradfield, St. Andrew's College, a school which has had a wonderful run of success, owing to Mr. Stevens' admirable and courageous management of it. Of the buildings of the College I do not claim to be the architect; it was not built out of hand, but grew of itself, bit by bit, as it was wanted, each part being planned by Mr. Stevens, helped a little by myself or by my clerk, Mr. Richard Coad. The hall is the part I may chiefly claim as my own.

But the pity of it. Here was a man with between £2,000 and £3,000 a year from land, already heavily mortgaged, spending £30,000 in chalk and stone—for inside the church is largely built of chalk—for a memorial to his father, converting an ancient parish church, ample for the needs of the neighbourhood, into a sham-ancient building, far too large for the people, which he had to found a school to fill.

And, after all, who with any love of history, antiquities, or architecture would not rather have the old than the new? Who is there who, as a pure question of art, looking at the inside now, would not rather have the graceful pillars in the north aisle which are old, than the heavy masses of the pillars on the south which are new? Who would not rather have the old church with its simple graceful square Decorated east end, as shown in the drawing of one of the tenants of the old Manor House in 1843, than the dark and narrow nineteenth-century apse, a shape which our forefathers for good cause abandoned, with which it now ends? Look on this picture and on that.

Mr. Mozley calls the church 'a small cathedral,' and it has been spoken of as 'the cathedral of Berkshire.' A cathedral, the apse of which you could almost put under a decently-sized conservatory! The cathedral of Berkshire, when St. Mary's, Reading, and St. Helen's, Abingdon, to say nothing of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, are in Berkshire! It is impossible to preserve patience with such parrot talk.

Cathedral or no cathedral, it was Bradfield Church which ruined the fortunes of the Founder of Bradfield College. The College, indeed, opened a way of salvation, and if it had been administered in a business-like way, and with some regard to financial strictness, it would have proved a way of salvation. The present Warden made the School produce a balance on the right side when he took over buildings for 150 boys with only fifty in them.

One thing which militated against the increase of the School was its character for High Churchism. Yet there is great doubt if the Warden was really far gone in High Churchmanship. Sir Gilbert Scott remarks that when Lichfield was his head quarters in his poor law days 'he attended daily service at the cathedral so far as his journeys permitted, a *lusus naturae* surely, among poor law commissioners.' That he loved a good musical service there can be no doubt. But he was reluctant to take orders. He did not adopt any ritualistic practices in church at Bradfield, and though at first some medieval practices, such as reading a lesson at meals and singing grace (both practices which, by the way, then prevailed, and on certain high days are still practised at Winchester), were adopted in school, it seems probable that it was the medievalism and the picturesqueness rather than the religious side of these ceremonies which attracted him. The silence enforced on Fridays in Hall was dropped as the School got larger, and Denning, a Broad Churchman, succeeded Sanderson. In his own person the Founder never affected any specially clerical garb. The high all-round collar, the correct coat and black trousers he eschewed. Indeed, he was singularly careless in

his dress. He generally wore grey or check trousers, an old coat, and heavy boots. The only article of attire in which he was particular was his beaver hat. He had worn one when real beaver hats were the correct thing—the photograph taken of him in the early sixties shows one—and he continued to wear one, which was specially made for him in the eighties, when it had become an extra expensive and old-fashioned singularity.

A story was told of him by one of the masters which is significant of his views. A certain young curate came to Bradfield to be looked at for a combined clerical and scholastic post. The Rector was observed to look critically at a golden embroidered stole he wore, and when in the vestry after service the youth kissed it when he took it off, the Rector turned to his neighbour with a grimace, and observed, 'That young donkey will not eat his carrots from your stall or mine.' Again, of a master inclined to ritualism, who was at Bradfield in 1870, he observed that he is very 'green, though a good scholar, and clever'; but 'I hate his views, and will not allow him to innovate on the old ways here.'

His personal views of religion, too, hardly savoured of the High Churchman. Once when a master, who had not been paid his salary, went to ask for it, and was told that he could not have it, he said, 'But, Mr. Warden, what am I to do?' and the Warden replied, in all seriousness, 'Read the Nicene Creed, my dear. When I have been in trouble I have always found great comfort in the Nicene Creed.'

There is no reason to suppose that when he founded the College it was with any desire to propagate High Church opinions, as was distinctly the case with Radley. On the contrary, nothing annoyed him more than the confusion of Bradfield, through likeness of name and propinquity of position, with 'the gentleman over the way,' as he called it. He was always trying to tear off the label of ritualism which people were always trying to fasten on the School. In 1867 he wrote to Mr. J. H. Patteson, the Honorary Secretary of the College Council: 'It is not so easy to

spread lies about my ultra views as a ritualistic parson, &c., &c., seeing that your name appears as a voucher for common sense, as it used to be before I had a backer.'

In 1868 he had the statutes altered on purpose to eliminate the requirement that the Warden should be in holy orders, in order that Mr. Patteson, a layman and a barrister, might succeed him as Warden; and, oddly enough, at the same time struck out the words 'Church of England' in respect to morning and evening prayer, the object being to have a shortened form of service. To the modern notion of fasting communion he gave no countenance. In his day communion was always after breakfast. He loved a stately service and a good choir, but there his ritualism stopped.

Though undoubtedly the supply of a good choir for his church was one, and perhaps the original, idea of the College, any limitation to that purpose, or even making it the main purpose, was abandoned before the School was actually started.

It is probable that he was impelled by his own momentum in the matter of the College as in that of the church. Once having gone into school-keeping, he threw his whole strength into making it a success. He did the same in regard to the poor law. For years he was chairman of the Bradfield Board of Guardians. He built the Workhouse Chapel. He supplied the Workhouse with water. He made the Union one of the most famous in the country by the thorough way in which he coerced the Board into carrying out the principle of no outdoor relief. He succeeded in making the ratio of pauperism and the poor rate one of the lowest in the country. Occasionally an opposition was started, and was successful at the election, but the opponents were almost invariably converted before their term of office expired.

In the same way he carried on his farming. He was proud of turning out the best turnips, and ploughing deeper than any one in the county. He ought to have made a substantial profit on his farming in the early days of high

prices, when rents were 'advancing by leaps and bounds.' Whether he ever did is doubtful. He was of too sanguine and enthusiastic a temperament to be successful. He was an optimistic Liberal in politics; in everything he loved new ideas, and was extraordinarily clear-sighted in the development of them. He saw the importance of steam ploughs, and bought one of the earliest steam ploughs in the country; he was struck with the invention of portable engines, and had one of them which cut the timber for the Hall in 1856. He foresaw the development of the frozen meat trade, and made arrangements for a large frozen meat store, into which he was to drive fat oxen on January 1, and to eat the last pound of beef on December 31. To expedite this he started a company with the humorous name of I. C. E. Berg & Company to provide block ice, and mineral waters, which were to be derived from St. Andrew's Well, a well in the water-meadows opposite the Tan House, in which he had a great belief. Indeed, all his geese were swans. Its products are advertised in the College Registers from 1874 onwards. The company was sold on the eventual break-up, and the purchaser managed to make a good thing of it; but in the hands of Tom Stevens it never paid a dividend. Nor was this all. The Founder also fancied himself as a doctor; he was a homoeopathist, and used to doctor his own children and the School as well on homoeopathic principles, and write countless letters to parents on the state of the skins and the stomachs of their sick boys.

The mere mention of all these various modes of activity is to mention one reason for the financial failure of the School. There was perennial want of pelf. One contributor to this book, an early Assistant-master, who left before 1860, frankly says that the reason he left was that the pay, insufficient in itself, was not paid. In 1870 the Founder wrote to one who had claims on him that he had 'to contrive curiously in order to get along.' Yet ultimate failure was postponed for another decade. It certainly was not due to personal extravagance. He neither cared what or when he

ate, nor indulged in any expensive personal tastes. Yet he did live extravagantly in a way; he kept open house, and people were always staying at the rectory. He failed to keep a grip over the outgoings in College. But these things might have been mere trifles if the numbers of the School had gone up as several times they bid fair to do. Disaster came because, in spite of a singularly attractive personality—and every one at every period of his life found a charm in him—he was jealous of power, and could not work with his Headmasters.

It was an evil moment for himself and the College when he took the correspondence with parents and the accounts on himself, and all the administration, save 'the shepherding of masters and boys and the teaching,' as he himself puts it. He even appointed and dismissed the Assistant-masters. He used to talk of 'my' Headmaster; and in the early days regarded and taught others to regard the school as a dependency of the church, and the masters as his curates. The arrangement created 'two kings in Brentford,' of whom the Warden was king and the Headmaster under-king. This was an arrangement so inconsistent with the usual Public School system that it made it impossible to get and retain for any time a first-rate man. The choice therefore lay between very young men on their promotion, who were prepared to leave on any difficulty to seek promotion elsewhere, or elderly men who had drifted into a backwater in life and were content to be ruled and overruled. It is a significant commentary on the system that after Denning died in 1868, and Dr. Hayman departed, two years after his arrival, to Rugby, three Headmasters came and went in ten years.

With the boys the Founder was always 'the dear old Warden,' though they saw but little of him except in church, Collections (not in church but school) and continent-room. They admired in him, above all, his love and his tenderness for animals. One old boy tells a characteristic trait; that in church he was generally followed from the vestry to his seat by his little dog, who then attended

the services beneath his master's stall, but never interrupted them. Another sends a tale of a squirrel. 'On the road at the back of the College, not far from the Rectory gate, a group of boys were catapulting a squirrel in a large oak-tree. In a short time some one hit the squirrel on the head and killed it. In falling it lodged in a branch and remained dangling over the road. We at once dispersed for stones to dislodge it, and on returning found the Warden in our midst. You can picture our dismay when we knew he so loved his squirrels, and how we hoped he had not seen it. To this day I do not know whether he had or not, but he stood there, and quietly said, "Come now, give up your catapults, like dear boys." At once we handed them to him, for my part none the less readily, because the weapon in my hand was no old favourite, but the catapult of another. Our only wish was that he would go away as quickly as possible and without looking up, lest he should be pained by seeing the dead squirrel. I can recall the relief we felt, in spite of our lost catapults, as he went on his way with his coat pocket bulging with them; nor did we think of punishment to come, for I need hardly say we heard no more of our transgression.'

It was only as a preacher that the Founder was not popular with the School. A learned parson who sat under him as a boy says that an audible sigh went up when he was seen approaching the pulpit. Another writes: 'The popular tradition in my time of the Founder as a preacher was that his sermons being too long for delivery to boys, he divided them into two exact parts, delivering half at a time.' As an intoner he was more appreciated. He had a sonorous voice, and a rapid delivery, and was said to get 'caterpillars innumerable' into one syllable.

The story of the crisis and the crash will be related in its proper place. Here we need only record that his second wife died in 1866, and after his two eldest daughters were married, he took a third wife in 1868, a daughter of Edward Miller, vicar of Bognor. The crash came when he was away from Bradfield, nursing his wife in her last ill-

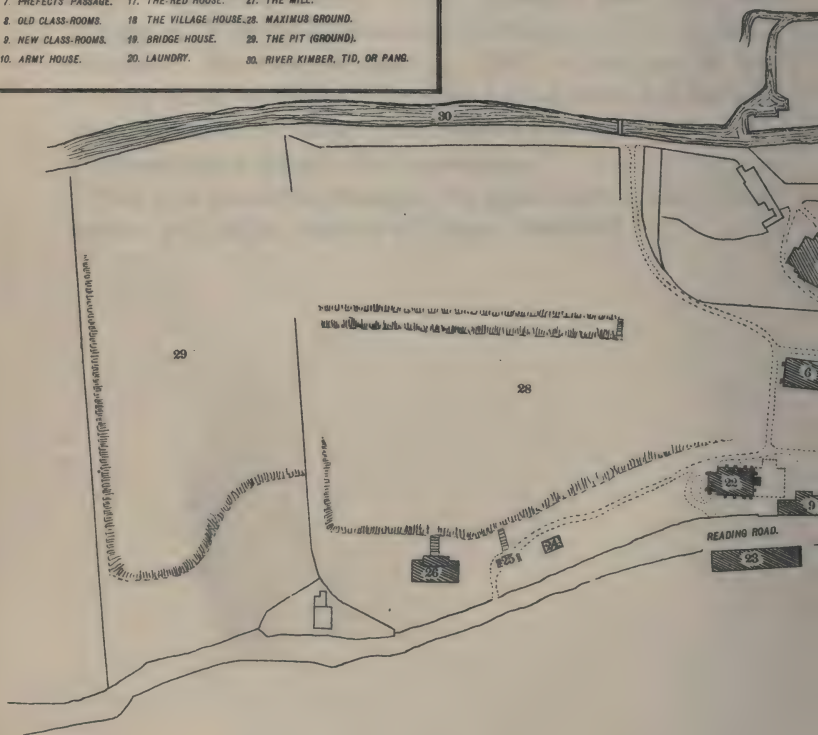
ness in May, 1881. That month he resigned the Warden-ship, the rectory was sequestrated, the manor and lands sold. The College, with its thirteen acres, having been clothed with a charitable trust, alone survived the shock. To the last he clung to power, and could never be induced to alter the statutes which without him were during his life unalterable. In 1883 Lord Selborne, then Lord Chancellor, who, as Sir Roundell Palmer, had drawn the foundation deed and charter of the College, gave him the livings of Toft-by-Newton and Newton-by-Toft, in Lincolnshire. He died on May 15, 1888, on the eve of his seventy-ninth birthday. He was buried with his fathers under Bradfield Church by the side of his second wife, and a bronze tablet records their memories.

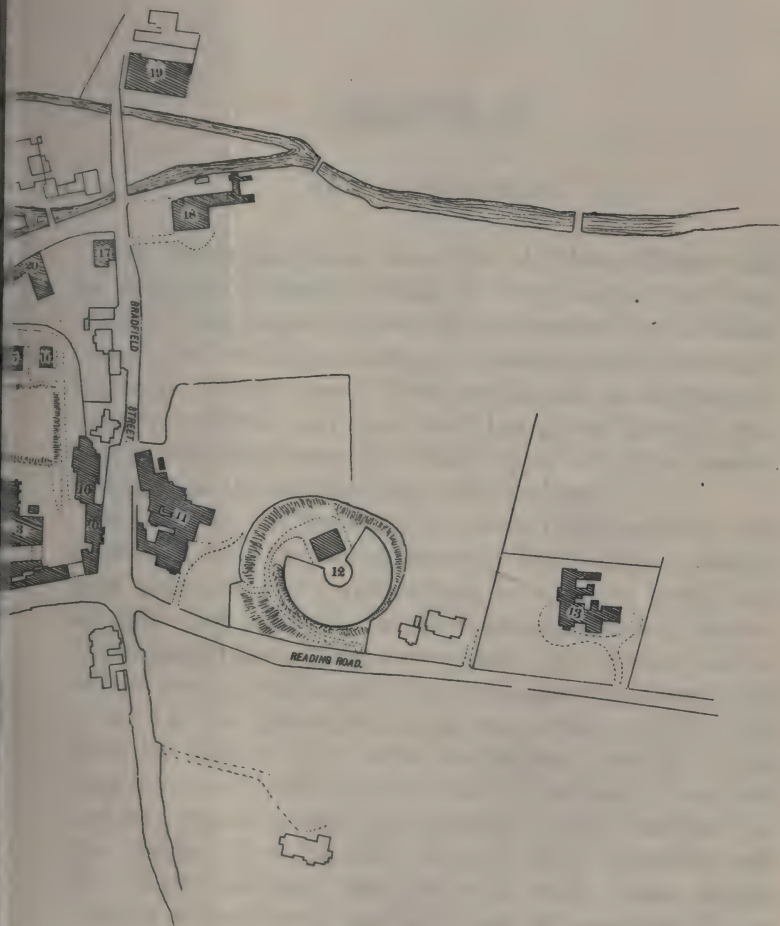
The real memorial through the ages, more lasting than bronze, will be St. Andrew's College, Bradfield.

Bradfield College

GROUND PLAN

- | | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. OLD MANOR HOUSE. | 11. JUNIOR SCHOOL. | 21. ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH. |
| 2. HALL | 12. GREEK THEATRE. | 22. THE CHAPEL. |
| 3. KITCHENS. | 13. SANATORIUM. | 23. NEW CLASS-ROOMS. |
| 4. SENIOR COMMON ROOM. | 14. GYMNASIUM. | 24. BUIERS |
| 5. MASTER'S CORRIDOR. | 15. FIVES COURTS. | 25. OLD PAVILION. |
| 6. BIG SCHOOL. | 18. ARMOURY. | 26. NEW PAVILION. |
| 7. PREFECT'S PASSAGE. | 17. THE RED HOUSE. | 27. THE MILL. |
| 8. OLD CLASS-ROOMS. | 18. THE VILLAGE HOUSE. | 28. MAXIMUS GROUND. |
| 9. NEW CLASS-ROOMS. | 19. BRIDGE HOUSE. | 29. THE PIT (GROUND). |
| 10. ARMY HOUSE. | 20. LAUNDRY. | 30. RIVER KIMBER, TID, OR PANG. |





CHAPTER IV

THE BUILDINGS

THE school has grown round the old Manor House with an irregular regularity, which is very English and very effective. The Manor House itself, now occupied by the Headmaster, but for the first thirty-five years a part of the school buildings, is the kernel of the whole, and its eighteenth-century red-brick and flint work has given the style and tone to the whole mass, for which, up to 1881, the Founder was himself the designer and chief architect.

To describe the buildings we must begin not from the centre, but from the circumference. The College is entered from the south-east corner, where, as we have seen, there are still some relics of the old fourteenth-century Barton. The College Gate is most picturesque. A chamber, built in red tile, stands over a square timber portico, which recalls one of the old inn gateways. It is just a trifle too low, and when the visitor drives under it on a drag to see the Greek play he seems likely to be forcibly reminded of the low archway which formed the entrance to the coachyard of the *Golden Cross*, in the days of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Jingle's tall lady, who forgot the arch, 'crash—knock—children look round—mother's head off—sandwich in her hand—no mouth to put it in—head of a family off—shocking—shocking!' However, no such sudden termination of a British parent's career has yet been recorded at Bradfield, so presumably the arch is higher than it looks, and the

instinctive ducking is unnecessary. The chamber over the door, now the Bursar's office, used to be known as 'the Warden's Den,' built 1866. Here the Founder conducted his illimitable correspondence on school and parish, poor law and farming operations, and the rest of the subjects of his restless activity. On the east was the lodge, to which in 1865 was added the Sanatorium, built on the best advice of the day, including that of Florence Nightingale. In 1889 this was extended northwards, and formed into the Army House for Mr. Low, the Second Master, and his thirty budding Wellingtons. On the west of the entrance gateway on the ground floor was in 1866 a classroom, while above, the Precentor, Mr. Powley—who for thirty-six years presided over the music of church and school, and the mathematics of the latter—lived the life of a college don, with his bedroom and sitting-room adjoining. This block stood quite apart from the rest of the College, separated by a courtyard. But a school is like a town: its bricks and mortar are ever swallowing up open spaces. The Precentor's room is now flanked by a classroom, and over an inner gateway, built on the same model as the outer gate, the student of instrumental music can make day or night hideous in music cells without disturbing his neighbours, engaged or not engaged in the same pursuit. The range extends itself right into the back courtyard of the Headmaster's house, and to the gables of the swimming-bath, originally the dining-hall, converted to its present purpose in 1866. Of this swimming-bath the Founder was mighty proud, as indeed he had reason to be. I well remember, when in the very early seventies New College teams came over to play Bradfield at Winchester football, being struck with the superior amenity of this bath, with its warmed and pellucid water, over anything that served us to 'swill' with after football at Winchester. It is probably the earliest covered bath possessed by any school.

We must now return to the front of the College. Here a noble façade, 120 paces long, faces north, looking over the church and the village, the river and the water-

meadows, to the wooded hills called Great House, from an old house there, now pulled down, the great staircase of which is one of the principal features of the Headmaster's house. As nearly as possible in the middle stands the old Manor House, until 1853 the whole School. It is now masked on the ground floor by a modern corridor, to which entrance is gained by the 'Snake Door,' so called from the iron-work on it, the bell-pull and all metal acces-

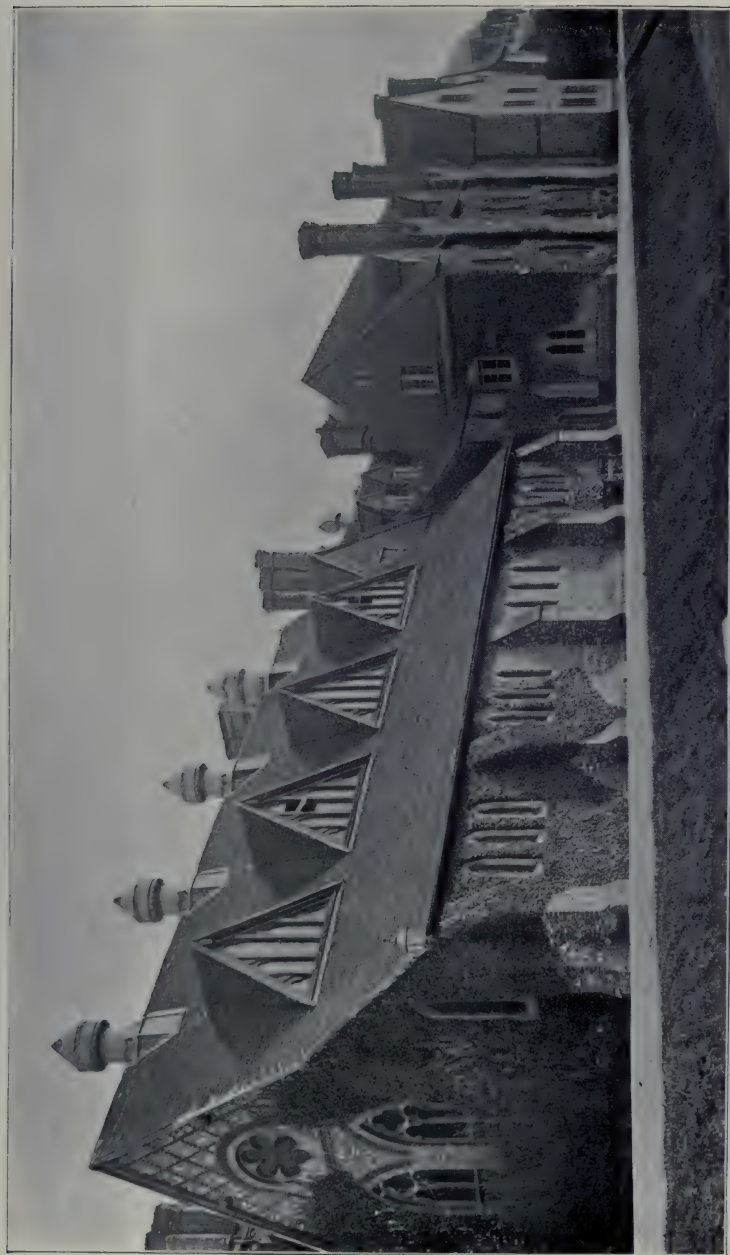


THE SNAKE DOOR.

sories—all wrought on the spot under the Founder's own direction—being made in the form of snakes, in sufficient variety and profusion to satisfy the devotees of that most ancient religion, the serpent-worshippers. East and west runs a covered corridor. That on the east leads to the Hall.

The Hall was built in 1856. It is the most original and effective of all the Founder's buildings. A nobler

dining-hall can hardly be imagined. It is a veritable work of art in tile and timber and glass. It would appear from a letter to Sir Gilbert Scott in February, 1856, that an old barn near Peterborough—what particular barn is unfortunately not specified—suggested the idea. It is, however, the very apotheosis of a barn. It is built after the fashion of the nave of a church with two lean-to aisles. The ten pillars which form its main support are massive squared elm trees. The struts and rafters above recall the interlacing branches in a wood. The clerestory is lighted by five gables on the south side with four lights in each, while the aisles have four corresponding windows with three lancet lights in each. The windows above are simply glazed, those below are coloured, and the centre light in each has two medallions of stained glass. East and west are windows of two and three lights, with a rose window above. They blaze with colour, the west window being particularly rich in the depths of its blues and reds. This is interesting in the history of art, as it is one of the earliest specimens, if not the earliest, of the designs of Burne Jones as to the drawings, of William Morris as to the tracery, and of the execution of Messrs. Powell of White Friars in stained glass. To the more correct eye of to-day the colouring is overdone: there is no white or yellow glass to relieve and show in relief the painted pictures. But so good is the drawing and deep the colour, that the spectator is not shocked by the utter want of taste which strikes him when he sees some of the Munich monstrosities which were thrust on the public at that date. An extra lancet on the north-east gives a very interesting picture of the College buildings as they then were, showing that the Hall stood quite apart from the rest of the buildings. The east window, which was given by Mr. Wailes, the glass-painter of Newcastle, is taken up with a series of eleven not very interesting scenes from the life of St. Andrew, the patron saint of the College, including the miraculous draught of fishes, (153 was then contemplated as being the full complement of the College, in imitation of



THE TERRACE

Colet's foundation at St. Paul's,) and the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

The west window presents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, the Tower of Babel, and, wonderful to relate, considering the views held by the Founder on the subject of married masters, Solomon answering the questions of the Queen of Sheba. The window was made the subject of some verses by Keble in 1859, which are here given rather because of the name of the author than for their intrinsic merit. Indeed, the metaphor in the third stanza is worked out in most unpleasant physical detail, and how the last stanza construes it is hard to see. Clearly the poet was hard pressed for the relevancy of the Queen of Sheba, though by far the most striking figure in the window, as he wholly ignores her.

'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.'

When Adam his first Sunday kept,
 It dawn'd on work and not on rest,
 Yet when he laid him down and slept,
 No travail sore his soul opprest;
 Work, easy as an Angel's flight,
 Brought slumber, as an Infant's, light.

Upon the ground he casts him now,
 The ground accursed for his sake,
 The chill damps on his weary brow,
 And even in sleep his heart will ache;
 If to his fellow man he call,
 There is the curse of Babel's wall.

But thou the Lord's new Eden seek,
 The garden mount where olives grow;
 There prostrate lies a Sufferer meek:
 Go bathe thee in His sweat—and lo!
 Thou, as at first, shalt rise renew'd:
 For Jesus' sweat is healing blood.

Thy work a blessed pastime then
 Shall prove—thy rest a sacred song;
 The Babel lives of scatter'd men
 Attun'd to anthems pure and strong:
 The treasures of King Solomon
 For holy Church redeem'd and won.

The carvings of the mantel-piece, and the subjects illus-

trated in the smaller windows, were done from designs of Mrs. Stevens. The windows on the north side are adorned with mottoes taken from the College Ballad, which are illustrated by the medallions beneath. The first, beginning from the east, is—

The emmet's toil and care,
No hour of light to spare.

The first medallion underneath represents a boy seated in a comfortable armchair reading a book, while a second is securing another book from well-filled shelves. Below, a boy with a pained expression is measuring a line with a pair of compasses, while an equally lugubrious companion gazes earnestly at him. Compared with classics mathematics is clearly a hard mistress.

The serpent's wisdom, love
Of the harmless dove

form the subjects of the next window. The lines—

Divided kingdoms fail,
United hosts prevail,

are typified by a phalanx in full charge in the upper roundel, and a discussion between helmeted generals, reminding one painfully of the divided counsels at Spion Kop in the other.

The window illustrating

Falls the house built on sand,
That on rock does stand,

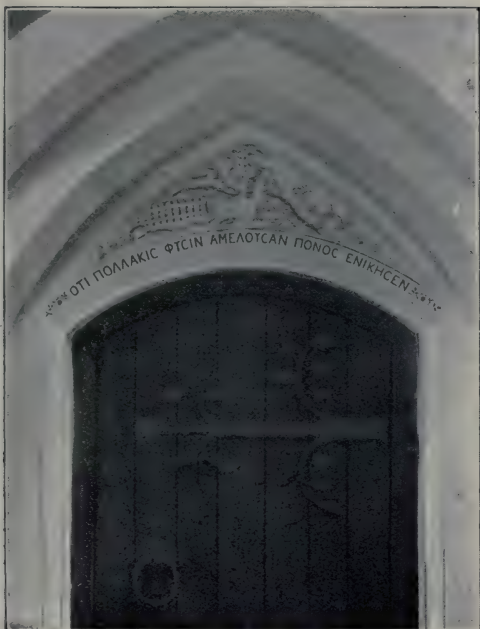
—represented by two remarkable medieval castles, in one of which the tower is breaking in half in a most dramatic manner. In the single window on the west side is a very quaint illustration of this motto

From smallest seeds we know
The mighty tree doth grow.

This completes the series. Above the door is a carving of the fable of the Hare and the Tortoise. An old boy's remembrance of his first coming to the School was a vision of the Founder modelling this in clay, so that it is interesting

as the indubitable handiwork of the Founder himself. The inscription below runs :—

ΟΤΙ ΠΟΛΛΑΚΙΣ ΦΥΣΙΝ ΑΜΕΛΟΥΣΑΝ ΠΟΝΟΣ ΕΝΙΚΗΣΕΝ.



THE HARE AND TORTOISE HALL.

The pillars are illuminated with brass plates recording the names of those who won University scholarships and other honours; but as the plates had to be taken down and sent to London for each new honour of each hero to be engraved on it, a less cumbrous and more conspicuous method of record was adopted, by the erection of Boards of Honours in Big School in 1885.

In the west corridor a School Museum was established in 1887 by the present Headmaster. The most interesting objects in it, from the school historian's point of view, are the excellent collection of native birds of the district of the Founder's own stuffing, a copy of *Lyra Anglicana* pre-

sented to him by John Henry Newman in 1837 ; and, from Charles Marriott's library, the *Paraphrases of Erasmus*, said to have belonged to Henry VIII, and Erasmus' Latin version of Lucian, printed in 1519.

'Big School' forms a pendant to the Hall, at the west end of the Masters' Corridor. It and the library over it were finished in 1872, the architect being Mr. John Oldrid Scott, son of Sir Gilbert, an early Bradfield boy (Jan., 1856), who became the Founder's son-in-law, and is now a member of the Council. It, too, is planned as a nave with aisles. Instead of wood it has square stone pillars, of similar form to those seen in the south aisle of the church, each being surrounded with four shafts of polished Devonshire marble, the gift of the Aclands and other Devonians of Bradfield. There being a room above it, the ceiling is flat, with a plaster pattern in low relief. It is used for lectures, concerts, and other public functions. Its chief daily use is for evening prayers for the school-house. These prayers are 'a function.' The chief feature is the singing of the 91st Psalm in unison to one of three or four Anglican chants, the favourite being 'Jacobs.' Sung or chanted by some 150 boys of all ages and various voices the effect is striking. The prayers were compiled expressly for the College by the Marriotts, Charles and John.

The Library above was due to Mr. William Ford, a London solicitor, an early friend of the School and one of the original members of the Council. In 1865 he offered a yearly gift of books to the value of £50 to £100 a year, without guarantee of continuance 'as an obligation.' For how many years this munificence was continued does not appear. A Miss Moore, who did not know the School, except by an advertisement, contributed £500 for the building. The Ford library has been merged with the 'Beaumont' library, inaugurated by a gift of £100 from Mr. Beaumont, rector of Skirbeck, Lincolnshire, in 1874. It is now maintained by terminal subscriptions of 2s. levied on the School. The library is also the Upper VI classroom. There is a lovely view looking over the cricket-grounds towards



THE BIG SCHOOL

the Rectory and its woods, and the Upper VI of Bradfield may boast that their classroom has the most picturesque outlook of any classroom in the kingdom.

Thus far the front façade.

From the back of the Manor House runs a corridor now approached by the 'Tunnel Passage,' driven through the thickness of the main wall. This corridor, called 'Prefects' Passage,' contains studies, chiefly Prefects', on the ground floor, and above, the Chambers with single bedrooms over them. The whole is built on the model of the old 'post and pan' houses in Cheshire, the beams showing, with tiled roofs, but the 'pan' is represented by red bricks made like the old narrow bricks of the sixteenth and earlier centuries. The effect is decidedly picturesque. The original School, probably the earliest building in addition to the Manor House, was in 1853 absorbed by three rooms at the end of the Prefects' Passage, now used as lavatories, Junior Common Room, Lower V, and classroom; the connecting corridor being then built. West of these come more classrooms; now, in succession, Middle V; Navy Class; Upper V; Lower Remove; Upper Remove. Above are more studies; and, on the last block built, laboratories. The Lower VI classroom is in the north or Masters' Corridor. The classrooms were built at various dates; the first being erected in 1853, the next two in 1862. They were occupied in 1865 by the now extinct Shell, the also extinct IV, and the V. The Upper V and Lower Remove rooms were built in 1891, and the end one with turret and staircase, and oddly truncated gable, in 1897.

Perhaps the most interesting transformation was that of the old 'Shell' classroom in 1895, now the Lower V. The outlet of air from the lower study passage not being satisfactory, the idea was conceived of cutting off the timbered roof of the present Lower Modern Side (then Remove) Form Room, thrusting a hole through the end of the old 'singles,' and making a dormitory (through which the air could pass) out of the roof of the Form Room ceiling over the latter. This was done by means of hydraulic jacks in

three weeks, during the Easter holidays. The roof was suspended, high in air, and six or eight feet of brickwork were interposed between the top of the Form Room and the roof of the dormitory. The result is now visible. At the same time old Lower V classroom was converted into two lavatories, which were sorely needed, and the old lavatories into shower baths and hot baths.

Prefects' Passage forms the east side of a quadrangle, of which the classrooms form the south, and the range ended by Big School the north side. The part built by the Founder is easily known by the odd mushroom-looking ventilators, with which he bestrewed and, it must be allowed, somewhat spoilt the steep gabled roofs.

The length of the north and south sides is now about seventy yards, the connecting link being about fifty yards. According to an extant plan made some time in the sixties, it was intended to complete this quadrangle about fifty yards square with another range of buildings on the west, but the numbers of the School did not rise as was expected, and the plan was happily never carried out. When, under the present régime, additions were needed, they were found, partly by lengthening the south side of the quadrangle, partly by seeking new ground elsewhere in and beyond the precinct. If the quadrangle had been completed, it would have ruined the place, not only by blocking out the sun and air, but also by depriving the School of one of its chief glories—the splendid view of the Rectory and its background of woods seen across the green cricket fields, and the timbered spaces of the ancient park. The old Rectory, which dated from the days of Queen Anne, has indeed given place, since the Founder's departure, to a modern Victorian, but fortunately harmonious, erection. It is still difficult to say which is the more beautiful, the view towards the Rectory seen from the College, or the view of the College from the Rectory.

No one, however evilly or mediocrally minded, can now block up the quadrangle with a fourth side, owing to the fact that the Chapel is erected outside its area, at the



THE QUADRANGLE

south-west corner. For some time the 'amenity' of the present outlook was largely spoiled by the existence of a great bank of earth due to the slope of the ground upwards. This was removed in 1874, when the cricket-ground was much extended and levelled. Evidence of it still remains in the plateau on which the Chapel is now placed; which, while it gives it an imposing elevation above the quadrangle, has also necessitated its being placed out of line with it. According to the original designs and practice, the parish church was to serve as the Chapel for the School, to the mutual benefit of both School and parish. With the growth of the School, difficulties of the same sort which used to arise between the abbey churches and the parishioners of the Middle Ages were sure to arise. After the revolution of 1881, hereafter related, when a new rector came, a stranger from the north, difficulties at once arose between School and parish. The new rector objected to a choir, the largest and best part of which was absent for fifteen weeks in the year—which was reasonable; and he also demurred to the School having their own evening service on Sundays, after the parochial service—which was unreasonable. The choir was withdrawn, and from 1881 to 1886 the School attended Sunday morning services as ordinary parishioners, seeking places as before, some in the sacarium, some in the north transept, and some cooped up in the organ gallery; and all behind the preacher's back. In 1887 the evening School service in the parish church had been restored: the School meeting at 7.30, the parishioners at 6 p.m. When the present rector, Mr. A. Standidge, came in 1887 he abandoned the parochial service; whereon the parishioners in their turn began to grumble at the College monopolizing the nave, while they, like the School in the morning, had to seek places where they could. Moreover, School sermons were not always fitting nor intended for the general public. Hence a movement for a College Chapel. A subscription was started. The late Mr. Richard Benyon, the 'lord' of Englefield, and Mr. Blackall Simonds munificently led the

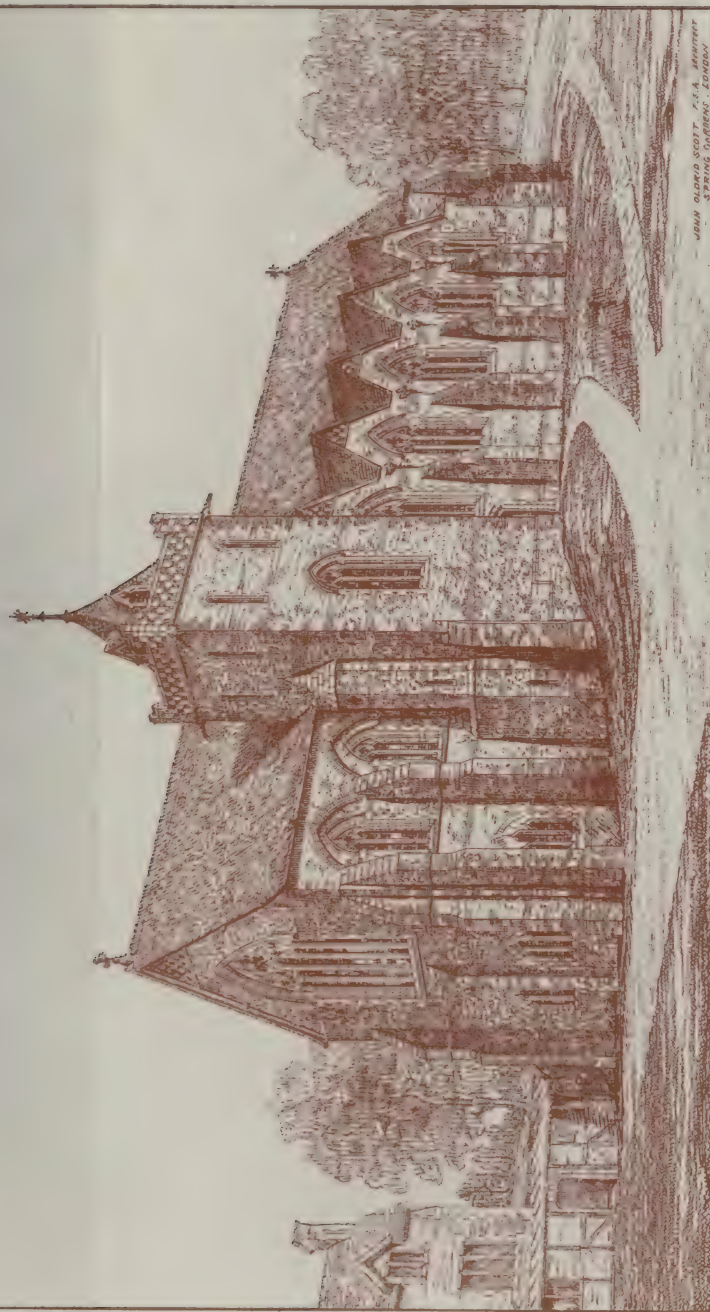
way. Mr. J. O. Scott furnished the plans. On June 29, 1892, the western part of the Chapel was consecrated. It consists of four bays of the intended nave, an ante-chapel, and a fine west window, in the Decorated style; a temporary chancel and organ chamber give accommodation to the choir. This portion cost some £6,000. It is now crowded to congestion, though the ante-chapel, intended as a vestry, has been appropriated to the Junior School. As the School grows yearly the question of space is



THE CHAPEL, WEST END.

a serious one. Unless the Chapel can be completed the services will have to be performed in relays, or the Junior School relegated to Big School. It is a case for Aladdin's genie-builder; unless Jubilee benefactors will find five thousand golden guineas!

In the north-east corner of the precinct of the original endowment, below the Masters' Lawn, are also contained



THE CHAPEL

(Tower and Chancel not yet built)

the smaller adjuncts of school life: two covered Fives Courts, erected by subscription in 1873 on the site of four old uncovered courts; a Gymnasium, completed in December, 1882; the Armoury, a place of much resort for the military-minded, put up as a memorial to Percy Gosset in 1888; and the Carpenter's shop adjoining. Immediately below, north of the original precinct, added by gift of Mr. Blackall Simonds in 1887, is the Laundry, including the well which now supplies the College with water. The Chemical Laboratory is at present housed in the old National Schoolroom, built by the Founder, now leased from his son, Mr. T. Stevens.

In the last fifteen years the School has overflowed from the original precinct on all sides. After the first Headmaster's departure, all the Headmasters lived out of College. The second Headmaster resided in Bridge House. The three next lived in the Village House, now the property of Mr. Blackall Simonds. The present Headmaster, like his immediate predecessor, Mr. Cruttwell, was at first installed in Hillside, the house over against the College Gate, on the opposite side of Bradfield Street, built by the Founder in 1878. He moved in 1885 into the Manor House in order that he might be nearer the centre of things. Hillside was given over to the College engineer and his wife, who took in lodgers, and the building was accordingly dubbed by the wags of the day 'Gray's Inn.' The Junior School, started in 1883 in the then Sanatorium to take off the boys under thirteen, hitherto, as in all Public Schools, mixed up with their seniors of eighteen and nineteen, had by 1887 outgrown its quarters. Classrooms and dormitories were added to Hillside, and the School removed there. The house has had to be extended three times since. Its forty-five boys would have amounted to more than two-thirds of the whole School in 1880. The Army House having invaded and annexed the Sanatorium, in 1889 a new and enlarged one was provided further east on the Reading Road, and has acted as a spell to ward off any serious infectious disease since. Under the charge of

Miss Green it is found to be a not disagreeable resort, and the prevalent disease of influenza—of a virulent outbreak of which, by the way, the College records speak in 1856—is regarded as a not unmixed evil when it sends the patient there for a brief spell.



THE SANATORIUM.

In 1890 the old chalk-pit, perhaps that mentioned in the deed of 1380, was converted into the Greek theatre, famous throughout England, scholastic England at least.

In 1898 the College began to spread southwards. Six acres of land on the Hog's Back were acquired, and in September, 1899, the new 'Modern Side House' was opened under the presidency of Mr. T. Steele, formerly House-master in College, with 40 boys. It is now already full to its utmost complement of 66. Adjoining it are the engineering workshops, which modern demands have added to the necessary plant of a Public School. The house is built, appropriately perhaps, in a more modern style than the rest of the College—that of the modified

Renaissance style of the first Georges; though as it is of red brick and tile it is not out of harmony with the rest. Its size and newness give it a somewhat aggressive air in the landscape at present: but time and trees will soon cure that. With its dining-hall, classrooms, bathrooms, and dormitories lighted by electric light and heated by hot-water pipes, it



LOOKING DOWN THE HOG'S BACK.

is enough to rouse the envy of those who have been bred up under more Spartan methods. Being on the top of the hill, too, it commands more extensive, though not more beautiful, views than the older position below.

The latest buildings of all are three new classrooms, finished only this year on the south side of the Reading

Road. Peeping as they do into the quadrangle, in the space between the west end of the main building and the unfinished chapel, they are a picturesque addition.

The extension of the cricket ground has advanced *pari passu* with that of the buildings. The thirteen acres one rood of the original area was enough, after allowing three acres for the buildings and Masters' Lawn, to provide ample room for 100 boys. It suffered much, however, from being on a considerable slope until 1874, when the removal of the bank of earth from the end of the quadrangle provided means of levelling. The School was then at the highest point which it reached in the Founder's days. Decline set in shortly afterwards, and no more room was needed. In 1887 the tide had turned. The lower ground, which bore the marks of its ridge-and-furrow days, was then levelled, and further improvements made to the upper one; both being extended in the process. In 1893 the chalk-pit in the Rectory glebe was taken on lease by Mr. Blackall Simonds from the rector, levelled, and is now sub-let to the School, an addition of no small value. The six acres on the Hog's Back are now also available as a practice-ground. Seven acres more on Bradfield Hill have been purchased while this book is passing through the press. So that with some 32 acres of ground the School may be considered amply provided with space for recreations.



THE FIRST BOY

To face p. 65

(Blackall Simonds, Esq.)

CHAPTER V

TAKING SHAPE, 1850-60

ALTHOUGH the desire to have always at hand a source whence material for his choir might be drawn was, as has been said, a leading motive in the Founder's mind, he aimed from the first at a good deal more than this. No kind of musical test for admission seems to have ever been imposed. All were fish that came to the net; a metaphor all the more appropriate that, like Colet of old, Stevens had, it was said, looked upon 153, the number of the miraculous draught, as the proper complement for his school.

A prospectus issued in March, 1851, shows the Rev. F. Barlow Guy, exhibitor of Lincoln College, Oxford, as Head, and Rev. J. M. Cox, late scholar of Lincoln, as Second Master. All reference to 'true Church principles' was now dropped. The College, it was stated, was 'intended to supply an education like that of our Public Schools, with careful cultivation of moral and individual character.' The Church only appeared incidentally, the curriculum including 'vocal music for the daily services of the Church.' The charge was 60 guineas a year in 1851, but as soon as the School had caught on, the terms were raised in 1853 to 80 guineas, and to 100 guineas in 1855.

The first boy entered was Blackall Simonds, aged ten, a scion of the well-known firm of brewers at Reading. He was admitted on February 4, 1850. For some weeks he was the solitary 'Bradfield boy,' and there being as yet

no Headmaster he lived alone with a temporary tutor in the Tan House. As boy, member of the Council, benefactor, and resident landowner of Bradfield, he has now been closely connected with the College for half a century. In March he was joined by R. L. Binfield, also from Reading, who at the age of fifteen became organist, and in April by F. L. Lundy. After Easter, when Mr. Guy arrived, the little party moved into the Manor House. St. Andrew's College, Bradfield, dates its foundation from that time.

The first two years were the day of small things. By the end of 1851 only thirteen entries had been received. One of the earliest pupils, Mr. Amherst Morris, who came with a batch of Yorkshire boys, gives the following description of the school life in those days:—

‘After breakfast we went to service in the church. At 10 o'clock we commenced work again’ (this seems to imply an early school, though it is not mentioned) ‘which lasted till 12; afterwards we amused ourselves till dinner-time and returned to work at 3. This lasted till 5 o'clock, when we went to evensong. After this came tea, and some little work afterwards; then followed evening prayers, and after shaking hands and saying Good-night to Mr. Guy we retired to bed. At that period there were no Easter holidays’ (nor, it may be added, for some years after; even then they did not begin till Easter Tuesday, the musical boys being required to assist in the festival service). Mr. Morris continues: ‘I was completely happy, and thought Bradfield a paradise, for we were invariably treated with the greatest kindness. In fact, we were like a small family party, and a kind of mutual admiration society.’

Another account of these early days was given by Dr. Guy himself:—

‘After Christmas, 1850–1, our “staff” consisted of Headmaster, Second Master, and Organist. For singing we had Mr. Binfield, of Reading, once a week. The Second Master, Mr. Cox, was a clever fellow. After leaving Oxford he became “Fellow” of Radley, under Singleton, the first Warden. This Warden's ascetic rules were nearly the

death of Cox. He was obliged to quit his post to recruit. I found him curate of Rotherfield Peppard, on the other side of the river, not far from Pangbourne. I persuaded him to come to us, to help in College, and assist as curate on Sundays. Cox's consent to join me in College I have always considered the highest compliment I ever received in my life. Besides being a good classical scholar, he was a well-read theologian, a travelled man, and familiar with French and Italian. I owed much to Cox. So did the Rector, though he did not know it, till long after. At this time our Warden took no part in College administration. All was left to the Head. Mrs. Marriott superintended the commissariat; and a Matron (the first was a Miss Hewitt) the servants and domestic matters. Boys' accounts were made out and sent by myself, and I corresponded with parents, and such as applied for our Prospectus. The Warden represented a "Governing Body," and was a strength to fall back upon. The scheme for granting a free nomination to every tenth pupil was in the air. I think, even then, in our increasing confidence, we began to talk of 153 as our limit! No one who knew Bradfield at that time, and felt himself, as I did, backed up by such a tower of strength as the Rector, could doubt about the ultimate success of "College." We, the "staff," were always busy in work or play. Saints' days in summer time were chiefly spent upon the river. The Rectory donkey carried down our "prog" to Pangbourne, the "staff," with our handful of boys, trudging along, sometimes in company with a visitor. In those days the Rector never preached. I never saw him in the pulpit till long after I had ceased to be Headmaster. John Marriott, for so many years curate-in-charge, and I, had all the preaching. It was rather sleepy work, after a long Sunday morning service, fully choral, to have to be in one's place at 3 o'clock for Evensong. The only possible relaxation was a saunter by the river-side to have a look at the big trout.

'And now comes the end. I was engaged to be married, and a married Headmaster was not contemplated by the

Warden. So I resigned. Stevens refused to accept the resignation. He offered me the house, afterwards Sanderson's, just vacated by the Le Mesuriers (now Bridge House), but proposed to change some details of my position. The pecuniary advantages for me were most liberal and I looked forward to being a rich man. But my wife that was to be had a delicate throat, and the doctors declared she could not live near the river. At that time the valley was not drained, and a thick mist enveloped the house most nights. There was no other house, and so, very sadly, I had to go. The Warden begged me to find a successor. Immediately I set out for Oxford to offer the post to Sanderson, then curate at St. Mary's. After some hesitation he agreed to come. You know what a splendid Headmaster he made. He did for Bradfield what he has since done for Lancing.'

Here Dr. Guy's narrative ends. He went from Bradfield to Forest School, then under his father-in-law, Dr. Gilderdale. Four years later, in 1856, he became himself Headmaster and so remained for thirty years. He retired on the living of Great Leghs and an honorary canonry of St. Albans in 1886, and died in 1891.

In 1852 Robert Edward Sanderson succeeded Guy. He was also a member of Lincoln College. He is described by H. G. Cheshire, who went to Bradfield in 1859, as 'a man of noble presence, and with a most handsome and winning countenance. I distinctly remember when he took the First (the lowest) Form how kind and gentle he was to us little boys.' He tells a story of his action later, which shows that he was a close follower of Dr. Arnold in his methods.

'In the autumn of 1859 athletic sports were held for the first time, and excited intense interest. A report reached the Headmaster that there had been betting on some of the events. He promptly summoned the whole School into the dining-hall and said that if this had been the case "all athletic sports must at once cease"; but if the Head Prefect could assure him (the Head) on his honour that



THE HEADMASTER, 1852-1860

(Rev. R. E. Sanderson)

there had been no betting, or, if there had been any bets, that they had been cancelled, the games might go on. The Head Prefect (whose name was W. C. Harris, subsequently a missionary in New Zealand) then held a meeting of the whole School in the largest classroom. He pointed out to the boys the gravity of the situation; I can recall, as if it were yesterday, the emphatic manner in which Harris said, "Now remember that you are all on your honour!" No betting was acknowledged, and so Harris was able to tell the Head that there had been none, and the games proceeded.'

The Second Master was George Ogilvie, of Wadham College, an old Wykehamist, who, though he only stayed some two and a half years before proceeding to a higher flight of government at the Cape College, made a deep impression on the internal organization of the School. He was a good cricketer, and took great interest in the School games.

As a means of strengthening the influx of *alumni*, in the early part of 1852 the Founder offered for competition two entrance scholarships of £20, tenable for five years. The amount of youthful talent attracted by the offer must have exceeded his expectations, for three scholarships were ultimately awarded, the fortunate holders being H. W. Moore, H. W. Bliss, and A. J. Butler. In subsequent years scholarships were given for proficiency in school-work, musical capacity being in some cases taken into account. Caps (without tassels) and gowns had been worn from the earliest days of the School's existence; and the new scholars flaunted in full-sleeved robes similar to those worn by scholars of Oxford colleges. The ordinary gown, on the other hand, was and is a far more voluminous garment than the atrophied object which hangs at the back of the Oxford commoner. Now the whole School wear the same gown, that of an Oxford scholar. The year 1852 saw the numbers of the School more than doubled; and thirty-two boys broke up for the Christmas holidays at the end of it. When they returned at the beginning of February,

1853, they found that their numbers were increased by nearly 50 per cent.—fifteen was the actual number of entries, no less than four of whom, including one who was older than any boy then in the School and at once went to the head of it, were seceders from Bradfield's slightly older rival, Radley. The premises had undergone a remarkable alteration. The single schoolroom with its desks had vanished, and in place of it were two rooms, destined for Upper and Lower School respectively, furnished with the Winchester 'toys.' The old red-brick Manor House still formed the front of the premises, and was connected with the schoolroom by a long passage; in which, if memory serves, the flooring had not been yet laid, so that during the first days of the half-year progress to the schoolrooms had to be made over the bare joists. On the left of this passage were recesses containing 'holes,' as they were called, for the suspension of caps and gowns, boots, bats, and any articles of extra apparel likely to be required during the day, when visits to the dormitories were forbidden. Beyond these was the entrance to the dining-hall (now a swimming-bath), another addition of this date. On the opposite side of the passage were some eight or ten studies; those at the ends, which were larger than the rest, being for the Head and Lower masters, while the intervening ones were destined to be occupied by the Prefects, a body now for the first time constituted. This step alone would be almost sufficient to mark the year 1853 as the real date at which Bradfield College—or as it was then more usually called, St. Andrew's College—became a Public School. Till then, even with the increased numbers, the 'family party' feeling had survived to a considerable extent. There was general good fellowship throughout the School, and the smaller boys stood in no manner of awe of the bigger.

The creation of a highly-privileged order, newly armed with very considerable disciplinary power, which it was certain that at any rate the more conscientious among them would find, or make, frequent opportunities of exercising, caused a complete change in the social situation,

and made the School, for young boys at any rate, far less of a 'paradise' than it had been in its less organized infancy. The ground-ash holds a very prominent place in the picture which memory calls up of the Bradfield of those days. A curious feature of the system was that occasionally the master set the prefect in motion—complained to him, as it were, of his fellow-pupil. A specially hard case was that of boys who, by incurring a mishap in some favourite pursuit or diversion, caused restrictions to be laid upon future indulgence in it. The present writer remembers well how, after he had had a fall from a tree in which he had been climbing, a friend observed: 'It was lucky for you that you were not badly hurt; for if you had been, climbing trees might have been forbidden, and then you would have been licked by the prefects.' This, it may be said, was a hypothetical case; but the hypothesis would hardly have occurred save as an induction from experience. One whose experience at school extended over more than ten years writes: 'The prefects were allowed too much power when I first went to school, or at least exercised it without sufficient supervision. Some of them who were inclined to be bullies would frequently visit the Lower School during the evening preparation, and thrash a few small boys for the most trivial faults, and often for none at all, sometimes severely, and apparently just as they chose; but,' he adds, 'I do not think this state of things went on very long, and I am sure that for a long time latterly their powers had been exercised under due control, with moderation, and with every advantage to the School.' Another, who was himself a prefect in the early years, though not of the 'first creation,' while recognizing that there was at times too much severity, considers that on the whole the system 'had a good effect on the tone of the School, by giving the leading boys a sense of responsibility.' Pullen, whose views, as a master, of the fagging system are interesting, speaks of it as in his opinion 'perfect,' and then proceeds to quote an instance, which would appear to some to prove that it had some defects. 'I had only just

come to the School, when I overheard a boy say something in the classroom which I thought improper. I told him to come to my room afterwards, and dismissed him with a "jaw"—rather proud of having made him cry under it. But Harris major who fagged him heard of it, and gave him a sound thrashing. I appealed to Sanderson, thinking at first that I had been interfered with; but he entirely took Harris' part, and eventually convinced me that he was in the right.' Of Harris himself he says,

We were all very proud of Harris major. For muscular strength and force of character and Tom Brown solidity he was the show-figure of the School.' For all that we may be inclined to think that Mr. Pullen's present view of the situation is more generous than just. Probably the abuses which undoubtedly prevailed at first might have been avoided if the Founder had been less in a hurry, and more willing to let his school develop its own institutions. Possibly the somewhat premature step was partly due also to the influence of the Second Master, the Rev. George Ogilvie, an enthusiastic Wykehamist.

It was by no means in accordance with Wykehamical notions, however, to make prefects of boys, who must have been very young and inexperienced, nor would Winchester in its worst days have witnessed such a scene as prefects descending on a classroom to 'tund' boys for amusement. The Founder was perhaps too 'thorough' in putting his notions into practice, as when he bought one of the earliest steam ploughs in the country, and straightway proceeded to plough up a field 13 inches deep which theretofore had been ploughed 4 inches deep, and procured a bountiful crop of chalk and flint instead of corn. The number of Winchester notions introduced was considerable. The School lists from 1854 were printed in the form of the Winchester Long Rolls, which descend from medieval times and are still kept up. They are in Latin. That for 1854 is headed by St. Andrew's Cross and the names of *alumni* only. That for 1855 is in more correct Wykehamical form, being headed by the Custos or Warden, and

the Vice-Custos or Sub-warden, who was John Marriott, the Founder's curate. Then came the Headmaster under the Winchester, and in medieval times general, title of Informator. The model was departed from when the Second Master, at this time G.T. Gresson, was called Sub-Informator instead of Hostiarius or Usher. Preceptores for the Assistant-masters was also an innovation; and the distinction of Sub-Preceptores for the teachers of modern languages *in literis recentioribus*, as they were called, was calculated to deprave the study of them to the inferior position which boys of the time tell us they held. Not indeed that Bradfield did otherwise than follow the evil traditions of other Public Schools in that respect. Then came the 'alumnorum nomina,' of which there were precisely 70, divided into six 'classes'—VI, V, IV, which last was, as at the Winchester of that date, divided into two 'Parts,' but they were called not 'senior' and 'junior' Parts, but 'superior' and 'inferior.' The words 'senior' and 'junior,' in use at Winchester for brothers or boys of the same name, were also set aside in favour of 'major' and 'minor,' as at Eton. The senior prefects were distinguished also by titles, as at Winchester, only the senior prefect was not Prefect of Hall—there was then no Hall—but Schol. Præ., or Prefect of School, who only ranks third at Winchester. There was also a Lib. Præ., or Prefect of Library, but he was in Vth Book. There were only five prefects altogether, of whom four were in VIth Book. The invention of a Lower School with three Forms in it, III, II, and I, each divided into two Parts, was probably a piece of attempted antiquarianism about things Wykehamical. So far as history goes back, which in this respect is not earlier than the Commonwealth, there were only five classes or books at Winchester; the lowest being called Quarta-Secunda. Oddly enough Bradfield history has in this case, consciously or unconsciously, followed that of Winchester. The historic IVth Book has now disappeared at Winchester, and at Bradfield, too, the lowest Form is now the Fifth. This arises from the increased age at which boys now go to

school. Bradfield in its early days was largely a Preparatory School. Thus, A. J. Butler came when he was eight years old and, after five years at Bradfield, at thirteen went on to a scholarship at Eton; C. T. D. Acland came at eleven and also went to Eton at thirteen; J. P. Young came at nine, and went on after two years to a scholarship at Winchester, where, as Peter Young, he was a mighty man of valour as a cricketer; two Marriotts also went on as Commoners to Winchester; R. D. Balfour came at eight and left at twelve, when he was already in the cricket eleven, for Westminster. It was rather bad when three Lloyds all left after two years for Marlborough, and C. H. Thompson for Repton. But it was worse when two Godfreys, coming at ten and eight respectively, went on, *vae victis*, to Radley. Presumably they found Bradfield, as the sailor found fresh eggs, not 'high' enough for them. The junior school at Bradfield now takes the Forms from III downwards. It would be interesting to know when these Rolls ceased. There does not seem to be one later than 1857.

Among other Wykehamical notions in vogue was that the sick-room was, and is still, called 'continent-room,' from the old use of the word meaning to keep yourself 'at home,' as opposed to going 'abroad' or out. The word is not, however, now in general use at Bradfield. The first dormitories were, from a like source, called 'chambers'—and 'Middle Chamber' still rejoices in that name, the others being called short 'North,' 'South,' &c., *simpliciter*. In the classrooms the Winchester 'toys'—cupboards like a bureau, with shelves for books and the like, and a desk to write on—were, and still are, in use. Horrible to relate, many of the Bradfield writers attempt to call them 'toises' or 'toyse'! It was also the custom to 'put up a roll' for leave to go out of school; that is, to write your name on a slip of paper, thus 'Jones veniam exeundi petit' on it, and put it before the presiding genius, Master or Prefect as it chanced. In chambers, the practice of 'calling peals' had been introduced. At cricket a half-volley was called a 'barter,' from Warden Barter of Winchester, who was

credited with great feats in disposing of such balls over Meads' wall in the early part of the century. This is now extinct at Bradfield. Bradfield also played Winchester football, a practice kept up till 1873 or thereabouts; indeed, until the development of the Association game. The peculiarity of the Winchester game was that it was, and is, played in a long narrow ground, marked out by a rope stretched on posts, and outside of it a canvas screen about 8 feet high, for which in the seventies netting was substituted; the goal being a line cut in the turf right across the ground. It is begun with a 'hot,' in which the opposing sides put their heads down and butt through the opposite side, and the process is repeated whenever the ball goes out. It is wholly unlawful to touch the ball with your hands, except for a free catch, when you have a 'kick off,' called 'punt' at Rugby game. Passing the ball on to your own side in front of you is a deadly crime, called a 'tag'; and to kick the ball above the shoulder, except when it is caught or on the bound, is forbidden; while of all deadly sins dribbling is the most unforgiveable. The purity of the game was preserved at Bradfield by yearly matches with New College, in those days almost entirely Wykehamical. But the memory of some who came to play in later days was that there were divers divergences, and the absence of netting to keep the ball in, owing to the slant of the ground, rendered the game rather trying, especially as a vigorous kick-out not unfrequently planted the ball in the river.

The only bit of native Bradfield slang current in the early days was the term 'docks,' applied to the smaller boys, with a connotation somewhat like the Eton 'scug.' Whence it came is undiscovered.

The curriculum at Bradfield, always sound and thorough, received a distinct lift about 1855 by the appointment to Assistant-masterships of two Cambridge men, both Fellows of their colleges, the Revs. G. B. Morley and G. R. Roberts. Mr. Morley, one of Dr. Kennedy's pupils, was a fine classical scholar; Mr. Roberts, afterwards a professor at Addiscombe, had been a high Wrangler. Both had great teaching powers,

and under them the standard of attainments in the upper Forms was perceptibly raised.

An amusing reminiscence of each of these Masters is on record. 'One Monday morning,' writes the Rev. H. C. Jollye, 'as we were reproducing one of Bacon's Essays, Mr. Morley came in to give us back our week's verses corrected. At the bottom of *A*'s exercise he had written: "I require twenty-four verses; you have only done twenty-two." *A* counted them over carefully again and again, and assured the Master there were twenty-four. After a little beating about the bush, Mr. Morley had his little joke, which we all enjoyed, especially the Headmaster. "You have only done twenty-two verses; the last two I did at Shrewsbury ten years ago. When you copied them from the *Sabrinae Corolla* you forgot to look at the 'G. B. M.' at the bottom.'"

For the story relating to Mr. Roberts, Colonel Clayton is responsible. A boy, who is believed to be identical with the *A* of the last story, but shall here for the sake of variety be called *B*, 'should have been trying to work out one of those problems in equations in which a messenger is sent off at a certain time and travelling at a certain pace, and another is afterwards sent out to catch him. *B* came up to Roberts, saying he could not work it out. "Get your paper," said Roberts, "and let me see how you have been trying it." *B* brought up the paper, which contained only the words: "Let x =the messenger."—Alarums and excursions!

As evidence of the general quality of the teaching during the first ten years, some words may be given from the *Reading Mercury's* report of the proceedings at the Commemoration of 1860. 'Mr. Burn, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, remarked that this was the fourth year he had been examiner at Bradfield, and he had had the pleasure of observing a steady, regular improvement in the work every year. . . . Other schools might produce a few boys of higher attainment than could then be found at Bradfield, but he did not believe that any school in the kingdom

could boast of a higher and more even average of work throughout.' Curiously enough, not only were both the examiners of the year, as well as the new Head, Mr. Denning, and the composition Master, Mr. Morley, old Salopians, but the veteran Dr. Kennedy, who had a son at Bradfield, was present and spoke on this occasion.

The living of those days was plain enough. The midday dinner was the only meal at which meat appeared, except in the case of such boys as, under instructions from home, were allowed to have it in addition to their breakfast of bread and butter with tea or coffee. Those above a certain point in the School had bread and cheese for supper. At one time, too, bread and cheese were served in the hall at 11 o'clock or so for any who desired. The small boys used to toast both on the points of their pocket-knives. Dinner was a solid meal. Roast beef and plum-pudding were regular on Sundays; indeed, every day in the week had its constant bill of fare, certainly as regarded the puddings. The variety was thus not remarkable, though the quality of the food was probably good enough. On Fridays in Lent, and Wednesdays also, there was no pudding, but in compensation the meal began with some simple form of soup, usually mutton-broth. At one period it seems to have been a favourite jest on these occasions to loosen the tops of the pepper-pots, so that any one who next added that condiment to his soup got a larger allowance of it than he had bargained for. The Friday dinner was eaten in silence, which, in the very earliest days, the Headmaster used to relieve by reading some standard theological work, but this monastic practice was soon abandoned.

On the whole, the life during the first decade was decidedly ascetic. The Rev. G. B. Morley, whose mastership lasted from 1855 to 1868, is a better authority on this point than the childish reminiscences of the writer and his contemporaries. He records his impression that during the first five years of his residence at Bradfield, 'living was simpler and harder, in the matter of both

rooms and food, than in subsequent years ; and the rule was the same for masters as well as boys.' 'At the same time,' he adds, touching on a point of considerable importance in the early history of the School, 'there was a stronger feeling that the work was Church work. . . . Between 1860 and 1868 the tone of churchmanship became broader, and the general accommodation and living more comfortable or, comparatively speaking, luxurious.'

The health of the boys was looked after pretty carefully, as things went at that time ; and probably they were as free from ailments as their successors in these days of 'temperatures' and isolation hospitals. In the years from 1852 to 1857, the only approach to an epidemic was a mild outbreak of whooping-cough in May, 1855. The victims, eight or nine in number, had a thoroughly good time. They lived together in two large rooms, did few lessons, if any, and 'ragged,' as the modern boy would say, to their hearts' content. The medical treatment for the usual disorders was of a fairly drastic kind, as might be expected from the country practitioner of those days. Grey powder at bedtime, black dose on awaking next morning, with castor-oil (usually administered in a spoonful of the matron's breakfast coffee) an hour or two later, cleared the system pretty effectually. Accidents in administration were not unknown. A contemporary remembers how 'old mother G——' (the excellent, but doubtless at times overburdened, matron of those days) 'gave me ——'s lotion for a bad leg instead of my cough-mixture, and thought she had poisoned me. It was not pleasant drinking, nor was the subsequent castor-oil.'

Among the additions at the beginning of 1853 were the single bedrooms over the studies for the older boys, and above them again the chambers for the juniors. Each of these contained twelve beds. Being in the roof they were apt to be cold in winter ; the correspondent just quoted recalls the fact that 'we used to go to bed in the flannel trousers we had played football in during the day.' On the whole, however, they were pleasant rooms.

Strict silence was maintained for the quarter of an hour or so occupied in undressing. It was a point of honour to say one's prayers. After the candle had been put out by a master or prefect, conversation was allowed to any extent, limited only by somnolence. Very commonly some one would be called on to tell a story. This might be an improvisation, but more often took the form of a recital of so much as the narrator could reconstruct of the last work of fiction read by him. In this way many boys made their first acquaintance with masterpieces like *Monte Christo* and *Kenilworth*—to name two, of which a vivid memory remains. After a while the rhapsodist would call over the names, and if enough were not awake to constitute in his judgement an adequate audience, he would cut the tale short for that night. No prefect or upper boy slept in the dormitory. A responsible head was, however, appointed from among the occupants, who appears to have, at one time, received some small remuneration at the end of the half. On the last night, and perhaps at other times, supper-parties (if they should not rather be called breakfast-parties) were held in the dormitory during the small hours, a rotation of watches being held till the appointed hour. 'The viands,' says Mr. E. Armstrong, who as an historian knows the value of picturesque detail, 'were both choice and ample: sausage-rolls, puffs, occasionally a ham, and ginger-beer, being the staple commodities. The convoy of supplies to the dormitory was a matter of great danger and difficulty. Once I had supper at the Rectory with my great-coat stuffed with ginger-beer bottles for the midnight feast. In the dark I hit my head against the iron gate of the garden, and was brought back half-stunned. I remember my horror when the dear old Rector wanted to put on my great-coat for me—as if he would have minded!'

No Bradfield boy of that time ever knew Mr. Stevens by any other name than the 'Rector.' Officially he was the Warden, but this title was reserved for official use.

Another custom connected with the dormitories, also an

importation from Winchester, was for two or three boys, selected for the vigour of their voices—or were they the ‘juniors in chambers’?—to go to the door when the first bell rang in the morning, and roar ‘First peal! first peal! first peal!’ The effect of the cry, taken up from one dormitory to another, and ringing through the corridors, was not unpleasant. On the last morning the whole dormitory used to assemble, and after the usual words had been twice given by the regular performers, a unanimous shout of ‘Last peal!’ resounded through the College. As a matter of fact, on these last mornings every one was up long before the usual hour for rising. Bolstering-matches between the dormitories, and other uproarious diversions, were at least winked at by the authorities.

Examinations took place at the end of every half, and the Form-order for the next was decided by the joint result of these and of the current work. Prizes were given only at the summer breaking-up, when the great festivity of the year was held. In the old days this used to take place about July 4. Parents and friends were invited, and the prizes were given in a marquee erected on the lawn below the School. There was also a Commemoration Service in the church, which then and for many years afterwards, indeed till the School swamped the parish, was its regular place of worship. At this service the anthem was always Farrant’s ‘Call to remembrance, O Lord, Thy tender mercies,’ beautiful, but rather melancholy in its character for a festive occasion.

Music, as has been said, was always a strong point at Bradfield. Mr. R. L. Binfield, who, entering the School at its first foundation, remained for many years as organist and choirmaster, was an excellent instructor. Mr. Tapsfield, afterwards a Minor Canon of St. George’s, Windsor, the possessor of one of the finest bass voices that ever issued from a human throat, came as a master about 1855. The concert given at the Commemoration of 1856 marks something of an epoch. It was intended to celebrate the building of the new dining-hall, then completed all save floor



and windows. An interesting account of it is given by the Rev. J. B. Powell, who took part in it as the leading treble.

'It was a glorious summer day, and the absence of the windows was an advantage. After the luncheon, the dais was cleared, and a very good concert followed. The first part consisted of the so-called Locke's music to *Macbeth* (it is now generally supposed that Purcell wrote it); and the second part was miscellaneous. One number in the second part is a point in the history of the College, and requires special notice. That year Mr. W. H. Tinney, the Rector's uncle, had written a College song in English, and Mr. Binfield was requested to set it to music. This was the beginning of the College Ballad, and I am not aware that any copy of the English setting is in existence. I have endeavoured to quote below the two first verses from memory, and I think they are fairly accurate.'

Semi-Chorus.

1. From small-est seed we know A migh - ty tree doth grow,

Chorus.

So may S. An-drew's Col-lege, So may S. An-drew's Col-lege.

Semi-Chorus.

2. Falls the house built on sand ; That built on rock does stand,

Chorus.

So may S. An-drew's Col-lege, So may S. An-drew's Col-lege.

In the autumn of the same year Mr. Morley wrote the Latin version of the words. At the end of 1857 Mr. Binfield left Bradfield, and Mr. Lawrence succeeded him. It was not long before he turned his attention to this Latin version; and the result was the composition which has been associated with those words ever since.

Here are the English and Latin versions of the Ballad.

THE COLLEGE BALLAD.

By W. H. TINNEY, M.A., late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.

Done into Latin by Rev. G. B. MORLEY, M.A., Fellow of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, late Assistant-master, Bradfield College.

From smallest seed we know
A mighty tree does grow,
So may Saint Andrew's College !

Falls the house built on sand ;
That built on rock does stand,
So may Saint Andrew's College !

Parvula radice crescit,
Arbor ingens ; tale surgat,
Parva linqvens, magna quaerens,
Andreae Collegium.

Structa arena dat ruinam,
Structa saxo stabit aedes :
Sic in omnes duret annos
Andreae Collegium.

Divided kingdoms fail ;
 United hosts prevail,
 So may Saint Andrew's College !

The serpent's wisdom, love
 Of the harmless dove,
 Dwell in Saint Andrew's College.

The emmet's toil and care,
 No hour of light to spare,
 Shall teach Saint Andrew's College.

If night shall gloom awhile,
 Morn soon again will smile
 Upon Saint Andrew's College.

The Martyr's cross our sign,
 Our trust the help Divine ;
 God bless Saint Andrew's College !

Si qua discors urbs, peribit ;
 Si qua concors, permanebit ;
 Sic voluntas una ducat
 Andreae Collegium.

Quidquid astus, fraude dempta,
 Insit angui, quantum amoris
 In columba, iuncta servent
 Andreae Collegium.

Diligens formica, caelo
 Creditur dum lux sereno,
 Ferre dextram praemonebit
 Andreae Collegium.

Paululum si nox obumbret,
 Crede ! pleno sol renascens
 Orbe mox illuminabit
 Andreae Collegium.

Martyris crux castra signet,
 Spiritus divinus afflet,
 Trinitas ter sancta praesit
 Andreae Collegio.

The Latin version, which is as forcible as the English is feeble, has entirely displaced the latter, which is now only known as an antiquarian curiosity.

The other, but more strictly domestic, festival of the year was, as it still is, St. Andrew's Day. The chief feature of this celebration in early days was the bonfire, with its accompanying fireworks—not 'set-pieces' or anything resembling the displays which delight the Crystal Palace, but good rustic squibs and crackers. There were no doubt some catherine-wheels and rockets, as well as things whose chief merit lay in the loudness of their detonation—a facetious master in Crimean days named them Lancaster guns ; but the small-arms, if they may be so called, gave the real delight. A certain number of these were served out to every boy, and while they lasted the proceedings were extremely lively. Every one hunted his neighbours with squib and cracker, as in Robert Browning's forecast, the Italians were to hunt the Austrian Radetzky's soul. The masters did not disdain to take a part ; indeed, one of the causes which are believed to have led to the abolition of this form of entertainment was the danger incurred by

a master into whose pocket, already filled with crackers, some wag inserted a lighted squib. On the same occasion it must have been that an incident related by the Rev. P. S. Ward occurred. A friend contrived to put a squib up his sleeve. 'Before I could get my coat off, it not only exploded, but set light to my shirt-sleeve. The result was distinctly unpleasant, and I was in hospital for two or three weeks. I fancy,' he continues, 'that was the *coup de grâce* of the annual fireworks.'

A substitute was soon found. Some attempts at performing scenes from Shakespeare had already been made. The Rev. E. D. Heathcote, who was presently to take a leading part among the dramatic talent of Bradfield, has given the history of this movement, which has since exercised a very considerable influence on the tastes and pursuits of the School. 'The first attempt at acting any portion of Shakespeare's plays was made in the summer of 1857 or 1858 (I think the former), when the scene between Hubert and Arthur, from *King John*, was performed, without scenery, but with dresses from Nathan's for the two chief actors. White sheets were rigged up to act as proscenium and curtain, and the scene took place in the new hall.' Hubert was played by E. Sellon, Arthur by H. D. Richmond; while Mr. J. O. Scott believes that he brought in the irons. 'If there was an afterpiece, it has faded from my memory.' (Was it not *Box and Cox*?) 'I suppose the experiment was thought by the authorities sufficiently successful to be worth development; at any rate, on St. Andrew's Day, 1858, began the series of Shakespeare's plays which followed each other on the same day of the year as long as I remained at Bradfield, and for some years afterwards (except in 1863).' The plays chosen for the five years, 1858-62, were *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Much Ado about Nothing* (the bill for this year is before us, from which it appears that the performance concluded with the once popular farce of *Slasher and Crasher*), *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Twelfth Night*. On the occasion of another

performance of *Much Ado* some years later, the actor who was to play Dogberry fell ill. 'There was no one in the School who could take his place, and A. James was applied to by telegraph to come instead.' Either through over-compression on the part of the telegrapher, or the natural perverseness of postal officials, the message was delivered in the form: 'Cooper's dog very ill; come at once.' Mr. Heathcote adds: 'James unfortunately could go neither as veterinary surgeon nor as Dogberry; and finally I, who had gone as a spectator, half-read half-acted the part as best I could.' The Shakespeare Society has died twice and been revived twice since this period.

Another custom in connexion with St. Andrew's Day, which prevailed towards the end of the fifties, was the rivalry in the decoration of the classrooms. 'Each classroom,' says Mr. Armstrong, 'was at war with the others, and would try to cut off the heavily-laden convoys in the hollow lanes. One year the star of the Junior Classroom was in the ascendant, for it found a magnificent leader of irregulars in Elton. Sometimes it would form an alliance with the Fifth Form against the powerful and enterprising Senior Classroom. The decorations were very elaborate.' The rivalry, at length, reached a degree of vigour that might have had serious results. In 1860 the senior prefect 'got an inkling'—this is his own account—'that bludgeons had been stowed away somewhere in College, and that there might be a battle-royal on the eve of the day. I called the Upper School together, told them what I had heard, and demanded the surrender of the sticks. There was a dead silence. On looking round the room, I noticed two boys looking very hard at a certain board which was screwed down near the central stove. I told one of them to take it up, and underneath we found some thirty sticks and bludgeons stowed away. . . . There were no decorations, and no broken heads, that year.'

The subject of games and recreations will be more fully treated in a subsequent chapter. Cricket was practicable, with the aid of masters and friends, as early as 1852.

Mr. Stevens's curate and brother-in-law, Mr. John Marriott, is remembered as bowling 'rather fast underhand, with tolerably good effect.' His more famous brother Charles, Fellow of Oriel, who had some reputation among the boys as an athlete—he was said to be able to jump his own height, and was only too devoted to swimming, for an imprudent bathe brought on the seizure which ultimately caused his death—used to look on with interest, but could not be induced to play. Mr. C. Marriott took much interest in the School, and at his death, which took place at Bradfield in 1858, left his library to it. It is chiefly theological and is now in the Senior or Masters' Common Room.

In 1853 a match was played against Magdalen College School, at Cowley Marsh; of which all that is now remembered seems to be that, in spite of the good style of two round-hand bowlers on the other side, Bradfield escaped defeat. 'More important and exciting' was that against Radley. Of this match the Radley historian believes all record to be lost. But the recollections of Mr. Amherst Morris, supplemented by the *Oxford University Herald* of June 18, 1853, supply the void.

'The early morning,' he writes, 'was dull and inclined for rain. We had to start betimes, and went in a drag all the way. On our arrival the weather was anything but promising, and the ground being somewhat sodden was not in favour of the batsman. Bradfield went first to the wicket. Thompson was captain; Henry major and I were sent in first. The bowling during the first part of the innings was particularly straight—round-hand at both ends with a good pace on. After a time, however, the bowling became rather erratic. I took advantage of this, and at every opportunity hit out pretty freely, nearly always to cover-point, till I was bowled after scoring twenty, the highest score in the match. Somehow or other, few big scores, comparatively speaking, were made from the old under-hand style of bowling. With regard to this match against Radley, it should be borne in mind that the two

Henrys and the two Balfours had but recently migrated from Radley to Bradfield. Without them the fortunes of the day would, I suspect, have turned out very different. The bowling on our side was good. The match was decided on the first innings, and much to the surprise of every one Bradfield was victorious. It was late that night before we arrived home, so that there was no opportunity for any demonstration. When, however, it became known next morning that Radley had been defeated, there was unbounded satisfaction. I was warmly congratulated on my score by the Rector, nor can I ever remember seeing any one more elated than he was by our success.'

The *Herald* gives the score as follows :—

BRADFIELD.

First Innings.

J. Henry (ma.), c Wilson	11
A. H. G. Morris (ma.), b Mason	20
M. Balfour (ma.), c Wilson	6
A. Green, c Wilson	3
N. P. Thompson, b Risley	14
R. F. Morris (mi.), b Risley	0
A. Balfour, b Risley	13
A. Henry (mi.), b Risley	2
J. C. Spooner, b Wilson	0
J. D. Tilney, b Mason	0
B. Simonds, not out	0
Wides 25, byes 5	30
						99

RADLEY.

First Innings.

R. W. Risley, b Spooner	2
F. B. Wilson, b Spooner	8
E. M. Mason, b Balfour (ma.)	1
F. T. Hetling, b Balfour (ma.)	1
A. S. Bennett, b Spooner	6
H. Howard, c Henry (mi.)	5
H. S. Janvrin, c Henry (ma.)	3
J. C. Thynne, c Green	3
H. Sewell, b Spooner	2
Sir F. J. W. Johnstone, not out	2
H. M. Moorsom, b Spooner	1
Wides 6, byes 13	19
						53

Hockey was a good deal played in the early days; superseded in 1857 by football. There were four brick fives-courts, of a somewhat rudimentary shape, with low back-walls, where the game could be played with either hand or bat. Croquet appears to have been played at Bradfield some time before it was popular in England generally. Quite in the beginning the bathing-place was at a pool in the Kimber; but in 1853, or perhaps 1854,



THE COLLEGE WATER.

the present bathing-place was made. It was not of a very inviting appearance, the surrounding soil being somewhat peaty, but it served its turn. There were no fixed rules as to the season of bathing; and one energetic person is recorded to have taken a dip before early school all the year round.

There were some fair trout in the stream, and a few boys used to throw a fly—some pretty constantly. One or two of the masters also were fishermen.

The country about Bradfield lends itself to walks, and

some of the smaller boys who were not adepts at games used to explore the coppices, which then covered more of the ground than now, in search of birds' eggs and other curiosities of natural history. The late Rev. F. O. Morris, who had three sons at the School, presented a copy of his famous *British Birds* to the library, and this no doubt stimulated the sport of birds'-nesting which at one time was very popular. The only other pursuit trenching on the domain of natural history was the search for and destruction of wasps' nests, a game in which the wasps did not always have the worst. Paper-chases were in fashion at one time; one such, in warm December weather, when all the streams were swollen, stands out very vividly in the memory of the youngest member of the party, as also his subsequent relegation to bed at an untimely hour.

A favourite Sunday afternoon walk was to the little outlying chapel of Buckhold. The duty there was usually taken by one of the masters, who would allow three or four boys to accompany him. Many quaint stories used to be told of the old Berkshire shoemaker who officiated as clerk. 'There go the ships, and there be that *leather thing* which thou hast made to take his pastime therein' was a perversion of the Psalmist which gave much joy. The music was provided by a barrel-organ, fitted with twenty-four psalm-tunes—the metrical versions, old and new, being the principal hymnody of those days. On one occasion the organ, after the first note or two, went off into a dismal wail. The old man bustled down to see what had happened, and presently returning said to the officiating minister in a whisper audible all over the little building: 'Please, sir, there's a new girl come, and she's set the handle a-going!' Another interesting figure in connexion with Buckhold was the curate, old Jonathan Reeves, who occasionally took some part also in the daily services. Reeves dined with the masters in Hall at the midday meal, and was chiefly renowned for his inordinate love of pudding-crust. If this could not be obtained at the high table, he would send down to the boys' tables, who piled lofty pyramids of this

delicacy on his plate; but it is said that he always got through it. He also had a mania for oranges, of which he devoured a prodigious quantity.

About 1859 the Debating Society was founded. Its first president was H. W. Moore, one of the most promising boys of the first period of the School's history, and one from whom his friends expected great things, had he not been cut off at the age of twenty-five, soon after his election to a Fellowship at Exeter. Some of the subjects discussed were the abolition of capital punishment, the comparative merits of Longfellow and Tennyson, the question of opening higher education to the lower classes, the case of Warren Hastings. In the last, one member is recorded to have introduced a new feature by speaking in the character of the accused. A school magazine was started about the same time, but seems to have lived through two numbers only. Its title was *The Quarterly Magazine of St. Andrew's College*, with the motto '*Nascitur exiguus.*' It was, however, by no means a slight production, containing over thirty octavo pages, while in quality it was as ambitious as in quantity. It comprised chiefly essays written in a magnificent Johnsonian style, rather ponderous, and poems, besides school scores and news. Altogether it was conceived in a very serious vein, and formed a striking contrast to the light frivolities of *The Owlet* of 1865. How far were they a test of the spirit of the School under the régimes of Sanderson and Denning respectively? In the second number there is a pretty translation of Horace, *Car. i. 23*, by 'Juvenis,' the first two stanzas of which are as follows:

Thou shun'st me, Chloe, like a fawn
That fearful on the trackless hill
Seeks for its dam, and struck with fear
Of rustling leaves stands still.

If e'er the breeze the grove hath stirred,
Or lizard moved the bramble tree
Green gliding, like a timid bird
Thou tremblest heart and knee.

Among the editorials of the first number there is an interesting apology for Athletic Games, then proposed for

the first time. 'Considering all things, such an institution appears to be not only practicable, but in our case highly necessary. That we are deficient in good runners and throwers becomes apparent during the cricket season; and I know of no better remedy for this than giving prizes for running, throwing the cricket ball, leaping, and other feats of skill and strength. I feel certain that the plan will answer; it will excite emulation, and lead to the more frequent practice of those exercises in which we are deficient.' The author goes on to remark how, owing to this deficiency, the boys of that generation were snubbed by the 'oldsters.'

Those who realize what a large measure of success Athletic Sports afterwards attained at Bradfield, will admit that the editor's prognostications were fully justified.

Besides reviews, written from a rather exalted point of view, there were essays on 'The Fagging System,' 'Friendship,' 'The Present and the Past,' and 'Classical Education.' The writer argues for the fagging system, chiefly on the grounds that it organizes and so tends to modify the natural tendency for the strong to tyrannize over the weak, and that it is an opportunity for the exercise of the high moral influences which the older and more advanced should exercise on the rest. The writer 'On Friendship' has a strong and healthy word to say on the unkindness of petting small boys. It marks, perhaps, the beginning of the strong tradition which made it almost impossible for big boys to have anything to do with 'docks.'

The year 1859 was of great importance in the history of the School. For the numbers having advanced by leaps and bounds until they were over 100, with every promise of considerable further increase, the Rector was induced to effect a permanent settlement by way of advancement for his child, and to give it an independent position, so that it might become, in law as in theory and practice, a Public School, and not a mere private adventure. Accordingly by deed, dated May 16, 1859, he conveyed to trustees 13 acres 1 rood of land with the buildings thereon,

and the tables, forms, 'toises' (*mirabile dictu!*), chairs, &c., &c., 'except eight old mahogany chairs in the front room of the east corridor that were brought up from the farm.' The chief trustees were Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Heathcote, then the members for Oxford University, Sir F. Rogers, since Lord Blachford, Mr., afterwards Sir Thomas Acland, who died last year, Goldwin Smith, then Regius Professor of History at Oxford. They and the other seven were to hold the property on the trusts declared in the statutes annexed. These provided that the foundation of the College of St. Andrew's, Bradfield, 'shall for ever consist of a Warden, a Headmaster, an Organist, and certain free boys, hereinafter referred to as Founder's boys.' There was also to be a Patron, the Lord of the Manor for the time being, and a Visitor, the then Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards any Bishop, the Chancellor, or a Judge of the High Court selected by the Trustees. The Warden was to be in orders and M.A. or B.C.L. of Oxford, Cambridge, or Durham. The Patron, or, failing him, the Visitor, was to nominate the Warden. To him was reserved the absolute control of the whole establishment, including the appointment and dismissal of the Headmaster and all other masters, and admission and expulsion of all boys. He was to have power to admit 153 commoners at fees to be fixed at discretion; and sixteen Founder's boys, or if the number of commoners was under 140, ten per cent. on the actual number, who were to be lodged, boarded, and taught gratuitously, being 'either fatherless or the sons of poor gentlemen or clergymen.' The Warden was to have complete control of all income, paying to the Trustees only 10s. a quarter for every commoner to form a 'Domus Fund.' Power was reserved to the Founder during his life, with the consent of two Trustees, and after his death, to a majority of the Trustees, with the consent of the Visitor, to alter the statutes.

Henceforth, therefore, though the word College is a misnomer, as in all the modern schools called Colleges (except Radley theoretically at its inception, though it did not even



Ye college invaded by an Enormie!
 * Mr. Sanderson's cat.

become an endowed school till long after Bradfield), the School became a legal entity, and a perpetual corporation.

There was a great function at the Commemoration on July 13, 1859, to celebrate the endowment. In pursuance of a proposal made by the Bishop of Capetown, before the company broke up, subscriptions had been promised to the amount of nearly £500, towards the establishment of a Stevens Scholarship, meaning an Exhibition to be held at the University.

By the following year the subscriptions had amounted to £900; a formal deed of foundation for the Stevens Foundation Scholarship was executed on May 16, 1860, contemplating three scholarships of £30 a year each, tenable for three years, so that the boy who does best at the yearly examination each year may get one.

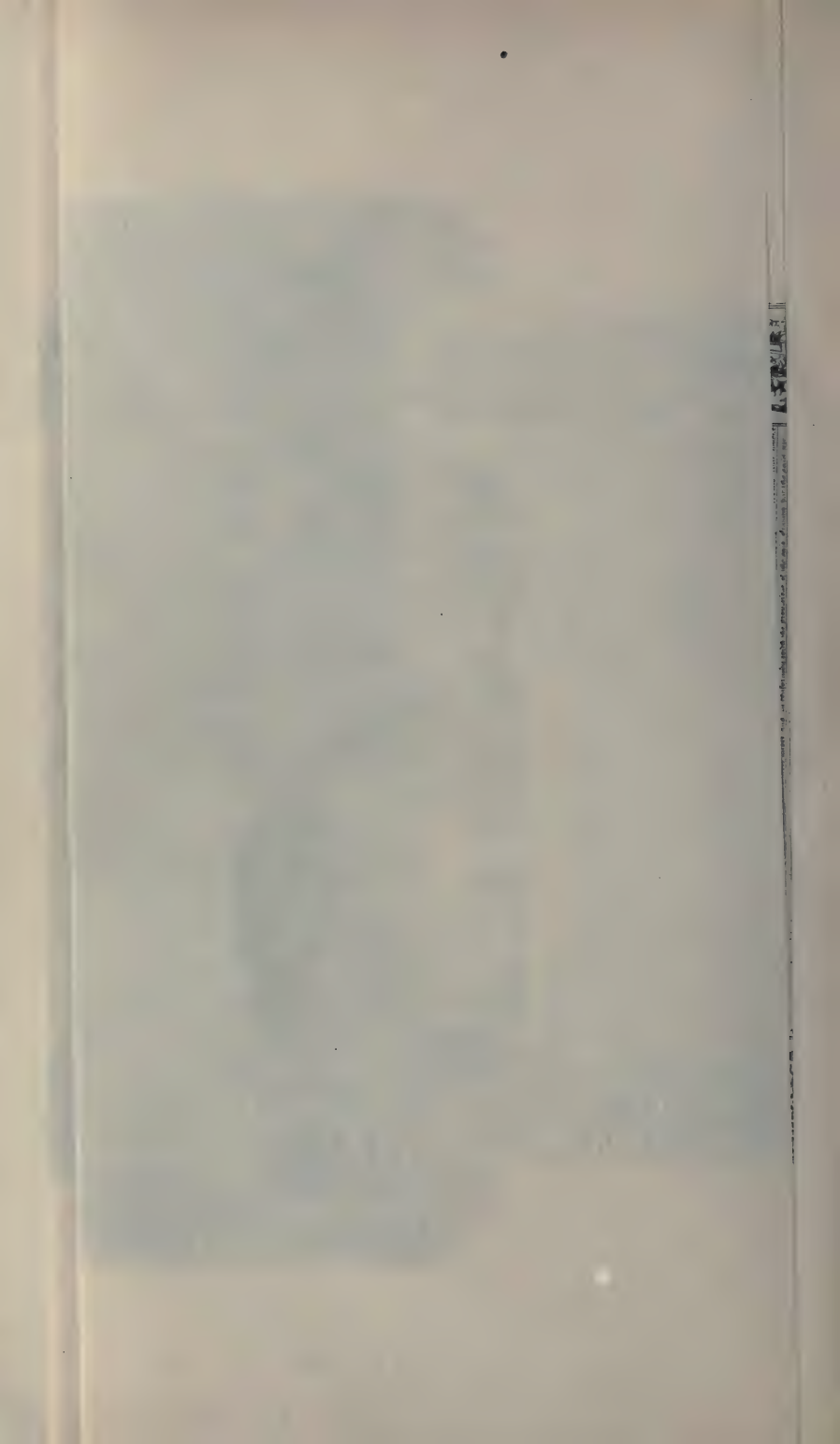
In that year the numbers had risen to 120. Just as the top was reached a heavy blow fell on the School, in the departure of the Headmaster. There can be no doubt, from his career here and afterwards at Lancing, that R. E. Sanderson had a great gift of attracting and influencing boys. An extraordinary amount of testimony to the affection and admiration with which the boys of his time regarded their Headmaster has been furnished by those who have contributed their recollections. Its object, now a Canon of Chichester and Rector of Hastings, is happily still alive. It may safely be said that to him is mainly due the progress of Bradfield from a family party to a Public School.

Unfortunately a divergence of opinion arose between him and the Founder as to the amount of accommodation to which a Headmaster with an increasing family might fairly regard himself as entitled. When he came he was a bachelor. The Founder, though he did not practise celibacy to any great extent himself, thought that it was an excellent thing for his Headmaster. Like William of Wykeham he aimed at keeping the College as a preserve where no female form should be allowed to flutter. A sketch of this castle of celibacy being stormed by some

adventurous amazons, armed with a full panoply of parasols, portrays the situation as it struck the outside observer at the time. So long as he kept his cat Mr. Sanderson was regarded as safe. But the cat disappeared, and the castle fell. The residence assigned to the Headmaster was the Tan House, which, though a charming house with its purling stream, would not be too commodious for the married Headmaster of an important school. The Warden, however, could not or would not provide 'my Headmaster,' as he loved to call him, with a more roomy abode. So they parted, and Lancing gained what Bradfield lost.



BRADFIELD HOUSE, FROM COLLEGE GATE.



CHAPTER VI

AN EVEN EPOCH, 1860-8

THE Rev. S. P. Denning succeeded to the Headmastership in 1860. A story is told of his appointment which is at least *ben trovato*. It is said that his application was the first of several scores that were opened by the Founder. When he read the words 'Stephen Poyntz Denning,' he said, 'This is an omen. "Stevens appoints Denning." So he shall,' and he opened no more of the applications. He made, however, careful inquiries at Shrewsbury where Denning had been a boy, and at Durham, of which University he was a Fellow. On the whole, the omen appears to have been propitious. In 1862 the numbers reached 126, the highest figure attained since the opening, while the roll of honours gained by his pupils was not inconsiderable.

The increase in numbers induced the ever-hopeful Founder to procure at considerable pains, with the help of Sir William Heathcote, Letters Patent dated December 16, 26 Vict. (A.D. 1862), containing a grant of incorporation and licence in mortmain. This charter made no difference in the working or management of the College. It only constituted the Warden and Trustees a corporation under the name of 'the Warden and Council of St. Andrew's College, Bradfield,' with perpetual succession and a common seal, and leave to hold land up to the yearly value of £5,000 a year, estimated at the time of acquisition. No benefactor has yet come forward to accept the invitation thus held out and make up the land of the College to that amount. In all other respects, the deed and statutes of 1859 were left untouched. The entire control of School and income remained in the hands of the Founder as Warden.

Denning had a portly figure, a full and florid face. His expression was firm and genial, rather than intellectual or spiritual. Perhaps the most obvious traits of his character were large-mindedness and wide-interestedness. He was an essentially modern thinker in the middle of a somewhat antiquated system. He encouraged individual mental activity and originality. In history, for example, he would say to a boy, 'Stand up and tell me in your own words all you know about this.' The boy was expected to speak for



THE VILLAGE HOUSE.

some five minutes or so, and woe betide him if he repeated too closely the words of the book. His method showed itself more strikingly in the lectures which he used to give to the Upper Forms in Hall on Sunday evenings. One was on the Pre-Adamite theory, in which he discussed the question of evolution at a very early stage. In another he treated of German Rationalism, and of Strauss. He used often to say of such questions as evolution, 'I do not say that this view is correct, but it is well that you should

know it; when you are older you will be able to judge for yourselves.'

Denning was a man of many interests. He took great pleasure in music, botany, and drawing. He had a pleasant tenor voice, and could use pencil and brush effectively, his father having been, it is said, a well-known artist. Physically, though by no means slender, he was far from inactive. In his early years at Bradfield he used to play fives, cricket, and even football. In cricket he was something of an enthusiast. He loved fishing, was a clever skater, and many a time gave the School a half-holiday if the ice bore at Englefield.

He was fond of watching games and athletic pursuits of all sorts. He would often come into the swimming-bath, and sometimes throw in threepenny pieces for us to dive after. It was this thorough sympathy with boys which made him deservedly popular, at any rate with the Sixth Form, who knew him best. While he disliked swagger, he made us feel that there was something in us which was worth cultivating, and that our aim should be to be true to our best selves.

On the first Sunday evening in term Denning gave what we irreverently called 'jaws.' They consisted of general advice, as for example against 'brass,' 'those green-backed books, which are bought at railway stations,' and the inculcation of obvious duties, interspersed with well-understood allusions to particular boys, as to the poor boy who 'no doubt was still feeling the effects of his long journey' and had slumbered aggressively during the sermon. Sometimes he gave lesser 'jaws,' immediately after prayers on week-days. Once he said, 'Boys, a new boy is coming named Bill, let us have our laugh out now.' His remarks were generally good-natured and humorous and sometimes homely, as when he propounded a new rule and added, 'if any boy breaks this rule, I'll flog him on his—ex—tremity.' He was given to a certain pomposity in speaking, which inspired awe in the younger boys. The word extraordinary he always pronounced extra-ordinary,

and he was fond of using it. When measles broke out in the School, he told us not to mind, because it was 'only a rubicund cold.' In speaking of himself he was given to exaggeration. One boy kept a book of 'Denning's lies,' which certainly had not become reduced in the telling. When Neville was young and tender he timidly knocked at Denning's door. 'What do you want?' says Denning. 'Oh, please, sir, the boys will call me "devil."' 'Come, never mind that; when I was at school, they called me "Beelzebub."'

Latterly the cares of office, combined with a full habit and some constitutional weakness (he had a remarkably short neck), began to tell upon his health. The end came with an awful suddenness. On the morning of January 27, 1868, he was taking the Sixth Form for their last hour's work as usual. He began by putting on the top boy, Grey (now the Earl of Stamford), to a piece which had been translated the day before, and at the end only remarked in an absent manner, 'This was done very well last time.' The second boy, Christie, was put on, and continued construing on and on, Denning making no remark nor stopping him, but stooping down in a curious way and groping after a pencil which he had dropped. It became evident that something was wrong. Some boys moved forward and offered their assistance. Church went off to the matron. Denning was carried into his study, which adjoined the classroom, and we soon learnt that he was dying of a fit of apoplexy. He died there at 3 p.m. In small groups, the next day, we went in to see him for the last time. The contrast between the still marble features and the cheerful ruddy face we had known in life, left an impression which no one could forget. He was buried four days later at the south-west corner of the churchyard as it then was, the grave being afterwards marked by a white marble cross.

Among the early masters of this period was Pullen, the well-known author of *The Fight in Dame Europa's School*. He was a man of strong character, and his initials H. W. P. were, like those of H. W. Powell before



THE HEADMASTER, 1860-1868

(Rev. S. P. Denning)

him, interpreted 'hot-water-pipes.' He was an athletic man, and used frequently to join the boys in paper-chases. Once, to his great disgust, he was caught by Hall, just as he had jumped a brook and felt secure. In the next sports he had his revenge. Hall was favourite for the mile. Pullen was starter. Having started the racers, he was seized with a sudden desire to run; so he threw off his coat, caught up Hall, and got in before him in a second more or less than five minutes, having never previously run a mile, and being out of training. He was a capital story-teller, and delighted his pupils with the thrilling stories he told on Sunday evenings. He had a rich, musical voice, and left Bradfield to become Vicar-Choral of York in 1862. In the next year he exchanged this for a similar position in Salisbury, which he left to become the popular Chaplain of the Arctic Expedition, 1875-6, on H.M.S. *Alert*.

Hammond, who took one of the lower Forms, was a survival of the more definite High Church teaching of Sanderson's time. In his early days he was close-shaven and ascetic looking, but afterwards wore a long grey beard as a protection against some bronchial trouble, and this gave him a very venerable appearance. He was credited with living on raisins on Fridays, some said also throughout Lent, and that his temper was somewhat uncertain in consequence. He left in 1863.

Morley was, like Denning, an old Salopian. He had been a Porson Prizeman, and besides the Lower Sixth, took the verse composition of the Upper Sixth. He had a very refined taste, and, though usually good-tempered, suffered from occasional fits of nervous depression, probably due to dyspepsia, and then had a curious manner of jerking out his words which earned him the nickname of 'Spit-fire.' He was much given to puns. If we did not laugh at once he would repeat the joke very deliberately, prefaced with the words 'I said.' We used mischievously to wait for this repetition and then explode, which greatly pleased him. Like Denning, Morley was fond of cricket. The chief

feature of his play was his swift under-hand bowling, which was not very effectual to those who were used to it.

Marrack was for many years the senior mathematical master. He was kind and painstaking with promising pupils who worked hard, but had little patience with the common herd. Once he was trying to explain something very simple to a dull boy. 'Now, sir,' he cried, 'don't you understand that, sir?' 'No, sir,' said the boy, meekly. 'Ass, ass, ass!' gasped Marrack. Another day he got very wrathful with Golding in the Fifth Form, because instead of doing his sums he was drawing on his paper. 'What do you mean by this?' said Marrack, snatching up the paper. 'Oh, I am very sorry,' said Golding, with unconscious humour, 'but I didn't mean it to be so exactly like you.'

Powley, already mentioned as organist and teacher of music, was also a mathematical master. He was a man of perfectly unruffled temper and good nature; but it is doubtful whether his pupils made very rapid progress, though they both liked and respected him. He was very fond of his little jokes, such as 'Required the painless extraction of certain square roots.' In dismissing an unsuitable candidate for the choir, 'I think,' he would say, 'you had better rest your voice for the present, and we shall see by-and-by how it gets on.' The boy went away feeling that he might still venture to hope. Once only he is said to have lost his temper (or was it that the temptation to make a joke was too strong for him?). Two self-invited amateurs, a violinist and a 'cellist, had invaded his rooms and got him good-naturedly to accompany them in some trios. Powley bore it with resignation for an hour or so, until after playing they began discussing the relative beauties of the various passages. 'I think,' said Powley, appealed to on the question, 'the best passage is that leading out of my room.' His friends took the hint, and Powley sat down to his churchwarden in peace.

One of the most eccentric of masters was Bateman, who came in 1862, and for some years taught the Fourth. He

seemed really to enjoy being laughed at, and played tricks with. On one occasion, when fishing in the village under the bridge near Denning's garden, some unkind boys got hold of his fly from the other side and hooked on a soda-water bottle, which he played for some time with great excitement but final disappointment. Bateman was an excellent wicket-keep, having served in that capacity both in the Cambridge XI and that of the county of Notts.

But the greatest oddity as a Bradfield master was Le Mire, who, in the early sixties, was responsible both for French and drawing. He was vaguely believed to be a noble of the *ancien régime*, but was quite incapable of keeping order of any kind. One day, being told that there was going to be a cricket match, he thought it right to get himself up in full dress for the occasion, and sallied forth solemnly into the thick of it, just as the first ball was being delivered, in cap and gown. He also distinguished himself by sending in every week to Gresson the French marks of a certain boy who had left the term before. He was succeeded, in 1864, by Bué, a son of the well-known reader of French in Oxford, a man of a very different type, who soon made it clear that he was not to be trifled with.

H. C. Jollye was an old Bradfield boy, who had been senior prefect and also captain of both the cricket and football teams. On taking his degree, in 1865, he became master of one of the lower Forms, and from 1873 to 1877 was Second Master. He had a commanding presence with his smooth face and fine Roman nose; a fine-looking specimen of the modern type of master. He was ordained in 1867, and was the first of the masters to wear a linen stock, a thing comparatively rare in those days. Jollye did everything in his power to promote games. He left in 1877 to become Headmaster of West Mount Preparatory School, Dover. In 1890 he became Headmaster of St. Paul's College, Stony Stratford. This school, like Bradfield, had its 'crisis' not long afterwards and, unlike Bradfield, perished in it.

In dealing with reminiscences of school life, owing to the difficulty of ranging memories in chronological order, a topographical arrangement has been adopted.

The Hall is associated with many pleasant memories of the past. Possibly among them we should hardly reckon what must be considered the primary purpose of the building. The breakfast cocoa, made with plenty of milk, was certainly good. The butter, so long as that which came from the Rectory Farm lasted, was excellent. But, alas! the big boys got most, and what came afterwards, who shall venture to describe? We called it 'train grease.' Tea was a strange compound. It was served out of large tin cans, with a tap at the bottom. The first lot had a taste of coarse sweetness, suggestive of molasses, combined with a strange flavour of something like dust. As the cans were filled these two peculiarities gradually disappeared, until it became something very much like milk and water, very hot and very tasteless. We got to like this best.

Dinner was, on the whole, a more satisfactory meal. The meat was as a rule fairly good, though often very raw; but we got used to that, and no doubt it was wholesome. But we did not like the frequency of shoulders of mutton, cold and greasy, and the 'Resurrection-puddings,' which invariably appeared on Monday, and were made of the remainder-beef which formed the *pièce de résistance* of Sunday dinner. On that day roast beef was followed by solid plum-puddings, having a somniferous influence, felt especially during the afternoon sermons. On Friday we had cheese instead of pudding, and, as already stated, no talking was allowed until 1862, when old Dr. Kidgell represented to the Warden that talking was good for digestion.

The most dreadful thing at dinner was the beer. This was obtained from a local brewer and was served in large copper jugs. Nearly every one drank it, and there was no limit, but for its consummate nastiness, to the quantity drunk. Some few fortunates had a doctor's order for bitter beer as an extra, an excellent beverage which came from

Simonds' Brewery at Reading. The same boys had usually an order also for cold meat at breakfast. The first privilege was, about 1866, extended to the whole School, and some years later the second also. The Warden had observed that the boys who had meat for breakfast looked healthier than the rest, and it was made a rule for all.

To some extent it was permissible to supplement the food provided. Catchers of trout had them cooked for breakfast, and distributed them among their friends. Eggs were bought from neighbouring farmhouses, and boiled for tea. A trick was played once on an unpopular prefect by keeping an egg a very long time, and offering it to him. He ate it without discovering anything amiss. Sauces were not allowed, but were sometimes smuggled in nevertheless. About the year 1867 the Rector's old pony was shot, and gave the opportunity for a remarkable dietetic experiment. It must not, however, be supposed that we Bradfield boys, as a whole, were favoured with a diet at present associated with the sieges of Mafeking and Ladysmith. The delicacy in question was reserved for the Rector and his family, a joint being sent only as a special favour to the high table. A master who shared this privilege declared that it was excellent, and tasted just like goose.

Occasionally there were outbreaks of discontent about the food, as when in 1869 the authorities took to sending in slices of meat swimming in cold gravy, instead of joints. But, as a rule, we had voracious appetites, and, when the morning tuck is considered, the amount of meat we managed to consume was prodigious.

Commemoration was in 1865 changed to the end of July. After service, at about 12, came the speeches in Greek, Latin, English, and French. These were, for the most part, ruled rather dull, except on such occasions as when A. D. Hill moved the ladies to tears by his tender recitation of the 'Sorrows of Oenone,' or when the bearded H. G. Cheshire rolled forth the sonorous periods of Edmund Burke. Even the speeches in other tongues were not without their attraction. The Dialogues from Molière

especially amused us immensely, not so much from what was said, as from the way in which it was said. Pearson and Corrie were great in French speeches, and we felt that their accent was truly Parisian.

Lunch took place in a marquee outside, on the Masters' Lawn. 'We thoroughly enjoyed the grub, and put up with the speeches. The examiner and one or another distinguished guest sometimes gave us harangues, which left the general impression in our minds that boys were made for education, not education for boys. At the close we were enthusiastically vociferous in our cheers for the Warden and Masters. On one occasion an elaborate plot was made against Morley, who had offended some of his Form. A boy was to propose three cheers, and it was to be followed by dead silence. When the time came the cheers were proposed in due form, but whether it was the prevailing good spirits, or the opposition of other boys who thought it a mean trick, the proposal was followed by as hearty cheering as ever.'

Lunch was followed by music in Hall. This consisted chiefly of glees, with sometimes a larger piece, such as Sterndale Bennett's 'May Queen.' One of the best things was the chorus out of *The Frogs*, set specially to music by Powley about the year 1868.

Κο - άξ, βρε - κε - κε - κέξ κο - άξ.

βρε - κε - κε - κέξ κο - - άξ κο - άξ

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the following lyrics: κἔξ, κο - ἄξ, κο - ἄξ, κο -, ἄξ, βρε - κε - κε - κἔξ, κο - ἄξ.

The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand, with some triplet figures indicated by a '3' over the notes.

The festivities of Commemoration Day were nothing to those of St. Andrew's Day. On this occasion we had, up to 1867 inclusive, very elaborate dramatic performances in Hall, consisting of a farce, followed by a Shakespearean play. Costumes and scenery were hired from Nathan, the expenses being defrayed by subscriptions; and all through the term were frequent rehearsals, under the auspices of the Masters. Happy the boys who were privileged to take part, and what heart-burnings there were among those who were not! About a week before vigorous preparations

were made to decorate the Hall. Parties of boys would sally forth, and return with great bundles of ivy and holly, which were stacked in the lobby opposite to the Red and Green Library, to the detriment of those who kept their caps and gowns there. Out of the evergreens we constructed long and heavy festoons, which hung from pillar to pillar, and gave the Hall a decidedly festive appearance. Among the plays acted were *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *As You Like It*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. Of the farces the best remembered are *The Area Belle*, *As Deaf as a Post*, and *Ici on parle Français*. Some of the most popular actors were Heathcote, Armstrong, and the two brothers James. Neville, as Mr. Spriggins, in *Ici on parle Français*, was simply delightful. Of course we appreciated the light and comic parts best, though, partly because of the scenery, the plays made a deeper impression than the farces. Of the senior boys not acting the best-looking were elected as stewards, an honour much coveted; the rest had to content themselves with being 'tea stewards,' an office invented by Denning by way of consolation.

A good many objections have been made against acting English plays in schools—the waste of time, the tendency to encourage a too great fondness for the stage, and so forth. But those who took part in these plays, whether as spectators, or still more as actors, will gratefully acknowledge that the taste for Shakespeare, and insight into Shakespeare thus given them, was a solid and a lasting boon. When the play was abolished and a concert was substituted in its place, in 1868, we all voted the latter very dull.

Near the Sixth Form classroom was a hatch from which letters were distributed after breakfast. For these there was often a considerable scrimmage, not improving to delicate packets; as when, for example, a fond mother had sent her dear boy a few strawberries packed in a card-board box!

The uses of the Sixth Form classroom were not solely educational, they were also disciplinary. Here were per-

formed by the Headmaster, as occasion required, those painful, if necessary, operations known as 'swishings.' These took place immediately after morning school. On very rare occasions boys were publicly birched in Hall. Denning signalized his first year of office by thus victimizing three unfortunate, though probably deserving, victims. Hayman once birched a Lower Sixth Form boy in the classroom, and, to make it more impressive, required the attendance of the Prefects, which they highly resented. As a rule, this form of punishment was only inflicted on boys of the Fifth and lower Forms, and the Senior Prefect alone was present. The other masters occasionally caned; but this was considered rather a mean thing. It lacked both the dignity of the prefect's ground-ash, and the awe of the Head's birch. Morley once proposed to cane a Lower Sixth Form boy, 'not as a punishment, but as a stimulant'; but the boy somehow did not take to the idea.

The Prefects were twelve in number, and were selected almost invariably from the Upper Sixth. To them was intrusted the general maintenance of order and discipline out of school hours. It was their duty to preside and carve at meals, to superintend the preparation of the Lower School in the evening, to put out the gas in the dormitories, to muster the boys in the classrooms for service, and to keep the line to and from church. They were required to report serious cases of misconduct, such as smoking and the like, to the Headmaster. Petty breaches of discipline, breaking bounds, walking on the grass, bad behaviour in church or at meals, &c., they were allowed to take cognizance of themselves. The commonest form of punishment was Latin lines, varying from 50 to 200. The power of 'licking' with a ground-ash was conferred upon them intermittently. In the early sixties all the prefects had this power. In 1863 it was for some years taken away altogether, in consequence of an act which was regarded as a severe use or abuse of it. Two masters took the victim's side, and Denning supported them and deposed the Senior Prefect, putting Armstrong in his place, but

afterwards admitted to him that he had made a mistake. This was long known as 'the Prefects' Row.' The power of 'licking' with a ground-ash was restored again, to the Senior Prefect only, in 1868. Before this some of the prefects had, without authority, introduced the barbarous custom of 'licking' offenders with their fists, an abuse which was justly resented. The Senior Prefect, when he had the power of 'licking' restored to him, was regarded as, more or less, the agent of the whole body of prefects, and as often as not 'a licking' was the result of a previous consultation in the Common Room. The punishment was usually inflicted in the Senior Prefect's study. More occasionally, in earlier days, it took place in the classroom to which the offender belonged, during preparation, and was an exciting and solemn function.

The Prefects had, in compensation for their responsibility, several privileges, such as the exclusive right to the Prefects' Lawn outside their studies, bitter beer at dinner, and cold meat for breakfast, the use of the Prefects' Common Room, the right to go upstairs to their bedrooms at all hours of the day, the wearing of tassels to their College caps as insignia of their office, and, above all, the power to fag. The first of these was not a very solid advantage until, in the year 1868, they obtained leave to cultivate the little patches of border outside their windows, and made very pretty gardens.

The approach to the Prefects' Common Room was by a passage in the middle of the Prefects' Corridor. The Common Room life varied very much in character according to the tone of the most influential among the Prefects. About 1862-3 it was marked by a distinctly literary spirit. E. Armstrong, now a Fellow and tutor of Queen's College, Oxford, gives in the following words his recollection of the Common Room of that date:—"A nice little library was in my day started in the Prefects' Common Room by gifts of "leaving-books." I think that the Sixth Form of the period ending in the summer of 1863 was the most stimulating society in which I ever lived. It was my

function to read aloud the whole of the news about the American war as it came in. We read heaps of poetry. I remember several of us waiting in great excitement outside the little post wicket for the first copy of *Tannhäuser*. But afterwards came 'the Prefects' Row,' and with the loss of power the Prefects lost spirit. At a later date (1868), we regret to confess that a favourite occupation of the Prefects in their leisure hours was brewing cups of Epps' cocoa. The great aim was to make it so stiff that a spoon could stand up in it. When a Prefect left it was customary for him to stand a farewell supper, which was held in the Common Room a few days before the end of term. Such delicacies as pies, lobster salad, crab, claret cup, and occasionally even champagne, were in vogue. Sometimes two would club together, and then the result was a magnificence of luxury. The senior boys, however, had the opportunity of cultivating their literary tastes to some extent in a Shakespeare Society, composed largely of masters, which met in the Headmaster's room on Saturday nights from 9 to 10.30. Those who had not the privilege of joining it thought it too exclusive. Many years later, in 1876, another Shakespeare Society was started of twelve members, masters and boys, of which the Rev. E. Wilkinson, an O.B.B., was the first president.

Fagging was never severe. All forms below the Fifth were required to fag. Their chief and almost sole duty was to dust and tidy their Prefect's study immediately after breakfast, two out of the five or six being told off for this purpose every week. In return for this duty they were allowed to sit in his study when he was not there, and often when he was, it being thought an unkind thing to turn them out. The relations between Prefect and fags were generally friendly. Often too Prefects with their respective fags would play a 'lob match' on a whole-holiday evening; or a Prefect would challenge his own fags and sometimes beat them off his own bat. Sometimes a Prefect would treat his fags to an excursion on the river at Pangbourne. But, sad to relate, even fags were

not always grateful. They too frequently abused the privilege of entry into their Prefect's study by going in on the last evening in term and cutting off the tassel of his cap. One fag was credited with keeping quite a large collection of these spoils, which he prized as highly as a Red Indian his scalps. Sometimes the fags, with studied recklessness, would tear the table-cloth they were supposed to be merely shaking.

The bathing-place was in these days a very muddy pond, supplied by a cutting which ran through the water meadows, and approached by a path leading from the further corner of the playground. It was a place fraught with more or less unpleasant associations, duckings for some, and dirt for all. Bathing in its turbid waters may have served a purpose as a cooling process: as a vehicle of cleanliness it was absolutely useless. The dirt had to be wiped off as well as the water. On the sloping bank was a large bed of nettles, where a partridge once succeeded in hatching a brood without disturbance. The sagacious bird seems to have realized that this was the only spot where bathing boys would not wittingly sit. Bathing used generally to begin directly after the Easter holidays. At one time permission to bathe was announced by a flag on the high flagstaff between the College and the playground. This was erected on May 26, 1860, and at one period calling-over took place underneath it at four o'clock on half-holiday afternoons, but in course of time the flag, as well as the custom, fell into disuse.

The opening of the swimming-bath was a great joy. A striking characteristic was its remarkable echo, which gave the voice a rich resonance. At one period, 1868-9, it was a common practice for four of the choir to sing hymns and part-songs in it for an hour or more of an afternoon.

At the further end of the Prefects' Corridor the 'Red and Green Library' was kept under the supervision of one of the Prefects. It was so called because the books were covered with red and green cloth, the red being for Sundays, the green for weekdays. The books were mostly of a

very mild character, such as Miss Yonge's stories, and the *Swiss Family Robinson*. All novels, excepting Sir Walter Scott's, were at first rigidly excluded. Even so one O.B.B., A. Gaye, complains of 'a book in the Red Library called *The Unseen World*, full of ghost stories, &c., calculated to terrify a nervous boy who naturally believed it all, seeing that it issued from the Sunday store.'

The Ford Library in the Sixth Form classroom, due mainly, like the swimming-bath, to William Ford, quite eclipsed the Red and Green Library. The most conspicuous volumes were those of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; but it contained also a considerable variety of standard English literature, fiction, science, biography, &c. With such a library it was obvious that the old restrictions about novel reading were absurd. Denning definitely gave his general consent to all novels by Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens; and this permission was more or less definitely extended to most of the standard authors of those days, such as Charles Reade, Mrs. Henry Wood, Wilkie Collins, and even Miss Braddon. The books of the last two were read with great avidity, and were frequently placed in the library. On the other hand, Denning had a strong objection to the green-backed trashy novels of the railway stations. In those days all the respectable novels were brought out in library editions of three volumes at 31s. 6d. And yet we felt that there was some indefiniteness between what was permissible and what was not. The general feeling was that all books not actually in the library were liable to suspicion.

At right angles to the Prefects' Corridor is the passage fronting the principal classrooms. At the beginning of this period there were only three of these, but a fourth, and one for the Fifth Form, were added to the west in 1862. Round the rooms against the wall were 'toys,' one for each boy, with three shelves for books, and underneath a drawer. Here the boys of the Fifth and Lower Forms prepared their work. The rooms were lighted with flaring jets of gas, without globes, certainly injurious to the sight.

To study hard was, at Bradfield, to 'swot.' It was a

word of great contempt, and was applied to working out of ordinary school or preparation hours, which was deemed a more or less objectionable, if not an actually dishonest way of gaining places. Exception was more or less definitely made of the few weeks preceding the terminal examinations. Boys of the same name were, at Bradfield, distinguished as major, minor, minimus, or sometimes, when these were exhausted, as primus, secundus, &c. The Powells reached septimus. After that it became customary, in 1887, to call brothers by their initials. During the sixties slang was still in the making. One expression, namely a 'bucklebury,' was imported probably in 1863, and was for many years in use. It meant a swift under-hand ball mostly on the ground. It came into use from a match played with the village of Bucklebury, in which a bowler had bowled the greater part of the Eleven out with balls of this description. It was, of course, a term of contempt.

The arrangement of the Forms varied considerably at different times. At the beginning of this period the School appears to have begun with the Lower Second. A First appears to have been added soon after. But the general tendency was in the opposite direction—to cut off lower Forms, and substitute new ones in the Middle. Thus by 1865 Forms I–III had entirely disappeared, and a 'Shell' and Lower Fifth were put in between the Fourth and Fifth. This cutting off of the lower Forms partly arose from the growing custom to send boys to school at a later age. It had been a common thing to come at nine, eight, or even an earlier age. According to the printed Register, W. P. Turton came to school at the tender age of five, and left at seven, but the original Register shows that he came at seven. By the year 1868 the common age was ten or eleven.

One of the less serious uses of the classrooms was for the purpose of a Debating Society, which was practically open to all, and in 1868 and 1869 attracted great attention. The most memorable debate of those days was the defence

of Lord Clive, personated by Otter, with great eloquence, against H. G. Cheshire, in which Clive was almost unanimously acquitted amid thundering applause. Being summer, the debate took place on the Prefects' Lawn, and nearly all the boys and Masters were present. Otter afterwards became a distinguished speaker at the Cambridge Union.

Unlike the other classrooms in the passage, the Fifth Form classroom had a storey above, where were the rooms of the Fifth Form Master and the studies of the Lower Sixth. They were larger than the Prefects', but each was shared by two, and occasionally even three, boys. Unencumbered by fags, there was a good deal of *esprit de corps* among the Lower Sixth Form boys, and great friendliness between those who occupied the same study. They clubbed together to buy *Punch* and other periodicals, and in the afternoon brewed black coffee. Between them, in 1866, they produced a manuscript journal, which came out at irregular intervals, under the editorship of Pearson, who exercised a very strict censorship over too ambitious aspirants after literary fame.



THE OWLET.

These literary efforts were a humble imitation of a leaflet which appeared in 1865, entitled *The Owlet of Bradfield*, headed by a lithographed figure of an owl with huge eyes and diminutive feet over the legend '*Praecepta canam, celabitur auctor.*' The editors were two brothers, one, C. A. James, being a boy in the Upper Sixth, and the other a Master. There were some six or more numbers in all, but unfortunately only four appear to have survived. It is to

be hoped that different Old Boys may succeed in finding stray copies, and that eventually a complete collection may be recovered and presented to the School Library.

The following by E. Armstrong, then a scholar of Exeter, is the complaint of a would-be contributor, June 21, 1865:—

Sir,
Your paper is first-rate,
And, although it's rather late,
Yet I must congratulate,

 If I may.
I should much like to appear
In your columns, but I fear
That I haven't an idea
 What to say.

I might send long perorations
On the present state of nations,
But I fear you won't have patience
 For to read.

.
I might take to advertising
How that indigo is rising,
A fact that there is no disguising,
 I believe.

Or, what daily papers fills,
Viz. that in all human ills
One of Holloway his pills
 Will relieve.

Or I might in brief synopsis
Tell of dear old Bradfield's copses,
Or the ivy-walls where wopses
 Love to swarm.

Or if that's not quite the ticket,
How the Bradfield boys at cricket
Do this year defend the wicket
 In good form (?).

But amid such vast profusion
I arrive at the conclusion
That it's rather hard to choose on
 Which to write.

So I think it will be better
Not to write at all just yet a
While. P.S.—Pray keep this letter
 Out of sight.

That summer there was a ferocious plague of earwigs. Parties went out with boots and brushes, and killed them by the hundred, an episode which provoked *The Owllet* (No. 3, June 21, 1865) to the following effusion:—

Oh dear, oh dear, an earwig here, another and another !
 I do declare I cannot bear this pestilential bother.
 They're on the bed, they're on my head, they're underneath the
 sheet,
 On leg and arm I feel the swarm of little crawling feet.
 I find them on my washhand-stand, I find them in my mug;
 Sometimes, the little brutes ! I find them swimming in my jug.
 I've slaughtered tens of thousands, so numerous they are,
 And, for that reason, I have called my brush 'Excalibur'—
 And though the whitewash of my wall is reeking with their gore,
 And their dead carcasses are strewn in heaps about my floor ;
 Though with the blood of thousands Excalibur is red,
 And to escape their bodies I must stand upon my bed ;
 In undiminished numbers on the reeking wall they swarm,
 And the increasing nippers ever fill me with alarm.
 For on some moonlight night I fear, when every one's asleep,
 To feel these brown marauders to my lowly bedside creep ;
 They'll come in swarms and o'er my trembling members cast a spell,
 And eat out my *auricula*, nor shall I hear the bell.

Other literary efforts outside *The Owllet* were not always so successful, but we may cite one example of unconscious cleverness. A boy (was it P. D. Coleridge ?) began a translation of the ode '*Exegi monumentum*' (Horace, *Car.* iii. 30) with the lines:—

I builded me a monument
 More beautiful by far,
 Than those kinds of monuments
 Generally are.

It is believed that the translation never got any further.

The upper storey of the College was mainly occupied by the single bedrooms and dormitories. The latter were known as the East and West, North and South, according to their position, and A, B, C, D, the 'Middle Chamber,' and the Old and New Chambers, which latter disappeared as dormitories shortly before 1864. The numbers in each varied from four to about a dozen. At the head of each dormitory was the senior, who was supposed to exercise some sort of control over the rest. He had no power

himself to punish, but might report to the Prefects or Masters, and was considered in some degree responsible for the good conduct of the room. As a reward for his services he received ten shillings a term, a very welcome addition to his pocket-money. Among other duties it was his business to enforce the rule of five minutes' silence for private prayers on first going to bed.

The presence of a senior of about the same age and standing as the rest did not generally prove a very serious check, and in one way or another there was a good deal of fun. In the D Dormitory F. J. A. Trollope (Paddy minor we called him), a younger son of Anthony Trollope, was an excellent story-teller. He had deservedly become a popular hero as the victor in a great historic fight, which took place, probably in 1862, in the Old Chamber. He had taken up the cause of a small boy, Richmond, at the time an invalid, who was being bullied. A terrific and long-sustained fight ensued. Trollope had a much bigger and stronger antagonist to contend against, but would not give in. Though finally victorious, he was so knocked about that he was unable to go home for some days after the holidays began.

In some dormitories it was the custom, about 1862, to sing comic songs on the last few days before the end of term. E. Miles was always a very popular singer. Though his real name was Edward, he was always called Esau, perhaps from the song 'I saw Esau kissing Kate,' which he used to sing. At a later period these songs took place in one of the classrooms, when nearly the whole school collected on the last evening of term.

It was in the D Chamber that Howlett, noted as much for his devotion to natural science as for his love of fun, made a very pretty chemical experiment with sodium, the brilliancy or the noise of which attracted the attention of a passing Master. This was not his first, but it was the last of his experiments in 'D.' This was in 1864. At that time no chemistry or science of any kind was taught, and Howlett was quite out of his element at Bradfield.

The dormitory ventilators were some of the many remarkable contrivances of the Warden. It has been said that they were an imitation of the method employed in ventilating coal-pits. They consisted mainly of an open shaft, which produced a downward current of cold air. The frigidity of a Bradfield dormitory of that date, as felt—for example—on the first night after the Christmas holidays, is a thing never to be forgotten.

The 'singles' were in two rows on each side of the passage. To secure ventilation there were large square holes above the doorways. One summer, in 1865 or 1866, it became the fashion among a small set of industrious boys to get up early in the morning at 5 or even 4, and work before school. In order to make sure of waking, two chums, sleeping in opposite rooms, once tried the experiment of fastening a string to their arms, it being agreed that whichever of the two woke first should give it a pull and rouse the other. Unfortunately a mischievous boy had overheard this arrangement, and in the very small hours of the morning he stepped softly out and gave the string such a vigorous tug that he roused both friends to a fury. He left them loudly abusing each other, and to this day they have probably not settled between them which of the two was responsible for first pulling the string.

Quite apart from all more definitely religious and moral considerations, there can be little doubt that the arrangement of single bedrooms had its advantages. When boys work together, play together, sleep together, and have meals together, there is little time for thought. They become more or less the slaves of habit and tradition.

The School curriculum was subject to a good deal of variety, but the following may be regarded as typical of the sixties. At 7 a.m. (in summer 6.30) the first bell was rung by hand along all the passages. This had little effect except on the very virtuous or very slow dressers, little boys just from home for example. Most of us had plenty of time for toilet and devotions between the warning bell at 7.15 and school at 7.30. For a few short

weeks in the spring of 1864 an old army trumpeter who had taken a servant's post used to rouse us with a bugle call. On Easter Day, which that year we spent for the last time in School, he gave us instead the Easter hymn. Formerly there were morning prayers in Hall at 6.45 in summer and 7.15 in winter, preceded by 'calling over'; but these were abolished about 1863.

Breakfast in Hall at 8 was followed by service in church at 9 (afterwards 8.45). Boys marched two and two, in a long line, to and from church. The services were full matins and evensong, and fully choral. The choir was composed of Masters and boys. Among the former, Rogers, afterwards a Minor Canon of Durham, was an excellent tenor. Among the boys Neville and Jeudwine had very sweet treble voices. Neville continued to sing alto and tenor without leaving the choir, and afterwards got a musical demyship at Magdalen. Other good singers were Cooper, now Precentor of Durham, and J. B. Powell. The music was under the Rev. J. Powley, an excellent organist and choir trainer who, notwithstanding the influence of Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley at that period in promoting single chants, and the prevailing fashion by which High Church spelled 'Gregorian,' stuck manfully to Anglican chants, and especially double ones.

Several Old Boys have expressed their surprise that we did not resent the length and frequency of the services. The probable explanation is that we accepted them as a matter of course, and rather enjoyed at any rate the psalms.

Work began at 10 and continued to 12.30, with some variations at both ends. In the middle there was a quarter of an hour's break, during which hunches of bread were handed on trays down the corridor. These were neglected, except on Thursdays, when we had plum-bread. The interval between work and dinner was devoted to football in winter, cricket practice, or fishing, or tuck usually in the summer.

Dinner was at 2, and work began again at 3 or 3.30, and

lasted one hour and a half. English subjects, such as History, Geography, and French, were generally relegated to the afternoon, and, what with the heavy dinners and want of time for preparation, were seldom very satisfactory.

Evening service was at 6 and tea at 6.45. From 7.30 to 8.30 was the time of preparation for the next day, superintended in the lower Forms by the Prefects, who often helped backward boys. The Fifth Form, having no studies, also prepared their work in the classroom, occasionally under difficulties, as bigger lazy boys were at times given to making a disturbance and getting the clever ones to do their verses for them. But the latter sometimes had their revenge, as when a sharp little boy was asked to translate 'the turtle to her mate doth utter plain,' and innocently introduced the word *testudo*. He was never troubled again.

At 8.30 the bell rang for prayers in Hall, which were monotoned by the Head or one of the Masters, except Psalm xci, which was chanted without accompaniment, the whole School joining in heartily.

The Masters and choir stood on the dais, Powley gave the note, and the treble leaders started the chant. In the summer of 1869 there was a memorable scene. Powley had chosen an unpopular chant; the choir and several others wanted 'Goodenough,' and Goodenough they would have. So when the other chant was started by the leader, they started Goodenough, and for a verse or two there was a struggle between the two chants, the Masters siding with Powley. At last Goodenough prevailed. The disaffection was settled by turning the most unruly out of the choir, and everything went well for the rest of the week. On Sunday morning large posters were to be seen stuck up in various parts of the premises with the words: VOTE FOR GOODENOUGH. These were speedily removed; but the offenders (T. Stevens and Pulling) were not discovered, though they had very nearly run into the Warden's arms with the posters in their hands.

After prayers there was a more or less general shaking

of hands with the boys and the Masters and Warden when present. On Saturday the Warden and Masters dined together in Hall, and the Warden took prayers. The hand-shaking was on these occasions a big business, as it included the Warden and Head as a matter of course, at least some of the other Masters, and sometimes even guests. The Fifth and lower Forms went to bed at 8.45, the rest had a supper of bread and cheese and beer in Hall. The Lower Sixth sat up till 10, the Upper Sixth till 10.30.

Besides the three half-holidays there was a whole holiday every saint's day and holy day. Whole holidays were chiefly spent in matches and excursions. In 1862 the Wednesday after Whit-Tuesday was a saint's day, and there were three cricket-matches on consecutive days and Bradfield won them all. Whit-Monday and St. Andrew's Day were the great days for Old Boys, the O.B.B.s' cricket and football matches being then played. Old Boys sometimes came down on Whitsun Eve and stayed till Tuesday. Altogether it was a delightful time. Whole holidays were also given when a boy got a scholarship at the Universities, and half-holidays sometimes at the request of some distinguished visitor, and often for skating in Denning's time.

Up to 1864 inclusive, the year was divided more or less definitely into halves, there being comparatively short Easter holidays, and the summer holiday beginning, as at Winchester, early in July, Commemoration Day being on July 4 or the following Thursday. In 1865 the definite division into three terms began, the summer holidays beginning at the end of July. This was on the recommendation of the Public School Commissioners, and was an avowed imitation of Eton. The Easter holidays were still made to depend upon the incidence of Easter.

A new system of marks was introduced by Denning on February 6, 1860, when he became Headmaster. It was borrowed from Shrewsbury. The marks were originally V, W, w, t, i, b, signifying probably 'very well,' 'well,' 'rather well,' 'turned,' 'idle,' 'bad.' In practice i and b

were hardly ever used, and *t* became the recognized sign of a bad mark. The relative value of these numerically was said to be: *V* = +5, *W* = +3, *w* = +1, *t* = -5, *i* = -7, *b* = -10. A *V*⁺ (*V* cross), hardly ever used except for composition, was supposed = +10; but practically there was no need to convert any of these into numbers. In composition, numbers were regularly combined with figures, but on a different principle, the marks being *V* 20⁺ ('*V* 20 cross'), *V* 20' ('*V* 20 tail,' the tail being an embryo cross so to speak), *V* 20, *V* 19, *W* 18, *W* 17, *W* 16, *w* 15, *w* 14, *w* 13. The *t* and lower marks had no numbers. A *V* 20⁺ ensured a piece of composition being inserted in a special manuscript book and a half-holiday for the Form in which it occurred: but practically, if not theoretically, this and the *V*' were confined to the Upper and Lower Sixths. The weekly marks were made up in three divisions, being the average throughout the week for composition, mathematics, and classics. English subjects, French, &c., if reckoned at all in the weekly averages, were lumped with classics (excluding composition). In 1868 *v* was added, a disappointing mark to some of us, as it seemed always to take the place of a *V*, never of a *W*. If a boy got three *V*'s he was 'shown up' at the end of the week, i.e. his name was publicly mentioned in Hall. Some boys, A. Robertson for instance, were shown up week after week with the most persistent regularity. He and G. W. Jeudwine before him rushed up the School at the most extraordinary pace, and of course got scholarships, and afterwards Fellowships, at Oxford, one at Trinity and the other at Corpus. Jeudwine got his scholarship at sixteen, in 1866. In the summer of that year he won the Stevens' Scholarship and the Latin Prose, Latin Verse, and Greek Verse prizes. Archie Robertson, as we usually called him, was once asked how he managed to do Greek iambics. He answered, 'I never let a line stand which I cannot fancy seeing in a Greek play.' A third very brilliant boy of this period was E. Armstrong, whose ability in work and energy of all kinds gave him a very strong influence in the School.

It is very difficult, for two reasons, to form an estimate of the educational value of the system of that day, because (1) most of us have no sufficiently accurate knowledge of the education in other schools of the same date with which to compare it; (2) as we look back, we naturally recall in our own progress rather the occasional flashes of new light, which came often by the merest accident, than the gradual marshalling of facts and the strengthening of the mental grasp which are the normal processes of a sound education. Fully realizing these difficulties, the following criticism appears just. There was too little attention given to modern subjects. The lessons in these were too few; they were not inspiring, hardly ever serious. This was especially true of Modern History and Geography. A few boys got on with French, but it was those who had learnt it at home and been abroad. German was not taught at all till about 1866. Then again, in the upper Forms especially, the proportion of time given to preparation as compared with class-work was too small. In classical texts (and here we are on debatable ground) the work appears to have been too finicking. There was a tendency to dwell on minute points of criticism, &c., rather than to cultivate broad views of language and literature. Frequently not more than thirty lines of a Greek or Latin book were read at a time, even in the Upper Sixth, while some of us sat fervently hoping that we should not be put on beyond the small amount which we had hurried through in preparation. Those of us who were classical scholars went up to Oxford with a very small proportion of the books required for Honour 'Mods.' read through even once, and with a wretched vocabulary of Greek. Another defect was that our place in Form was determined solely by the examinations at Christmas and the summer; the weekly marks being in this respect of no account. So much was this the case that a boy high up in his Form, who through illness was unable to take advantage of the Christmas examination, would have to wait till summer, i.e. two terms, for his remove. Cases of such obvious injustice

actually occurred. In one respect the Bradfield system had its advantages. If the duller boys were not sufficiently trained in the art of note-making and the like, the cleverer boys, instead of being drilled into mechanical and artificial methods, had some play left for individual thought and original modes of expression.

The playground, a large field between the College and the Rectory on the west, was divided into two parts, a level, nearly oval, piece at the top, and the rest sloping from this to the river. The first was the cricket-ground, the second was in part devoted to football. There was at first a considerable space between the College and the cricket-ground, which has gradually dwindled, as each has extended. On this intervening space was the only gymnastic apparatus of those days, a pair of parallel bars and a cats' gallows.

There were three cricket clubs. The senior played in the centre, the junior at the College end, and the 'docks' at the further end nearest the chalk-pit. One of the best batsmen in the sixties was F. H. Hill. There was great excitement one day when he all but made a century, being bowled out at 99. Fawsett was, according to *The Owllet* of June 21, 1865, 'the principal star in the field, a good point, first-rate bat, and . . . but for a slightly professional and apparently unnecessary flourish, quite a picture.' Bradfield played Wellington and Radley pretty regularly, and Sherborne more occasionally, besides a few matches with Oxford colleges, among them Magdalen and Oriel. The first match with Wellington was in 1863, in which Bradfield got 250 for five wickets down against 130. In this match the Bradfield professional Martingell no-balled one of the bowlers for raising his arm above his shoulder.

The matches with Radley, which began in 1863, were broken off by an unfortunate occurrence in 1865. The match that year was played at Bradfield. Radley went in first and made 110 runs to the bowling of Routh, the captain, and F. H. Hill. Then Bradfield got 90. Nothing had been said by the captains about the time of drawing

wickets, but the usual time for drawing was 6.30, and Martingell had told the Radley umpire that stumps would be drawn at this time. When Radley went in for their second innings, thinking that there was not time to finish the match they hit out freely, and their wickets fell with great rapidity, for 48 runs, to R. A. Fawsett's lobbs. Bradfield went in and were scoring fast. Having obtained leave from Denning they insisted on playing till 7. When we came out of chapel at 6.45 the excitement was growing intense, as it was becoming a hot race for time. Finally Bradfield just succeeded in getting the required number of runs almost on the stroke of the clock, beating Radley by six wickets. Of course there was a row. We Bradfieldians sincerely thought that we had acted squarely. The Radley men naturally took a different view. Radley refused to send a challenge for a return match that year or the next. But in 1867 the teams met again at Radley, and were on the best of terms. Radley had their revenge, beating us by eight wickets. In 1866 what was called the 'Family Match' caused a good deal of excitement. The seven Powells and three Jollyes with Martingell challenged the School, and beat them, most of the runs being made by H. C. Jollye, then a master.

The picturesque old thatched pavilion, sufficient for the cricketers of those days, is still standing by the side of its more commodious modern substitute, which was erected in 1896. Quite a little excitement was caused by the arrival of the telegraph in 1866, then a comparatively new contrivance. At the further end of the cricket-ground was a birch-tree associated to some of us with sad memories: on it were carved the initials of its victims.

The football at Bradfield of this period is chiefly of interest because of its connexion with the Association game. The rules appear to have been derived from Winchester, as seen by the expressions 'hot' and 'tag,' but either to have developed independently, or to have been influenced indirectly by Masters or boys from other schools, at a time when there was no absolutely

fixed tradition. Even during the sixties there were still occasional variations introduced, concerning the catching of the ball, for instance. The most essential difference between the old Bradfield and the Winchester rules was, that in the former the ground was twice or thrice as wide, and that the goal only occupied a small portion of it in the middle instead of the whole width. Moreover, dribbling, unpermissible at Winchester, was the chief feature in the Bradfield game. At Bradfield both 'tag' and 'goldsneak' were equally unlawful. 'Goldsneak' (misspelling for 'goal-sneak') meant kicking the ball while in front of the last player on your own side, even if it had been kicked by one of the other side, and in this last respect differed from 'tag.' It is called at Winchester 'behind your side.' There was necessarily little arrangement of the men. The only players told off for special positions were the 'backs' and 'goalkeepers,' one of each on both sides. The backs were the best players, whereas the worst were sent to keep goal in turns of about ten minutes each. Matches were played with twelve on each side. The game was not very scientific, but it was a splendid exercise for legs and wind: it meant running, and running hard the whole time. Football was in the autumn and winter terms played every day: from 12 to 1 on whole school-days and in the afternoons of whole holidays. A verse of a parody of the 'Three Jolly Postboys' in *The Owllet* of Dec. 6, 1865, gives a very good idea of the estimate of football held by a Bradfield boy of that date. It is quite inapplicable now, when football is only played after dinner:—

He who plays football,
Shinned against or shinner,
Gets up an appetite,
(*ter*)
And eats a jolly dinner.

A great impulse was given to football in Oxford during the sixties. It so happened that some of the most active and enterprising in this movement were old Bradfield boys.

The genesis of Association football was, according to Mr. H. C. Jollye, on this wise: 'During 1863 and 1864 (as far as I can remember) the Schools that had no game of their own started in a field not very far from Holywell Church in a somewhat casual, irregular manner. I fancy I was looked upon as rather a leader in the matter—at any rate, at the end of 1864 or beginning of 1865, *we* (this "we" is quite vague—Powell, E. G. Everett, and myself are the only ones I can remember by name) arranged to hold a meeting in somebody's rooms at Wadham. I arrived rather late and found the room full. When I entered I was greeted with a general cry, "Here he comes!" "Why shouldn't I?" was my innocent remark. "We are waiting for you to act chairman," and into the chair I was put willy-nilly. I then invited them to express their different opinions and proposed to make a rough draft of rules embodying them. Unfortunately no copy of these rules has survived, but the two points most insisted on were "no hands" and "no tagging." At a second meeting the rules were discussed and passed with a few alterations.'

It was Armstrong who first started the Bradfield Waifs' Club during his residence in London between 1868 and 1873, and revived it again on his return in 1875, making Guildford more or less the centre. This club was sometimes very strong, and played, among other teams, the Hampstead Heathens, Old Wykehamists, and Charterhouse. P. J. M. Rogers was for many years a very active member of the O.U.A.F., of which he was the President in 1879-80.

One of the greatest events in the year was the Athletic Sports, which in 1865 and after years took place in the spring. In 1867 and onwards they lasted three days. Until 1864 all the races were run on the road, the winning-post being on the Bucklebury Road, by the gate on the top of Buscot Hill, some half a mile from the College. The time was taken by Le Blanc, a gentleman who lived near, who rode from start to finish. Long after this the road course was still used for practice, and even for races after wet weather. As there was a slight decline towards the finish

the times, of the shorter races especially, were often very good, and fell off considerably when they were run on turf.

The running in the sixties was always flat-footed, and in the hurdle-racing the orthodox 'three strides' were of course unknown. Great pains were taken about practising, but beyond the abstention from tuck and pudding little attempt was made at special dieting. A common practice in training for the Mile, the event of the greatest interest, was to begin for about a month before to improve the wind by jogging round the 'Parallelogram.' This began with the path by the side of the stream at the bottom of the playground, went past the Rectory grounds, round over the bridge, back towards and past the Rectory Farm, and so to the village and playground again. The distance was about two and a half miles. The hero of 1860 was H. C. Jollye, who among other events won the Hundred, High Jump, and Cricket Ball. At Oxford Jollye continued his athletic performances, and in 1865 won the Hundred Yards against Cambridge. The athletic reputation of the School was well sustained by Christie, Domville, and 'Hammer-Brown,' who, as mile-runner, putter of the weight, and hammer-thrower respectively, won well-deserved honours at Marston and Lillie Bridge.

In the early half of the sixties paper-chases were much in vogue. All except a few small or delicate boys were expected to join. The meets were usually at the Rectory gate, the Rectory Farm, or the Hog's Back. There was a famous run on March 10, 1863, the Prince of Wales' wedding day, and a whole holiday. The paper-chase took place in the morning. One of the hares, R. S. Turner, lost a gold hunter watch. After dinner two or three boys went back to search, and eventually found it uninjured on the edge of one of the ditches which intersect the water-meadows near Theale, some three or four miles away. In the evening the whole School repaired to the Hog's Back to count the bonfires. On another occasion, in 1864, some steeple-chasers were running through Theale, but were turned off by the village bobby on the ground that their

clothing was not respectable—they were clad in long flannel trousers and football jerseys. What would Theale have said to our modern running or football costume?

During the sixties the School still retained something of a domestic character. The boys were at first confined within narrow and strict bounds. Their health was watched with almost a parental tenderness. Denning himself used to be constantly warning us of the terrible consequences that would ensue in after-life from sitting on the green grass even in summer time. Prefects of an officious turn would occasionally remind small boys that it was contrary to the rules to climb trees. But it must be remembered that in those days boys came to school at ten, and often younger.

The old bounds were abolished by Denning on January 28, 1861, except for the Lower School, or for boys who had been 'gated.' Boys of the Fifth and upwards were allowed to go where they liked, except to the water-meadows, to Reading and Pangbourne, or into any public-house. A certain wood, known as Greathouse, being the Warden's private preserve, was believed to be forbidden ground. As to preserves and private property generally, it was understood vaguely that a boy trespassed at his own risk. Many keepers round got to know Bradfield boys by their College caps, and were usually tolerant. Foxes abounded, and there were not many strict preserves about. The only restrictions were that boys must be back for meals, services, and school. Thrice a week we had a half-holiday and could be out from after dinner, 2.30, to evening service at 6. There was after 1863, at latest, no vexatious 'calling-over' in the middle of the afternoon. As games were not, to the seniors at any rate, strictly compulsory, several boys acquired a taste for long walks. A favourite walk was to Lower Basildon, five miles off, to see the trains. By going quickly we could get about three-quarters of an hour on the bridge near the church, and in that time thought ourselves lucky if we saw some four trains!

On whole holidays the older boys often got leave to go longer expeditions, such as to Maidenhead, Silchester, or Burnham Beeches; but the favourite resort was the river at Pangbourne. Some preferred a mill on the river Kennet, about four miles off, where they fished for chub with a bumble-bee, bathed in the mill-pond, and watched the pike among the reeds.



A BIT IN THE WATER-MEADOWS.

CHAPTER VII

DECLINE, 1868-80

IN the summer of 1868 it was announced that the vacant Headmastership had been accepted by the Rev. Henry Hayman, the Headmaster of the Grammar School at Cheltenham. Before Hayman came it was rumoured that he intended to work both Masters and boys very hard, and he justified this to some extent by immediately increasing the hours of work in the morning. He came at a time of great difficulty. It is more than probable that Denning's force of character and influence had been declining the last year or more. Discipline was certainly slack. It was said that about this time nearly the whole School smoked. One Prefect was actually expelled for smoking. Still more serious evils were alleged, and it is to be feared with some truth. The School wanted a firm and unfettered hand. The year in which Hayman ruled was perhaps hardly enough to put the required qualities fully to the test; and the School was beginning to suffer grievously from the dual control of the Headmaster and Warden. It must be confessed that, whatever the true causes may be, from this point, or a year earlier, begins a decline from which the School did not begin definitely to recover till after the financial crisis of 1881.

Hayman was in most respects a great contrast to Denning. He had not the pleasant geniality of the late Head. His aspect was indeed rather alarming. 'One of my earliest recollections,' says an Old Boy, 'is of being taken before Dr. Hayman to be placed. His gigantic eyebrows

and alarming sniff so frightened me, that I forgot everything I knew, and could not even say the Creed. I was placed in the lowest Form. Being discovered in my calmer moments to have more knowledge than was usual there, I was advanced to the "Shell" before the end of the term.'

'Hayman,' another says, 'displayed a considerable affection for the cane as an instrument of learning. He introduced the rule that three impositions in one week meant a caning on Saturday, the impositions being remitted. At first, he did not understand the art of wielding the cane, and the boys used to wear great-coats and insert newspapers or blotting-paper beneath their trousers. He used to take them by the coat-collar and cane longitudinally down the back, with the result that the coat caught the stroke of the cane and the sufferings inflicted were of the slightest. Consequently the procession of candidates for a Saturday's corporal punishment became a very long one. Later on however, by constant practice, he acquired the knack of hurting, and then the procession became beautifully less.'

Hayman's ideas of teaching were different from those of Denning. He did not, as Denning had done, take the boys' thoughts and make the most of them, and so incite them to think for themselves. What he did was rather to give his own thoughts and ideas ready-made. Thus with verses, he would do little to correct their compositions, but would give a copy of his own to study. He made getting scholarships a special aim, and was fond of 'tips.' Sometimes he would translate difficult but likely passages from Pindar or Martial. He encouraged enthusiasm in others, but he could hardly, like Denning, inspire it. Whatever humour he had seldom appeared above the surface. He was rather fond of big phrases. He once told a Form with some solemnity that the 'mint-sauce which in modern times we eat with lamb is the historical reflex of the bitter herbs which the Jews ate at their Paschal rite,' an instance, by the way, of that love of archaeology with which all readers of his *Odyssey* are well acquainted. This is said to have been surpassed at Rugby by a sermon directed at

extravagance in dress, which he called 'sartorial dissolute ness.'

Hayman made several alterations in the general teaching of the School. He made an attempt, at first not very successful, to introduce Natural Science. The Sixth Form learnt a small handbook of Geology, which some found interesting. He got a lecturer down who told how the hills and dales of the neighbourhood were all due to the action of water. He also introduced the foreign pronunciation of Latin. In view of objections sometimes made to it, on the ground of the time which would be necessarily spent in acquiring it, it is worth observing that very little difficulty was actually experienced. In one term the whole School became familiarized with the new method, and they got back into the old way with ease when they went up to Oxford. In adopting it Hayman felt, rightly no doubt, that the Public Schools must lead the way, and it was not his fault if other schools and the Universities did not follow suit. Bradfield still adheres to this pronunciation.

Hayman also strongly held the opinion, excellent in theory, that in order to know Latin thoroughly, it should be learnt conversationally. With this end in view every boy in the Upper Form was provided with a book called Thompson's *Ladder to Latin*, and some attempts to talk Latin in class in the Sixth Form were made, which proved quite unsuccessful. It was at this time that the late well-known Professor Blackie paid Hayman a visit. He was a person thoroughly in sympathy with, if not the inspirer of, Hayman's views about Latin. He wore a Scotch-plaid shawl over his shoulder and carried a huge staff in his hand. One day, thus accoutred, he came in at Hayman's request to hear the Sixth Form. He sat down by Hayman with an intent look in his eyes. A poor unfortunate boy in fear and trembling read a few lines, and then made a false quantity. Up jumped the Professor and shook his staff at him, shouting, 'Fie upon thee, fie upon thee!' The boy of course shrunk into his boots. Later on the

same day Blackie went up to the boot-boy and shouted in his ear, 'Fair meehee kalkeâmenta maya' (*fer mihi calceamenta mea*). The boy ran, as though for his life, in abject terror. Blackie repeated his request in a gentler tone to a boy who was observing the scene, and finally got his boots.

Hayman was a High Churchman of a strongly conservative type. Unlike the other Masters he wore a cassock, but of a very unaggressive type, scarcely reaching below the surplice. He made a strong point of evidential theology.

Above all the Masters, even the Headmaster, was the Warden, the Founder. It was only at 'collections' that the boys encountered him officially. This was at the end of term. The Warden sat at the desk in the Sixth Form classroom; on his right was the Head, and on the left the Form master. The boys entered one by one, and when the Masters had each given their opinion of the boy's work and behaviour during the term, the Warden would sum up in a few homely words of warning or counsel. It was rather an alarming ordeal at first, but they soon got used to it. It was, in fact, simply the Oxford Collections without the examination.

Sundays at Bradfield were not dull. Beyond an hour or so of Greek Testament in the evening there was no work in the upper Forms, except such preparation as might have been left undone on Saturday night. A Sunday walk was a comparatively solemn affair. The boys had to wear cap and gown, and were not allowed to leave the beaten paths.

Except for the celebrations of the Holy Communion and Baptisms the Sunday services were fully choral. The early celebration was weekly at 9, after breakfast. Once a month there was a late celebration after matins. The Head or some other Master (some of them were in orders) usually preached in the morning. On weekdays the College boys occupied the nave, but on Sundays they were relegated to out-of-the-way parts of the church, the sacrarium, organ-loft, &c. Instead of hymns, the old-fashioned metrical

psalms, the old (Sternhold and Hopkins) and new (Tate and Brady) versions being bound together, were in use. There was always a prayer before the sermon, and the Amen pronounced in a very deep bass voice was the sole surviving function of the parish clerk, Thomas Barnby. This dignified person was a brother of Joseph Barnby, the well-known organist and composer. He was at one time the National schoolmaster. In 1867 he retired and set up a grocer's shop in the village, and was altogether a noteworthy person. But an evil day came. Somebody about 1871 (surely Powley could not have been guilty of such iconoclasm!) introduced the singing of the Amen, and Barnby resigned.

Powley used to give a recital after service, which was much appreciated. The choir wore surplices, but no cassocks. The altar, which was of carved oak, was bare except for a red altar-cloth at Whitsuntide. There were two candlesticks upon it with candles which were never lighted. There was neither cross nor vases. The north end position was rigidly observed. In fact there was nothing in the church or services which would now be called ritualistic.

In school there was no attempt to press distinctly High Church teaching. Masters, like Hammond, might individually be High Churchmen, but they did not attempt to influence their pupils to any serious extent. No boy, for instance, was ever urged to go to confession, nor had they ever the opportunity of fasting communion.

To the north of the Masters' Lawn were the fives-courts described in the previous chapter. They were originally four in number, divided by a high wall, which formed the back, and transverse walls descending in stages on either side, containing 'pepper-boxes'—projecting pieces of wall and buttresses, both of which threw the ball back from the direction of the striker. Surrounding the whole was a low standing wall. Here were played hand—and more rarely bat—fives and occasionally even racquets under difficulties. Here, too, junior boys sometimes played 'corks.' This very unscientific game was played by three or four

boys. One boy, not always a willing player, had to stand against the back wall and be 'corked' (shied at). If he could succeed in getting hold of a ball and hitting one of his assailants, the latter had to take his turn as target; but the odds were much in favour of the corkers. This game was mostly confined to 'docks.'

Halfway down the hill was Sarah Holloway's, the best tuck-shop in the village. About 1868, in the summer, a magnificent tuck-shop was started in the Red House. Here were delicious creams and ices and all manner of



GRUBS.

delicacies; but the establishment was ruinous and had a short life. Some year or two before this the cottage at the further corner of the cricket-ground developed into a summer tuck-shop. In 1869 the School Clubs devised the prudent expedient of running their own tuck-shop, the profits going towards the support of the clubs. At first they took over the tuck-shop at the Red House, but in 1885 bought an iron building, called Grubs, which now stands near the old pavilion. This 'mutual' system has answered extremely well.

One of the most universal occupations was birds'-nesting. Pretty nearly everybody passed through an egg-collecting stage. It began in the lower Forms, where it was impossible, except in a very mild way, because of bounds. In the Fifth it often became a rage, and reached its height as a boy entered the Lower Sixth, after which it gradually subsided. It was hardly good form for a Prefect to collect eggs. A pair of kingfishers used to make their nest in the bank of the little brook which ran between Bradfield and Englefield Park. Englefield Park was a delightful place. Here was skating in the winter; in the summer the hollow trees were good for magpies' nests, and as for autumn, near the stream was a group of Spanish chestnuts, which about once in a school period bore a splendid crop. Occasionally the Bradfield boys became too mischievous, and for awhile exhausted Mr. Benyon's patience. Denning would give out solemnly in Hall that, owing to abuse of privilege, leave into Englefield Park had been stopped; but Mr. Benyon was so kind-hearted that the School generally got it back again the next term. In the Bradfield stream moorhens and dabchicks built. The former were very cunning in hiding their nests until the young ones left. Every one could see the muddy dabchicks' nests with the chalky-looking eggs; but they always made them in mid-stream, where they could not be got at, and there was at least an understanding that they were not to be disturbed. If any boy ventured to trespass further up the stream into the water-meadows, there were many treasures which he might find—a sedge-warbler's nest, or a black-headed bunting's or even a wild duck's nest. Such rambles were delightful to a boy of downright rustic tastes, a species not so uncommon then, though now wellnigh extinct. Nightingales were very abundant, but their nests were not easily found. It happened occasionally that a search on Bucklebury Common was rewarded with the discovery of the eggs of the fern-owl. No collections of eggs were large, hardly ever exceeding fifty different species. One

bad practice was only too common. Boys who had merely the collecting mania, without the bird's-nesting instinct, used to buy eggs of the village boys who came round and made a regular trade of it.

Another favourite pursuit in those days was dormouse-catching. The proper season for this was the autumn, when the leaves turned yellow. Dormice were abundant, but catching them was an art. On discovering the nest in a hedge, or better still in a bramble-patch in a wood, the would-be captor proceeded with the greatest caution to avoid noise, and clapped his handkerchief over the nest.

The pursuit of Natural History, if the pursuit of animals can be so called, was continued in later years. A boy who was under Hodson and Souper gives an account of a performance of this kind. 'On one occasion we carried, contrary to all regulations, saloon pistols; mine was an especially nice one, I remember, chased with silver and of French make. We usually employed these prohibited weapons against waterhens and dabchicks which abounded by the river side and gave excellent sport. We once, too, cooked a moorhen thus slaughtered, with all its feathers on, by the class-room fire. We never tried it again, for it was shortly before school hours, and when the master arrived he took too much notice of it—and us. On this particular occasion our game was a squirrel in a high fir-tree in Mr. Benyon's park. The bombardment was long and exciting, so exciting that we had not noticed the advent of the keeper. He was evidently a sportsman, for he waited until the critical moment when the squirrel succumbed and fell to the ground, then he approached us and quietly said, "You just come along with me," and we had to go along whither he led, prisoners and pistol-less. We soon discovered it was to Mr. Benyon himself we were being taken, and I shall never forget that walk, for we had always been given to understand that Mr. Benyon had very far from friendly feelings towards Bradfield boys.

'We hoped Mr. Benyon might be "not at home," but he was, and we at last found ourselves standing before him

in the dining-room—our pistols very much in evidence on the table in front of him—but no keeper. This was a relief. Our interview with, as we thought, our dreaded enemy—in later years to prove so true a friend to Bradfield College—was from first to last a most pleasant surprise. He discovered that we were not poachers, as the keeper had tried to make us out, and also that he knew a revered relation of mine intimately. He gave us biscuits, cake, and sherry; but he kept the pistols, sending them later on to the Rev. the Headmaster with a hope that we might not be punished for this offence, and that the pistols might be returned to us at the end of term.'

F. W. Kitchener was distinguished then for his wonderful collection of bird's eggs, probably one of the best collections ever gathered by one boy's hand. It was particularly rich in waterfowl, for at that time Mr. Benyon had a stock of the choicer swans, grebes, and other scarce waterfowl on the islands in Englefield lake. The boat was always locked, but Kitchener constantly swam to the islands and floated the eggs back in his cap. This was a very daring feat for a schoolboy, and goes far to show the character of the man who helped to crush the Mahdi and fight his way into Ladysmith over the mountains and kopjes of Natal.

The most refined pastime was fishing. The Kimber is a charming chalk-stream, about six miles in length, which bubbles up as a deep clear pool at Kimber Head, about a mile and a half west of the village. Lower down it is called the Tidd, and joins the Thames at Pangbourne as the Pang. It has no tributaries and is of the same width all through, rather deep and sluggish. The trout, which were plentiful but wily, attained a considerable size, the largest in those days being one caught by Campion in 1868 or 1869, weighing 3 lb. 4 oz. All who chose were allowed to fish, provided that they kept to the rules of the river. The part of the stream open to the whole School was that which bounded the playground and the Rectory fields. The Masters

fished also in the water-meadows below towards the mill. Boys were also allowed to fish in the bit of the river which flowed through the village street below the mill. Sometimes a fish would be hooked between the foot-bridge and the mill-wheel, in which case the odds were six to one on the fish. Imagine the following scene:—Time, 2.55 (school to begin at 3; a run of some two minutes more or less). Excitable boy to his inexpressible delight hooks a big fish, about 2 lb. weight. There is no room to play it and no possibility of getting at it without a long-handled landing-net. A boy passing by sees his difficulty and tears up to College to borrow one. Meanwhile in anxious suspense Piscator keeps giving little pulls just to make sure that the fish is secure. The minutes seem hours. At last he hears the first stroke of the clock. No net has arrived. In despair he gives a great tug, hoping that he may possibly pull up the fish, and drags the fly out of his quarry's mouth. Just at the moment his friend appears puffing, with net in hand. And it was the only trout that boy ever hooked!

The narrow bridge has now disappeared, the wheel itself has long been hidden from sight by a new building, types of many old landmarks which have passed away, as the great School of to-day has gradually absorbed the little School of the past.

A sudden outburst of athleticism towards the close of the sixties was probably largely due to the impulse given to sports by boys like Jollye, who first created the athletic tradition, and the interest which the Masters in general, and Jollye again in particular, took in them. It was perhaps even more a result of the free and independent spirit, the individualism in fact, which the habits of the School tended in many ways to develop. It is noticeable that the athletic performances at Bradfield itself were not very remarkable, even in boys who afterwards did very well. What was acquired at Bradfield was not so much the science of athletics as the athletic spirit. It is curious how the successes at Oxford were divided among different

branches of athletic sports. Bradfield boys had not, indeed, the opportunity of strengthening their arms by gymnastic exercises; but a certain few of the most ambitious in this direction made up for it by the most assiduous practice of hammer-throwing, not only in view of the Sports, but throughout the year. This was on the ground near the flagstaff, and had its dangers for passers-by.

The appointment of Dr. Hayman to Rugby in the autumn of 1869 was advantageous to Bradfield. The School needed advertisement in those days. When we told our friends that we hailed from Bradfield they would sometimes say, 'Bradfield, yes: is not that somewhere in Yorkshire?' A very large portion of the boys had hitherto been members of families residing in the neighbourhood. But Hayman was, for a time, the most famous man in England, and his connexion with Bradfield brought it into prominence too. The numbers, which in 1869 and 1870 were as low as a hundred, began to increase rapidly under Dr. Hodson, 1869-72, and his successor, Mr. F. A. Souper, and in 1874 reached 130, the highest point attained till after the crisis of 1881. Dr. Hodson was a tall, pale man, of quiet retiring habits, who seems to have made no very strong impression upon the School. He was fifty-two when he was appointed, and had been Rector or Headmaster of the Edinburgh Academy, but at the time of appointment had resigned, and was taking private pupils in Edinburgh.

He was noted for his absent-mindedness. When he took walks with his family he was given to walking on in front, thinking out problems to himself. A story illustrating this trait is told by P. J. M. Rogers, a fishing enthusiast. 'On the river, within 100 yards or so you might often see half a dozen rods or more waving to and fro with their lines either lashing the water into foam, caught up in the branches of a neighbouring tree, or perchance wound round the legs and body of the thrower. There came a day when the Rev. the Headmaster, Dr. Hodson, was minded to take this especial walk. Past one or two of the fishing devotees

he safely wandered on—these were probably engaged in disentangling their flies from bank or trousers at the moment—when the ominous swish of a line smote on his ears, and a sharp keen pain penetrated his cheek. What had happened? Headmaster and boy gazed at one another, and the fact was revealed that the latter had undoubtedly caught the former—an unwonted subversion of their respective positions. Headmaster and fisherman united by the rod had to wend their way to the doctor before the fly could be extracted.’ A more serious result happened at Reading Station, where Dr. Hodson, trying to get into a morning train, was knocked down on the platform, and barely rescued by a porter from being crushed to death.

Hodson was apparently often thwarted by the Warden. He returned to Oxford after his short career in 1872; and, being asked by a friend what he had been doing, answered, ‘I have been disputing daily in the School of one Tyrannus.’ The answer proves that he was certainly not without the saving sense of humour.

Among the Assistant-masters was the Rev. J. Almack (1871–6), a giant in dimensions, equally distinguished for his minute knowledge of all things athletic, and for brilliancy of anecdote. Some of his anecdotes were apparently taken by the boys *cum grano*, especially in regard to his shooting feats: a poem on which has descended to us. One verse we venture to quote, as we are sure that he would be himself the first to enjoy the joke:

In shooting duck
 Especial pride
 He took. His luck
 He often tried,
 And up the brook
 He’d slyly look
 Or crouch behind the sedges.
 But when the mallard
 Him espied,
 They’d say, ‘Old pal,
 Resume your stride,
 For if you shot until you died
 You’d only hurt the hedges!
 Quack! quack! Almack!
 Almack! quack! quack!’

One of the Assistant-masters at this time—the Rev. Ernest Wilkinson, 1871–80—produced no small amount of enthusiasm. He was commonly called ‘Gup,’ a name due to the juxtaposition of the name Wilkinson with Guppy in a trade advertisement which was famous about 1857, when he came to Bradfield with two brothers who shared the appellation. One boy writes of him:—

‘It is hardly an exaggeration to say that “Gup” was wellnigh worshipped by three or four generations of boys between 1870 and 1880. There was nothing of the “Father Confessor” about him. He was brusque, even taciturn, yet he had more confidences breathed into his ear, and his advice was more frequently asked and taken, than any other master of the time. He possessed in a superlative degree the one quality that goes to a boy’s heart. He was absolutely straight. He knew boys, viewed their character from a broad standpoint, and never dealt otherwise than perfectly openly with them. We do not remember ever to have heard him either “gush” over the virtues of a boy or condemn him indiscriminately for some temporary failing.’

Two anecdotes may illustrate the opinion other boys had of him. One small boy was explaining to another the merits of a grown-up friend he had at home. In order to make the point quite clear to his companion he remarked, ‘Well, you see, he is a sort of home-“Gup.”’ Another boy, who left Bradfield very young, was met some years after by a schoolfellow, who incidentally mentioned ‘Gup’s’ name. Said the former at once, ‘He *was* a decent chap; he gave me the biggest thrashing I ever had in my life.’ ‘That,’ writes the narrator, ‘gives the case in a nutshell. A thrashing from “Gup” was better than praise from others because the recipient was convinced of the complete straightness of the giver.’

‘The covered fives-courts, tuck-shop, an improved cricket ground, and much else remain to remind us of his keenness to improve Bradfield. Perhaps his memory is most fondly cherished in connexion with our Shakespeare

plays, held at the end of winter terms. He was always the moving spirit in these entertainments, and old "Gup" never seemed happier than when he was "coaching" by the blazing fire in the dining-hall. With consummate skill he would instruct Cunliffe, a willing Hamlet, or his father's ghost. *Hamlet* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* were his last two successes that for hours delighted the neighbouring folk as they sat packed tightly in the too narrow limits of our dining-hall. Ernest Wilkinson was the founder of the Shakespeare Society. That select body consisted of five masters, the six senior prefects, and two others specially elected, three black balls excluding. After he left, many boys passed into College from his Preparatory School at Southborough. Here he hospitably entertained the "Waifs" for their cricket week. His death in 1895 robbed Bradfield of one of her most loyal sons, and left a vacant chair at the annual dinners, which he, their indefatigable supporter, never missed.'

But the School seemed doomed to failure. F. A. Souper took Hodson's place in 1872, having since 1871 been Subwarden of Glenalmond. Much was expected from one who, as a boy and master, knew so well the traditions of the School. But probably, for that very reason the Founder became even more imperious. He felt that he was dealing with one of his own children, so to speak. The friction became all the more marked from the fact that Souper had very distinct ideas of his own. By some boys he was said to be, for their taste at any rate, far too fond of 'swishing.' Tradition said that fondness for corporal chastisement had been displayed by him in earlier days, as Senior Prefect. But tradition had been belied when he temporarily filled the office of Headmaster in the interregnum between Denning's death and Dr. Hayman's appointment. Probably contests with the Founder did not tend to sweeten the temper. One tale of him, however, points to more humour than severity. In 1876 some boys got into trouble by doing some damage to the chain and bucket

of a well at Buckhold Farm. The owner came to complain. After prayers Souper called upon the guilty boys to declare themselves. Two came forward, and after he had seriously lectured them he added, 'Your punishment is to write out 500 times "Let well alone."'

The financial troubles which had for many years hampered the Warden were now beginning seriously to affect the interests of the School. After 1874 the number again began to decrease, and Souper appears to have lost heart altogether. He retired in 1878 to keep a private School.

Glimpses of social life at the time appear in the following collectanea culled from divers contributors:—

'The first duty of a new boy in a dormitory would be to get rid of the "College soap" so thoughtfully provided by the authorities. The window was in general utilized, and the College peacocks, of which there were many harmonious specimens, were, if in sight, made the targets. Sooner or later these interesting birds would sample that soap, or pomatum pots brought by new boys, and thus in time the breed became almost extinct. From the dormitory to a "dungeon" was the first move; there were a few of these "singles" only, so called because the windows were high up out of reach. When the new singles were built, North and South dormitories were closed and the majority of boys had their rooms to themselves.' Of the food one writes, 'Bread and butter—good, if the latter was "farm" butter; if it wasn't, it was usually pretty nasty. During the latter years that I have mentioned a dish of meat was always placed before the prefects at each table for breakfast. This was not regarded with much favour and went by the nickname of "greyhound," and from its appearance not inaptly called. Criticizing this delicacy with the experience of years, certain facts point to the conclusion that it was ribs of mutton powdered with bread-crumbs. Meat and pudding for dinner daily except Fridays, when a species of soup took the place of the latter, commonly called "ditch-water." This certainly was not nice, and the most enthusiastic chronicler could not

sing its praises. For tea, bread and butter, and for supper a piece of dry bread, if wanted, could be secured; for the prefects and upper boys bread and cheese and meat. Except at dinner, sardines, jam, cake, &c., were allowed to be brought into Hall, and delicate boys would be ordered "extras" in food or drink; beer was provided for all, and not bad beer either.

'Twice a day, wet or fine, snow or rain, the School had to attend chapel in the village church, unless they could get leave on the ground of a headache or other ailment; somehow the sufferers were always more numerous on Litany mornings. After breakfast and before tea were the hours appointed for these daily services. With some pride in his new "tassel" the junior prefect waited at the swing-door to catch the first notes of the single bell, the warning that it was time to start. "Last bell, come along, please!" he then shouted in his deepest tones; whereupon the prefect at the entrance of each classroom re-echoed the words to his flock inside, and in twos, the prefects walking beside, the march to chapel was begun. On very wet days permission was given to run, a rare but much valued treat, though the entrance to the church on those occasions could hardly be called decorous or dignified.

'By some "continent-room" was a much-loved institution. Admittance to this room—where on a winter's day, especially a "whole school" day, a period of comparative rest and enjoyment could be spent—did not by any means always necessitate any severe attack of sickness. A tongue lightly drawn over the white-washed wall was quite sufficient to enlist the sympathies of the kind-hearted matron and the old-fashioned and somewhat simple-minded old doctor. Staying in bed after last bell had rung, you were visited by the matron, and then, with a sufficiently languid air, you proceeded to the sick-room, where a comfortable armchair and "farm" butter for breakfast were provided. With regard to medicines there were two certainties unceasingly prescribed—"hot fomentations" and "saline."

'As a rule, the prefects did their duty well in helping

their fags over early difficulties, and they had a sure test of a fag's happiness at school. The less he appeared in the study, the better was he progressing outside. More than once we have heard the remark: "Hullo! kid, you are in here a good deal. What's the matter?" Then the trouble came out and was in most cases tactfully put right. Besides the fags proper there were a good many boys of the Fifth Form who may best be described as "Outside Porters." They, as well as boys of lower Forms, fagged occasionally for seniors who were not yet prefects. Though not really legal, no abuse came from it.

'During the seventies an impromptu concert was held on the last evening of every school term, the Shell classroom being converted for the time into a "cave of harmony." About 7 o'clock the whole School crowded into the classroom and the lights were lowered. The prefects sat like Conscript Fathers in their curule chairs (brought in from the studies), and in default of beards stroked their incipient moustaches; the juniors were packed on the classroom benches and desks. Term after term the singers and the songs varied but little, nor were they less welcome on that account. Singing in tune was not so much a requisite as a rattling chorus or personal popularity on the part of the singer. The concert concluded with "Auld Lang Syne," sung with the lights up. Then the prefects, as became their dignity, solemnly left the room.

'The Shell classroom was also the scene of the Debating Society's meetings. Each member brought in his easiest chair for the evening debate. One figure rises foremost in our minds in this connexion, that of H. T. Adams. He was a really good speaker, and could make his points with all the power of a telling sneer, and freeze his foes into a hopeless silence, which was catching. Fear of a fine drove members to speak; once a term was the rule. But until in after-days the Masters came into the Society it was rather a languishing affair.'

Mr. C. T. Cruttwell came as Headmaster in 1878. He was a brilliant scholar, and made most of his VIth Form boys

gain University honours. He used to correct two exercises at once—writing with right and left hand at one time, as a boy stood on each side of him. ‘We were often asked in pairs to breakfast at Hillside, where the kindness of his two sisters made us trembling mortals thaw somewhat. A keen runner himself, he made our mile-champion, E. A. Ward, run hard the last lap of the course; and, enthusiastic singer, he unflinchingly led us wavering tenors in “non-choir.” And when white winter wrapped us all in idleness, he would brave all the dangers of a schoolboy’s snowfight; and we liked him accordingly.

‘Miss Conway, the matron, was much beloved for herself and for her woman’s sympathy when the influence of a lady had not yet been known and felt in the College walls. Her mantle fell upon a worthy successor in Miss Bullen, who still rules in continent-room, and to whose kindly sympathy and unsparing trouble many of us owe a debt of gratitude hard to repay. The “shammer” even liked her for the merry, round way she sent him speeding back to “school.”

‘The football of these times was very fair and quite up to schoolboys’ teams. W. H. P. Hayman (son of the old Head) was a giant in those days, and E. A. Ward, captain in 1878, had an excellent team that year, W. J. Mangles being a fine “half.” February the following year saw our last match played against an Oxford Association Eleven at Oxford. We were, as usual, beaten, by four to nil. The match, we believe, originated when Bradfield had Old Boys as moving spirits in the University club, then, in the early days of Association, only a very small club, but always large enough to defeat a schoolboy team. As football improved and better matches were possible, the ‘Varsity naturally declined to keep up a match which brought them little good, if it brought us a pleasant outing.’

Cruttwell’s short reign was marked by the foundation of at least one School institution which has become permanent, the *Bradfield College Chronicle*, invaluable alike to the past and present Bradfield boy. It has always been

conducted by a joint committee of masters and boys, and so, if it has rarely burst forth into the highest rhapsodies of genius, it has never sunk into drivel, and has proved a trustworthy record and critic of events. In its early days its appearances were somewhat intermittent, occasionally a whole term elapsing without a single number appearing. But with the growth of its public the publication has grown in the frequency as well as the portliness of its appearance.

In 1880 Cruttwell retired and half his staff too. The Founder-Warden attributed the retirement to 'disloyalty,' but the disloyalty was chiefly manifested in the repetition of applications for salaries, which were not forthcoming.



THE WARDEN — HEADMASTER

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(Rev. H. B. Gray, D.D.)

CHAPTER VIII

THE CRISIS, 1880-6

DR. GRAY, the eighth Headmaster and second Warden, became connected with Bradfield at the very crisis of its life.

Herbert Branston Gray was at Winchester from 1865 to 1869 as a Commoner in Chernocke House, then the Rev. H. J. Wickham's. He won an exhibition, and was head of his house for two years. He was commonly known as the 'pocket Hercules,' from his big muscles and small stature, qualities that sent him 'over the ball' in the 'hots' in Houses 'Fifteens' and 'Sixes'—the great football matches—in 1868. What that meant *experto crede*. There is an anecdote of his career at Winchester which is curiously characteristic of the strenuousness implied in his sobriquet, and exemplified in his Bradfield achievements. A certain prefect in another house, now a thick-and-thin supporter of law and order in the House of Commons, was alleged to have taken some juniors in Gray's house out smoking with him. Gray delivered an ultimatum, to which the offender, confiding probably in his 6 ft. 2 in. of height, with bulk proportionate, took no heed. Not long afterwards Gray found him literally *in flagrante delicto*. A colloquy took place on the banks of the river. A promise not to do it again was demanded and refused, whereon Hercules seized Antaeus round the waist, and without more ado lifted him up, and flung him, hissing hot, into the Itchen. So he purged him of his contempt.

From Winchester Gray got a scholarship at Queen's College, Oxford, where, having achieved his first in Moderations and second in 'Greats,' he went as a master to Westminster School, then under Dr. Scott. Here he distinguished himself in Debating Societies within and without the School, and established a friendship with Dean Stanley.

Dr. Gray gives the following account of his first connexion with Bradfield:—

'When I was a Master at Westminster School, 1875-8, I met an old College friend who told me that he was serving at a Berkshire school called St. Andrew's College, which had been founded twenty-five years before on a semi-ecclesiastical basis. He was a man of some humour, and the stories he told stuck in my memory more or less vividly, though I little thought that my fate would ever lead me to those quarters.

'In his quaint version—There was a Warden who acted as Priest and King, with a Headmaster as his Prime Minister, a dual government, which provoked duels in another sense. He gave an epigrammatic description of the Founder, which he attributed to Jowett, the Master of his old College: "A funny old gentleman, who had tied a school up to a church."

'Westminster did not suit my health, nor—to say the truth—had the way in which the School was then conducted quite satisfied my ideals. I therefore sought relief in 1878 by applying for the Headmastership of Louth Grammar School in Lincolnshire, an ancient foundation which had fallen of late on evil days. It had, however, recently been reorganized under a scheme of the Charity Commissioners, by which, under the Endowed Schools' Acts, some antiquated Butter and Market Charities had been absorbed for the improvement of its revenues. When the Governing Body elected the youngest out of the sixty-three candidates I felt relieved of weight. But there were grave difficulties. For instance, one of the Governing Body who had whispered the word "Ritualist" at my

beardless aspect when I entered the Board Room to be inspected before election, wrote to me the day after a letter which ran somewhat thus: "Dear Sir, I have the honour of soliciting your custom (his occupation shall be nameless). I do *not* ask this as a member of the Governing Body, as I consider that business ought to be done on its own merits." I need hardly add that I patronized this enlightened educationalist.

'I had been in fact misled by the mistaken belief of the Louth Governors, that it was possible to raise the school again to Public School status. But only second-grade elements were at hand. Railways had tempted the Lincolnshire magnates to send their bantlings to the great Public Schools of the south. The school which had nurtured Tom Hood and Alfred Tennyson had to content itself with a lower level. Though the school rose during the eighteen months I was there from some 80 to 120, yet the prospects of a really good school were faint and feeble. One morning in January, 1880, I had been wrestling with my washerwoman as to the claims of her son to a free scholarship under the Butter Charity, when the midday post brought me a letter of the characteristic kind which I afterwards knew so well from T. Stevens, "Founder and Warden of St. Andrew's College, Bradfield."

'He had heard of me; he wanted such a man at Bradfield: the Headmaster was going, and "without in any way committing himself," he thought it might be to my advantage to spend a night or two at Bradfield. I recalled the tales with which the ex-Bradfield Master had regaled me in Great College Street. However, I determined to see for myself, and having dismissed my washerwoman and her bundle, gave my Sixth Form some Hebrew Grammar to prepare in my absence (my friend the solicitor of custom laid stress on the importance of my including in the curriculum *all* the subjects scheduled in the new scheme), and so set my face southward.

'It was a cold, windy evening when the train drew up at Theale, and I was escorted to the Rectory carriage, an

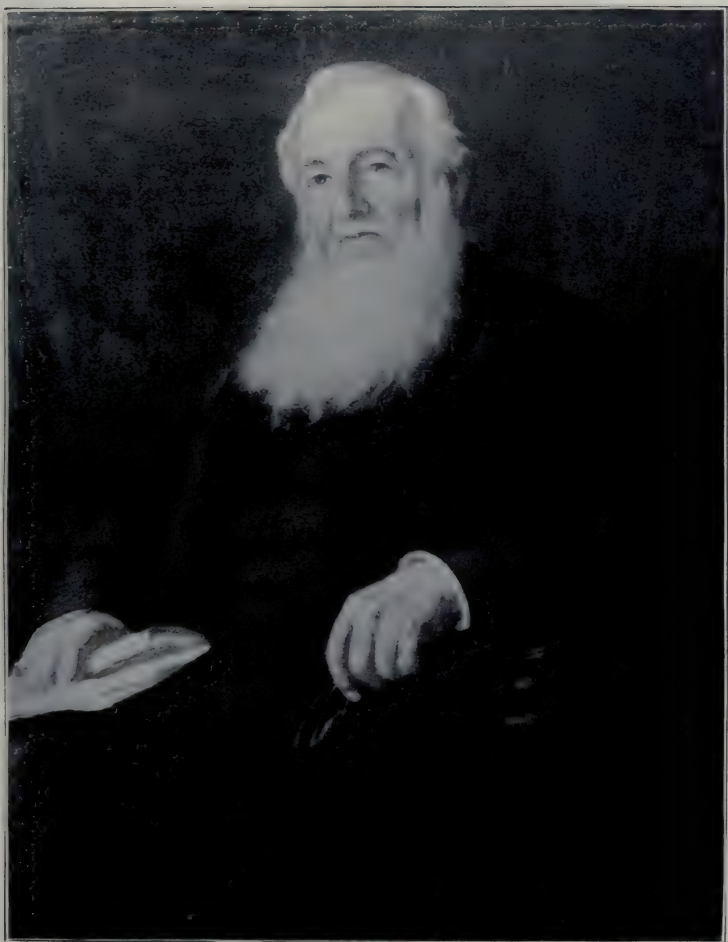
old-fashioned and spacious vehicle with a Jehu of equal antiquity on the box. At the same time and place another stranger descended and took the "Bubby-Hutch," as the rocky Theale cab was called in my early days. He also was Bradfield bound.

'We met again at the Rectory door, and it has always been an unsolved mystery to me why we were not permitted to travel together. For the simultaneous stranger was none other than Andrew Low, ever since then my faithfully and comrade in arms.

'The Rectory vehicle had been old, the coachman older, but the seneschal of the Rectory was the most ancient of all—he was called Il Penseroso, and the coachman L' Allegro, from their respective characteristics—and he led me in a somewhat *penseroso* manner (he had doubtless seen many dozens of such young hopefuls) into the dimlit Hall. I noticed that the whole structure was innocent of modern "improvements." But I had scant time for observation. Before I had got rid of my superfluous coverings the study door opened, and the Master of the House advanced to greet me.

'Imagine a short, burly figure, clothes anyhow, thick-soled boots, a mere patch of shirt showing, with a wisp of white tie with dangling ends, and on the top of this there was set a colossal head, a massive, formidable forehead, eyes penetrating, and at times almost fierce, with a peculiar way of watering when roused. But it was the beard that was the feature of the man—patriarchal, sweeping, flowing—something you could not get away from, which seemed to move and sway with every emotion. A man of masterful power was my feeling when he began to speak his words of dignified welcome.

'What struck me about his first greeting and has clung to my memory ever since, is that he at once talked to me as if he had known me for years, and saw at a glance what form of words suited my character and circumstances. It was not of course what he said, but how he said it, that caught my imagination, and made me feel that I had to deal with



THE FOUNDER, 1879

(Rev. T. Stevens)

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an original and inspiring character. Thomas Stevens fascinated me, as he fascinated others, at first sight. When I met him at the family board the fascination deepened. He had, by the way, a curious custom of saying grace in an abrupt jerky way as he was coming in at the dining-room door.

‘The simplicity, almost amounting to dinginess, which I had noticed in the Hall pervaded the dining-room. He had not, I think he said, had it painted since his father’s death. Thus, though he had been spending thousands in the restoration of the church and the embellishment of the College which he had founded, the Rectory house was in such disrepair that when, in 1881, he resigned the living, the newcomer, who had purchased the advowson from the creditors, applied to Queen Anne’s Bounty, pulled it down, and rebuilt it rather than repair it.

‘The Rectory table was as frugal as its setting; indeed, it was one of the characteristics of the Founder that he hardly knew what he ate, and certainly cared not when and where he ate it.

‘After dinner I was taken to his smoking sanctum; he was an inveterate smoker, and possessed stacks of pipes. Of these, and of a complete assortment of curled and twisted walking-sticks plucked from hedgerows and woodlands, he had an unexampled collection. My smoking ambitions were limited, and I did not follow his lead or choose from his stock. Abruptly he said to me—this was the first word of warning that he had made up his mind to ask me to work with him, and I was considerably startled—“Do you think *that man* will do?” On my expressing a desire for further explanation he added, “I brought Low here to inspect him for a mastership. You know that not only Cruttwell is going, but the Second Master as well. So I thought if convenient, and he suited, you and I might appoint him together.”

‘As far as I can recollect not a word was said about my own appointment, and in response to a few inquiries, which I had some delicacy in making, as to the working of the

School, he showed some difficulty in giving me detailed information. Of money matters nothing was said, and I may say here that so far was I in Lincolnshire from the centre of things that no rumour had reached me as to the financial distress of the College till some time after my appointment.

‘The next morning I walked with the Warden down to “morning chapel” in the Parish Church. His outdoor costume was even more original than his evening attire. A black cut-away coat, which hung like a sack round his figure (he told me afterwards he had bought such things sometimes from a travelling tailor); a real *beaver* hat, such as is rarely seen in the England of to-day; and a very crooked stick slung with a little black bag on end over his shoulder, in which he carried his letters for the day to his “den” over the College gateway. On the way he chatted about natural history, to which he was devoted, but not a word about the School or the object of my visit. He was a keen observer and an ardent lover of nature. With pride he told me how he had discovered an old skulker of a trout of 5½ lbs. in the College bathing-place, which had to be emptied and cleaned out. If my memory serves, our companion on the walk by the riverside was a young relation of his own, then in his last term but one at the School, who apparently confided afterwards to his fellow prefects that the very “young fellow” who was sitting that morning in the Rectory pew was to be the new Headmaster.

‘After service, which the Warden read in a quaintly abrupt and familiar way, I was introduced to Cruttwell, “for business purposes,” said the old Warden, without being more definite, and to his staff, in Senior Common Room.

‘This ordeal over, I rejoined the Founder in his den, and asked for a few minutes’ conversation, as I had to go northwards in the afternoon. I plunged at once *in medias res*, being rather mystified that from first to last my host had not breathed a word to me as to the object of my visit. I told him that I was attracted to the place, but that

from the little I had heard and seen it was on the down grade, and that though I knew nothing of the *causa belli* between him and the retiring Headmaster, yet if he did me the honour to appoint me, if he were king, he must be content to reign as a constitutional sovereign. I remember ending my speech by commenting on the fact that he had not directly alluded to the object of my visit, which was to see and be seen, and I should be glad to know whether he intended, after what I said, to offer me the post. His reply was characteristic.

“Of course, my dear”—he had the habit of calling every one “my dear,”—“I thought you had guessed long ago that you were the man for me.” To which I replied, “Well, Mr. Warden, you must give me four days to think the matter out.”

‘And so ended my first visit to this remarkable man and to the scene of my future labours.’

It is curiously illustrative of the difficulty with which facts, with which common fame is perfectly familiar, reach those who are most interested in knowing them, that Mr. Gray, as he then was, never heard before his acceptance of the Headmastership of the financial troubles that were the real cause of the departure of his predecessor. It is also curious that his predecessor never informed him that the real reason for his going, and that of four of the Assistant-masters with him, was not ‘incompatibility of temperament,’ as Gray had been led to believe, but want of payment. Before, however, Dr. Gray entered on his duties, during his Easter holidays a chance conversation overheard at a London club brought the fact to his ears.

The *vox populi* said, ‘Have you heard that Cruttwell is leaving Bradfield, which is on its last legs, and that one Gray of Westminster is running into the lion’s den?’ Inquiries elicited the facts that the ex-Headmaster had gone principally, though not altogether, for financial reasons, and that he had already accepted the Headmastership of Malvern and taken two of his colleagues with him. Inquiry from the Founder elicited an admission of ‘financial trouble,’

coupled with assurances that the cloud would soon blow over. The attraction of the place and the spell of the man acting on the ardour of youth caused the incoming Headmaster to be satisfied with an agreement for punctual payment of the staff.

Mr. Gray accordingly took possession in the Summer Term, 1880, with a staff, besides the Precentor, of eight Masters, of whom half were new like himself. Fortunately among the four who remained was A. D. Godley, a Balliol scholar, who won the Craven while at Bradfield.

Paragraphs were going the round of the newspapers about 'the Bradfield revolution,' stating, with the usual newspaper exaggeration, that the Headmaster was leaving, with the whole of his staff. There were only seventy-five boys in the School, a fall of ten on the previous term, and of twenty-five from the previous year. Some boys were removed, more were under notice of removal. All the dormitories were shut up, and every one enjoyed 'singles.'

Discipline had been relaxed, and some curious customs prevailed. There used in days of old to be a cricket match of Masters and boys against Henley, when (so it was said) it was the privilege of the Masters to provide the tobacco. A quaint written rule was that boys were not to smoke except in company with the Masters. A curious institution too was the Prefects' Supper. It was the custom for prefects who were leaving to invite their friends to supper in Hall, to the extent of a company of thirty or more, the wine coming from the Senior Common Room cellar, at a rate of about a bottle apiece. The supper went off soberly enough however in 1880, the list being reduced to a dozen of claret—a diplomatic reduction with a view to abolition. But two of the banqueters were to be seen afterwards promenading the Prefects' Lawn, now the Quadrangle, with fat cigars in their mouths. Explanation being demanded, a customary right was pleaded, but one hundred lines of *Paradise Lost* by heart showed that the old paradise was lost, never to be regained.

Strange stories were told at that date about the general slackness of management. It was related how a certain cook was so friendly to a certain butcher, that the legs of mutton and sirloins of beef were supplied in such profusion of bounty, that what they could not eat that night the cook next morning—buried. Anyhow, the butcher's bill the following year dropped from £40 a week under the old, to £28 a week under the new management.

With the new staff financial troubles made themselves felt almost at once. Salaries were payable in June, October, and February. But when June came the cheques did not. One of the Assistant-masters complained to the Warden. 'Why, my dear,' was the answer, 'you haven't done your work yet; you can't expect to be paid before your work is done. No, no; your first payment will be in October.' The older hands were already familiar with the difficulty of obtaining payment of salaries. It had become a practice to give cheques in (say) June payable in August. These were christened 'tame tigers,' and the sport was to see, when the appointed time came, whether the tigers would jump and be converted into cash, or would remain tame. The new staff, however, came on promise of punctual payment. When at the end of the term it was found that no one, not even the Headmaster, was paid, a joint letter was addressed to the Warden, asking for the appointment of a Receiver to get in the boys' fees and pay the salaries thereout. This produced the payment of the salaries then due; accompanied, however, by a postponement of any reply to the general demand, a remark that the letter was written 'under influence of overstrained nervous excitement resulting from overwork,' and the expression of a hope that it must not be supposed 'that they (the letters) had the slightest influence in causing the payments to the Assistant-masters at an earlier date'—he (the Warden) had 'prepared for those payments before the letters were written.' The Christmas Term passed without incident, the salaries being duly paid at the end of it.

1881 opened inauspiciously. It was a winter of relent-

less severity, the year of the great snowstorm in January. All the schools postponed their opening. At Bradfield the boys were put off to February 3. The heating apparatus in Big School broke down and through lack of funds remained unmended. Only three or four new boys came; some left. But there was no great declension in numbers. Fifty-seven answered at call-over.

The Warden meanwhile had been summoned down to the bedside of his wife, who was dying, and he scarcely appeared at Bradfield. Rumours dark and foreboding were freely bruited abroad, and even boys asked of the younger masters what the end would be.

Towards the end of the term the Warden announced that he could not yet pay his staff, that they must be content to wait. One of the Assistant-masters (then reduced to five) went boldly to the Warden's 'den' and said, 'Mr. Warden, I have no money to go away with.' To which he replied, 'Well, my dear, then you must stay here. I can feed you, but I cannot pay you.' Stay he did; but the incident marked the beginning of the end.

Two important Headmasterships were at that time vacant. It was an open secret that the Headmaster, in despair of the possibility of working the School with an unpaid and therefore naturally dissatisfied staff, became a candidate for both, and for both was a selected candidate.

During the Easter holidays the masters were again pressing for a Receiver of the school fees to give security for their salaries. The Warden at first put them off on the ground that his domestic anxieties prevented him from going into the matter. When they became peremptory, he conceded the principle; at the same time expressing himself 'confident in the expectation that this condition is temporary, depending mainly on the united efforts of us all.'

Before this letter could have been communicated to all, the crash came. While the Rector was detained at Brighton by his wife's illness and a broken sinew in the leg, the creditors became importunate. A tradesman put an execu-

tion into the Rectory. An investigation of affairs took place. The result was the filing of a petition in bankruptcy showing debts of £160,000, of which about half was secured.

The marvel is not that the crash came at last, but how under such circumstances it had been so long averted. It is the opinion of those best qualified to judge that in fact the Rector had never been solvent since he rebuilt the church, and that the whole life of the School had been one continual struggle against insolvency.

The situation was critical indeed. £400 or £500 of the school fees for the ensuing Summer Term had already been paid in to the account of the Warden, and these the creditors had seized. The Headmaster was at once telegraphed for. He came, saw, and determined to stand by the sinking ship. By prompt action on the part of Mr. T. Stevens, jun., the Founder's son, an Old Boy and anxious to help the School, the cheques of those parents who had not yet paid in their fees were paid into a separate 'Bradfield College Account.' This saved the situation. If these had flowed in to the Warden's account, nothing but an appeal to public charity could have kept the School going.

A week afterwards Summer Term began. Only fifty-five boys came back. Two were withdrawn at once; the withdrawal of others was threatened unless the Headmaster guaranteed them board, lodging, and tuition to the end of the term. The guarantee was given. One parent, who was a large creditor of the Founder, refused to pay at all for his son, and the boy was perforce allowed to stay. The Headmaster also gave a personal guarantee to the staff for their salaries for the term.

The position of the Headmaster was difficult indeed. He had no legal status, or control over the College and its finances, unless and until he should be elected Warden, which was the only way of saving the school, for a change in the *régime* then would have been fatal. If made Warden, he would be the ruler over a block of corporate buildings, subject to a mortgage for £9000 at 5 per cent., in a very bad

state of repair (the Warden according to statute was liable for repairs), and half empty; he would have to maintain Hillside, the Headmaster's house outside the walls, paying the interest of a further mortgage on it; while the appurtenances beyond the College precinct, absolutely necessary to carry on College life, viz. (1) Waterworks, (2) Gasworks, (3) Laundry, (4) Drainage, not being corporate property, but belonging to the Stevens estate, were in the hands of the creditors.

The masters met, and were informed that the Founder could not be persuaded to resign the Wardenship. As absolute ruin of the School must have been the result, its only chance being that it should tear itself free from financial disaster, a letter was written to him pointing out this inevitable result, and urging his immediate resignation. He replied that he would appoint the Headmaster Subwarden (as he had a right to do according to the statutes), and would himself reside elsewhere, perhaps out of England, till the 'storm had blown over.'

The masters thereon resolved to leave in a body, unless the Founder at once sent in his resignation as Head of the Institution to the Council.

This was on May 13, 1881. On the 14th the Founder wrote that a summons had already been sent out for a Council meeting, with an intimation of his intention to resign the Wardenship; but this 'decision has been taken without reference to, or not as a consequence of your announcement to me.' On June 1, 1881, the Founder informed the Headmaster that he had resigned, but at the same time said that he had 'communicated with another man, an old friend, whom he deemed likely to be willing to undertake the Wardenship, if elected to it, and to be able to bring with him boys enough to give freedom from financial pressure without external aid.' The person referred to was Dr. Guy, the first Headmaster. But with a great and prosperous school of his own he was hardly likely to wish to renew his connexion with a school almost *in extremis*, and he declined to be put in nomination.

Meanwhile one of the Rector's late officials was appointed one of the trustees for the creditors.

The Council had not met since Mr. Gray's appointment as Headmaster. Now they were summoned to make his acquaintance and deal with the crisis at the same time. Lord Blachford (Sir Frederic Rogers), Sir Thomas Acland, William Ford the lawyer, were the principal men; with Mr. Blackall Simonds, then representing the 'Old Boys' and the new blood in the Council;—Governing Body they were not. The story as told by one of the Council runs that after one or two meetings and much debate, the Headmaster was called in, and, after some other questions, was asked whether it was true that he had withdrawn from candidature at the two schools above referred to, and whether his determination to stay at Bradfield was because he believed in the place. To the first question the answer was 'yes,' and to the other: 'No, Sir, it is because I believe in myself.'

The Council then resolved 'out of friendly memory to the resigning Warden' to replace out of their own pockets the money received for fees and seized by the creditors, and to appoint the Headmaster Warden, if he would undertake to carry on the College. They offered him some days to consider. The Headmaster, however, accepted the offer at once.

This replacement is the only financial help that Bradfield College received in the crisis of 1881. In this fact it differs from Marlborough and Radley, which schools in their times of trouble were helped substantially, Marlborough by appeals to the Bishops and Clergy throughout the country (it was the first Church School and must be saved), and Radley by Mr. Hubbard putting, at the time of Dr. Sewell's mishap, £50,000 into the School's bank (so at least the story runs) and telling the authorities they could draw on it at their will and repay at their pleasure.

On July 4, 1881, Mr. Gray, the Headmaster, was appointed Warden, and the two offices, which ought never to be separated, were combined in the same hands. But though

a change of ministry had thus been effected, the crisis was by no means over. The existence of the College was secured, but it had to go through a hard struggle for its means of subsistence.

It had always been supposed by the creditors, or the chief of them, that the buildings and ground were somehow the private property of the Rector, and that these could be seized as assets. Bitter therefore was the disappointment when their hopes were falsified. But the waterworks, gasworks, laundry—all things in fact outside the ring fence were theirs.

The water-mill which pumped water for the College pumped also water for the Bradfield Workhouse, over which the Founder had exercised an autocratic power as Chairman of the Board of Guardians. He himself had built their chapel, and had contracted to supply the establishment with some thousands of gallons of water under a daily penalty of a £5 fine. This agreement was now vested in the Trustees for the creditors. The pipes, on the other hand, which ran from the mill to the Union above the College passed through the corporate territory. The Trustees for the creditors demanded a disproportionate rent for the future supply of the College. It was refused. The threat then came that unless an agreement was made the College water supply would be cut off. But they were told that if such design were persisted in, the College would be under the painful necessity of cutting off the pipes running through College territory, that thus the water would be cut off from the Union, and the Trustees would then have to direct the pipes along the high road; that this would take at least four weeks, and that during that twenty-eight days the creditors would have to pay a daily fine of £5 to the Workhouse Guardians, which worked out at £140, and it seemed doubtful whether the creditors as a body would think in these circumstances the Trustees were doing the best for their interests. Needless to say that the water rates became more reasonable. This was the first of three bouts.

A similar contest took place over the Laundry. This also was a part of Stevens' estate, and undue rates were proposed. But it was hinted that St. Mary's Home at Reading, where there were a number of industrious women who would cleanse the linen at a fair price, was a proper object of commercial charity. Again the Trustees were brought to their knees. Bout two.

With the gas there was another story. The gasworks were much out of repair, the retorts needed renewing, and it was believed that unless this was done the gas could not last out another winter. The creditors' Trustees were therefore asked to put in new retorts at once—a work of time. They however postponed their renewal, possibly on the ground that it was impossible to say that the College would exist at all in the following term.

It was not till threats were made to put the creditors generally in possession of the facts by circular that the work was undertaken, and this was not till the middle of August. It was a two months' job, and when the boys returned in September they would have found College in darkness. But this emergency had been foreseen. A large firm of lamp manufacturers were contracted with for 500 lamps. A man appeared three or four days before the boys' return, and for several weeks, whilst the gas retorts were being put into position, the College, Dining Hall, Classroom, Big School, 'Singles,' and offices, were lighted by 500 lamps. A man and a boy were occupied every day with trimming and preparing these 500 lights. In November the gas reappeared. Thus the third bout ended in victory, though at the cost of a £50 note.

The only real loss the School suffered at the hands of the creditors was that of the river bath, a loss not repaired till the old site came into the hands of Mr. T. Stevens, in 1896. But the difficulties of the situation did not end with the creditors. The financial condition was thoroughly unsound.

Only three new boys came that term, and one of them ran away. But he repented, was happily flogged, and became afterwards Senior Prefect.

The foundation contemplated 300 Commoners and sixteen Founder's boys. But when numbers fell with changes and revolutions, it was natural that Commoners should tail off and scholars stay on. So in the summer of 1881, the term after the catastrophe, there were only fifty-three boys, thirteen of whom alone were paying the proper fees (120 guineas), fourteen were paying nothing at all as Founder's boys, while the rest were paying various sums, according as the Founder had been able, in his own phrase, to 'hook' them. This sort of arrangement had been going on for many years, for at the periodical flittings of the Shadow Headmasters, the numbers went down with a run, and had to be brought up again by a Dutch auction between Warden and parents at whatever price—by payment in kind, by the advance of a sum down, or otherwise—could be extracted from the parent. Foundation Scholarships too had been very often awarded, not 'for merit,' but to sons of personal friends, for poverty, or 'for services rendered.' The fourteen Founder's boys were unstatutory, as the statute provided that if the number of Commoners sank below 160, the Founder's boys should sink rateably for every ten or fraction of ten, so long as the minimum did not fall below five; so that there were no less than nine superfluous non-paying members.

To remedy the state of the finances, the Founder's boys were reduced to the proper number, while in 1882 the fees of a Commoner were cut down from 120 guineas to 90 and 80 guineas, according as a boy came over or under 13. The change has apparently justified itself.

Another important change was the institution of a really competitive examination for the Foundation scholarships. Under the Founder these were too often given by favour or by way of getting a boy to the School who would not otherwise have come. Now the competition attracts over sixty candidates, as well it may, for the scholarships, if not so numerous, are more valuable than those of Winchester and Eton.

The Warden was by statute Chairman of the Council,

and new members of that body were co-opted when the old members of the Council (mostly personal friends of the Founder) resigned or died. Sir Thomas Acland retired, Lord Blachford and Mr. Ford died. The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, now President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Ince, Q.C., and, later on, the Earl of Stamford, an Old Boy, filled their places.

When one examines the minute books of the Council Meetings, it is impossible to help being struck with the manifest tone of cheerfulness and encouragement for the future which characterized the proceedings of the Governors. Practically indeed they left the actual management in the hands of the Warden, who, after one or two experiments otherwise, became his own Bursar, thus merging in the hands of one man threefold functions. The mortgage was gradually paid off, and the interest reduced, when the stability of the institution was placed beyond a doubt.

The accounts of this period contributed by Old Boys show that the storms in the upper Olympian world affected the mere mortals in the School but little. One of them casually remarks that there were among the boys vague rumours of the precarious nature of the School's existence; but all that he says of the crisis is that he believes Mr. Stevens departed soon after he came. The ordinary school life proceeded on the even tenor of its way. Perhaps the most striking evidence of the way into which the College had been allowed to fall into decay is one of E. J. Bidwell's reminiscences.

'Rat-hunts,' he says, 'were not unpopular, the chase being turned loose and pelted with fives balls. There were any number of rats in College at that time, and I still remember the shock caused by treading on a fat rat as I went to the upstairs studies on a dark winter's morning.'

Notwithstanding all the stress and strain of this struggle for bare existence, not only did the School go on quietly doing its ordinary work, and solid work too, as subsequent scholarships at Oxford proved, but the inexhaustible energy of the Warden-Headmaster found time and strength for

a new departure. In October, 1881, the preparations began for the first of the series of Greek Plays which have done so much for the name and fame of Bradfield and the culture of Bradfield boys. The representation of the *Agamemnon* in the original Greek at Oxford in 1880, when Mr. Frank Benson as Clytemnestra and Mr. Lawrence as Cassandra revealed to an English public what powerful acting plays those of Æschylus were, had roused a tremendous enthusiasm for the Greek drama. Dr. Gray boldly resolved to attempt a like success at Bradfield with Euripides' *Alcestis* with boys, and succeeded. As the plays are dealt with in a separate chapter, it is enough here to record that the *Alcestis* was performed in March, 1882. The dais in Hall was the stage. The way to the Green Room was through the Buttery Hatch. F. R. Benson was stage manager. The scenery was very slight.

It is pleasant to record that *Alcestis* (W. E. Marriott) won a scholarship at Pembroke, and the Choragus (G. P. Acworth) obtained one at Worcester shortly afterwards. It is not too much to hope that they had profited by the interest roused by the Greek play.

A performance of Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, which took place in 1881 (Easter), showed that the School was capable of good things in music even in the critical days. 'Vocal music was not confined in those days to the choir, but was an alternative to drill on certain days of the week, and in consequence many who did not care for drills attended the music class, whether nature had endowed them with ear or voice, or, as was often the case, with neither. Prefects attended *ex officio*, and their chief duty seems to have been to "root" the "ragging docks" in the front row, often precipitating them from the platform whereon we all stood. Yet even so the Precentor produced good results.'

Scanty as the numbers were, one athletic hero of no mean order was produced in M. H. Paine, who bears the auspicious number 666 in the register. He cleared 5 ft. 2½ in. High and 19 ft. 8½ in. Broad Jump, besides winning the 100 yards, Hurdles and Quarter-mile, five open events all in one

year. Needless to say that he represented his University in the Long Jump, as also in the Quarter. Training was assiduously carried on by runs round the 'Parallelogram.' 'College biscuits' were greedily devoured at the 'break' as tending to athletic fitness, but serious training was confined to the few, like H. P. Kitcat, C. Biscoe, and other mile-champions. Paper-chases were occasionally held, and 'hares' who lived in the neighbourhood—like the Floyds—gave us excellent runs, though the bulk of us slow ones had scarce reached the Tanyard and the water-cress beds (pleasant spots were they!) when the first arrivals had got back to College.

'In 1881 the present Football Challenge Cup was provided, and the hideous cap, which the winning team were entitled to wear for their year, disappeared. The Lower Fifth Form were the first winners of the new Cup in 1882.'

At the end of 1881 a new master joined the staff as teacher of Modern Languages, who served to show that the same old tricks that boys played on the foreigner in the fifties and sixties revive whenever a fitting *corpus delicti* presents itself. 'Herr Knecht had a remarkably deep voice and rugged features, and usually appeared clad in a dress-coat (and other things), with capacious pockets in the tails, from which it was his custom to produce objects of all kinds. He kept his ink-bottle and pen there, lumps of native chalk of a villainous kind which he picked up off the roads, and much preferred to the article supplied by the School for use on the board, and innumerable other odds and ends which caught his fancy in the course of the day's march. Learned as he was popularly supposed to be, the human boy, or at any rate the English species thereof, was a sealed book to him, and consequently work with him was purely voluntary. If you wanted to work you could to your own profit; if you did not, there was little or no compulsion. I recollect well my first German lesson with him, which consisted principally of a free fight between two boys, in the course of which a German Dictionary was torn in two. On another occasion a boy (now a clergyman) was

amusing himself by hurling walnut-shells at his friends in class. One of these missiles by chance struck Herr Knecht ("Old Nick" we called him, of course), and I shall never forget the look of sorrow and pained surprise with which he ejaculated, "Is it that they even throw their nots (sic) at me?" as if this indeed was the last straw.'

The Warden found time to take his Upper Sixth single-handed in those days, Mr. A. D. Godley, now of Magdalen, Oxford, and afterwards Mr. Gepp, being responsible for the Lower Sixth. There was no Remove and no Middle Fifth. They were the development of a later day.

This specimen of translation was shown up to Mr. Godley in all good faith, which is worthy of a place in his own *Lyra Frivola*. A poet sang of Flora, or some like personage, who had followed Spring:

And thou hast joined her gentle train!

This was latinized:

Et placidam caudam duxisti rursus in unum!

A curious instance of reversion, due presumably to some perverted historical reading, was the establishment of a body of Mohocks. 'A company, chiefly consisting of big fellows in the Lower and Upper Fifth and Modern Side, used to go out in the dark winter afternoons, and generally "rag" the houses of respectable citizens in the neighbourhood. They used to come in after lock-up, by climbing over the walls, near the Common Room Yard. After a certain number of windows had been broken and bells pulled down, the irate householders of the neighbourhood made a determined effort to discover the aggressors, and were very soon successful. Every member of the band was soundly thrashed and given a large number of lines, and there were no more Mohocks.'

In 1883, when the Upper Sixth Form only numbered eight in all, three names are recorded as having been elected scholars at different Colleges at Oxford—H. B. Beckwith, W. A. Gill, G. P. A. Acworth. This success so reduced the number of the Senior Form that the Upper Sixth could only muster three members in the Christmas

Term of 1883, two of whom were afterwards elected to scholarships at the same University.

In the summer of 1884 the Upper Sixth Form numbered six: four were afterwards scholars of their Colleges (E. J. Bidwell, A. Moore, C. E. G. Blunt, J. H. Peachey).

The Form Rooms gradually filled. The ancient 'Shell,' which in the days of emptiness, from 1881 to 1885, was used as a gymnasium, was again converted to Classroom uses.

In 1886 the School numbers had risen to over 100; the first Fellowship since 1880 had been gained (W. A. Gill, at Oriel; two others have been won since), and the Army Class came into existence. In the same year among the Firsts in Final Schools were found two names of old Bradfield boys. That year, too, four out of five boys in the Sixth went up to Queen's, Dr. Gray's old college, two won scholarships, one an exhibition, and the fourth was *proxime accessit*.

No wonder that describing the Commemoration of the year the *Guardian* alluded to the growth of Bradfield as 'a veritable resurrection from the dead.'

1886 in fact forms the year of transition from the period of struggle for existence to that of prosperous development, which still continues.

CHAPTER IX

A CHRONICLE, 1887-99

THE years since the turn of the tide in 1887 are too recent for any general view to be taken of them, or even for the collection of anecdotes and characters. Any attempt at describing the persons or the merits of those who are still with us at the School is necessarily excluded. Yet it seemed desirable to put on record, if only for the sake of the future historian, some of the most salient events of those years, the most prosperous in the whole history of the College. The record has therefore been thrown into the form of a *Chronicle* by Mr. T. Steele, who, from 1890-99, was Housemaster of the School-house, and now surveys the scene of his former labours from the elevated position of first Master of the Modern-Side House.

We came back to Bradfield in the autumn of 1887 full of a great sorrow. On the night of Monday, September 5, Percy Gosset had perished in the terrible fire at Exeter Theatre. That morning he had left London for a walking tour with Mr. Tamplin, an old College friend. Staying a night at Exeter, to pass the time, tempted perhaps by the title of the play, *The Romany Rye*—the name of a song that he had sung here in Big School—they went to the theatre. They are said to have been in the pit at first, and then, finding they could not see well, to have gone up into the gallery. They were never seen again. Percy Gosset was only 26. Bradfield has never had a more devoted Master. A committee was at once formed to decide on some fitting memorial of one who had endeared himself to us all, and the fund for this purpose



soon reached nearly £200. In December a tablet was put up in Bradfield Church, and, with the rest of the money, the committee decided to build an armoury within the College grounds. This armoury was in full working order by the next autumn. From over its fireplace Mr. Gosset's face—a happy, almost boyish, face—still looks down on the corps who throng it every drill day. Others, and not in the corps alone, have done as good service to the School, quietly, like him, 'hoping for nothing again'; but to very few is it given to serve with temper so genial and unspoilt.

In that autumn of 1887 the Rev. W. A. and Mrs. Hill came to Bradfield to take charge of the Junior School, on the resignation of the Rev. C. G. Gepp. The juniors then occupied the old bit of the present Army House, and the apartment now graced by A.C. 3 was Mrs. Hill's drawing-room. The juniors in those days rarely numbered more than nine. They cheered wildly when they scored a leg-bye, and sat at a side table in Hall under the eye of an uncomfortable Master. Among the new boys in College that term was a most weird person, De Kilpeck, who never came at all, who was a mere shadow for two terms, and yet got $\frac{3}{4}$ penal once, for lazy habits in the morning. In the *School Notes* of the time we read, 'There was a penal drill record last Monday—39 were on parade!' but this was indignantly contradicted in a letter to the next *Chronicle*, the writer asserting with much enthusiasm that the record was 42.

There is another item equally interesting, e.g. 'A very successful Christy Minstrel entertainment was given last week at the Village School. As "interlocutor" Mr. W. H. Money was very fine.' That term, too, the work of levelling the old Lower Ground was begun—a very good work. At the end of term the Rev. C. G. Gepp left. He had been here since January, 1882, and the Sixth Form owed much to his scholarship. There were more changes in the staff just then. In January, 1888, Mr. Gwynn and Mr. Minchin came, and at Easter Mr. Daubeney left. Mr. Minchin, we

are glad to say, is still with us, but Mr. Gwynn departed long ago, and is now in the front rank of London journalists. Mr. Daubeney had been at Bradfield since 1885, he was ordained deacon in 1887, and left us now for a curacy at Witney. Many old boys will remember that he married in 1893 a sister of Percy Gosset. Like Mr. Gosset, he was a keen supporter of the corps, and a welcome figure at Rag concerts. How well we remember the classical *Botany Bay*, with its 'gag' chorus; in it Mr. Daubeney was immense. One year some German musicians gave us



WINNING THE STEEPLECHASE: THE PASSAGE OF THE SLUICE.

German measles, and the next, our old flabby friend, mumps, reappeared, took a strange fancy to the Middle Fifth, worried the chief drummer, and refused to be scared away by Lent. 1888, we think, was the first year that the steeplechase finished with both sluice and river.

A more picturesque and exciting finish for a race than this it would be hard to find. The sluice is a place where the main stream of the Kimber parts from the water which is carried along a cut to the water-mill, just below the

College grounds, and goes rushing and bubbling over a weir in green and silver streaks with a fall of near three feet. Nearly every Old Boy who has contributed his recollections to this volume has wound up with a peroration on the charms of College at night with the murmur of the sluice. Into this classic pool the jaded competitors, after their two and a half mile run up hill and down dale, over bog, over brier, plunge, or rather tumble, to swim to the further shore, and then, like giants refreshed with wine, clamber the steep bank to walk into the river, on the further shore of which glory and the goal await the first comer. Truly the British boy is not quite played out when he invents such discipline for himself, and calls it sport.

On 23 May, 1888, we were all assisting at a very impressive ceremony—the funeral of the Founder. It had always been his earnest wish to be buried at Bradfield, and here, under the wall of his old church, he was laid to rest.

In the following July, at Wimbledon, we did great things. Wall won the Spencer Cup, we were second for the Cadet Pairs, and only lost the Ashburton Shield by two points! Our record has never been quite so good all round. The VIII received a riotous welcome home. The ‘corridor goose’ never got over it. Do many Old Boys remember that once familiar bird? For years it had been one of the *lares* and *penates* of the Masters’ Corridor. There it stood, legless, in an unfeeling world, and it was the fashion as you went to bed to give it a furtive whack with your Goodwin or your Euclid. Its long agony ended that night. Our Wimbledon success was not the only one of that year. W. A. Gill (Queen’s College, Oxford) won the Chancellor’s English Essay prize, and, for the first time since 1882, we beat Radley at football. G. Smyth (half) and Roberts (forward) were especially good, but the victory (3-0), was not a brilliant one, as Radley were very weak. On the other hand there was a splendid game against the Old Boys, who were just beaten by 4-3. They had no less than six former captains in their team.

That year, 1888, is quite a big date in the way of new

faces and new buildings. There was a new grub-shop and a new gymnasium; a new armoury, and a new Junior School; a new ground and a new club (the 'Quam'); a new Rector, and six new Masters (Messrs. S. L. Gwynn, H. C. Minchin, A. E. Rubie, H. W. Waterfield, W. F. Duckworth, and F. M. Ingram); and even a new Debating Society. Of the last-named we quote the following magnificent 'Johnsone' from the *Chronicle*: 'The old society passed through a glorious existence, and died an untimely death (1884). We see no reason why the present one should not emulate the glories of its predecessor and flourish, refreshed rather than enervated after its long period of dormancy.' All the Sixth were members, and a limited number were eligible from the Remove. The new society went strongly for a time, the subjects of debate were well chosen; a very hotbed of Radicalism existed; and all of that generation will remember one great night when Tucker proposed the abolition of the 'Lords.' A. K. Collett tells us of quite an Irish night on January 29, 1892, when the Salvation Army was discussed. The *Chronicle* briefly notes: 'Here ensued some lively discussion between Messrs. Dahse, Walker, Reynolds, Lawson, and Blagden.' What happened, says Collett, was that 'Walker and Reynolds appeared in the middle of the proceedings dressed for the part—that is, in the pirate-like cap and jersey of the Fire Brigade! The president, Blagden, rebuked them for levity, whereupon they proceeded to undress'—and hence 'the lively discussion'! The society died again for one term (1895), and was mourned in an elegy by P. Koppel; but it revived once more and still flourishes, though scarcely like a green bay-tree. To have keen debates there must be an opposition, and the motions too often take the form of axioms and platitudes to allow much chance of this.

Amid the coming-in of so much that was new that year, one familiar face disappeared—the Rev. B. Watkins left. He came to Bradfield in January, 1884, and except for a term or two, was the Middle Fifth master for the whole

of his stay. Mr. Watkins was a delightful artist and companion. To all of us he was an interesting and a puzzling figure, to none more so than to his Form, and there are few masters, we suppose, round whose names so many anecdotes have collected. Like many men of strong individuality Mr. Watkins had strong dislikes, and in his classroom these took odd shapes. A new boy was more or less of an impertinence; a scholar he could not abide; and no doubt the home-bred affectation of the one and the over good conceit of himself in the other, often justified his antipathy. During his first term in the Form no new boy was allowed to ask a question. That taught him humility. If he forgot this there was at once a chorus from the old hands of 'New boy, sir, new boy!' Then Mr. Watkins: 'You new boy, it is impertinence of you to speak, go down three places.'

Mr. Watkins took a keen interest in the games. If you were in the Cricket XI, and missed one of his hours on a match day you did not get an average, but were marked as follows: one for every run, five for every wicket, five for every catch, and five off for every catch dropped. His Form too were great naturalists, and one term they had quite a menagerie. It consisted of 'two pigeons, one dormouse, one squirrel, mummies of thrush and blackbird, seven chaffinches, and a slow-worm!'

If Mr. Watkins was unconventional in the classroom, on the football field he was truly Homeric. He was the centre half for the Senior Common Room for many years. Himself a keen Rugbeian, who loved to talk of the old 'hacking' days, he looked upon the Association game as little short of effeminate, and upon a 'dribbler' as a moral shuffler of the most offensive type. At the sight of some dainty school forward mincing along with the ball, he might have been heard to growl, 'Affected puss!' and then with one ferocious charge blot out the miserable scrimshanker from the landscape.

After leaving Bradfield Mr. Watkins was for some years Professor of Classics at the Bishop's College, Lennoxville;

and in 1893 he was appointed Provost of the Western University of Canada (London, Ontario).

One other event of 1888 is worthy of notice. In October, H. A. Tapsfield won an open Choral Scholarship at Magdalen College, Oxford. This was by no means the first time that a Bradfield boy had won such a scholarship. A. H. G. Morris and C. G. Hall did so in 1860; M. C. Morris in 1863, and W. Neville in 1869. We have but little recollection of the voice that won the scholarship in 1888, but the voice that won all our hearts at the School entertainment in 1897 is still one of the most delightful of our memories.

1889 was almost an uneventful year as compared with its two predecessors, but it too had its novelties, some of them important ones. A new Laundry appeared; the Fire Brigade was started, and also the 'Bradfield Club.' 'Up to that time the only means of bringing O.B.B. together were the annual dinner and the Waifs' Cricket Club. Of these the former, despite the efforts of a few Old Boys, received but little support; while the Waifs' Club only professed to keep together some of the best cricketers. So the Old Boys present at the 1888 dinner elected a committee then and there to put their views into a practical shape. The result of that Committee's efforts was the Bradfield Club. The rules which they drew up were submitted to a meeting of Old Boys in July, 1889, and were unanimously passed. The Club's main objects are—

- '(a) To secure a larger attendance at the Dinner.
- '(b) To organize O.B.B. athletics.
- '(c) To keep O.B.B. in closer touch with the School.'

In six months the club numbered seventy members; it has now nearly 300. The first hon. sec., and a most popular one, was R. C. Guy. On his resignation in 1891 he was succeeded by E. Crosskey; and he in turn gave way in 1893 to C. E. Nicholl, who still holds office.

When we came back in September, we missed yet another very familiar face. Mrs. Money died in the holidays. Hundreds of Old Boys, as they read this, will



THE RED HOUSE

think at once of the dark little room at the Red House, where 'Grubs' once was. At the Red House, and at the new shop in the grounds, she had presided for twenty years! Mrs. Money was unfortunately very deaf, and the screaming during the 'quarter' was terrific. Few boys can have thought of the worry she went through. After a long hot half-holiday in the shop she would often go straight to bed. She was, like others of her family, a very faithful servant of the School.

Mr. Campion, Mr. Guy, and Mr. Vaughan-Hughes joined the Senior Common Room in September, and Mr. Watt in the following January. The first three left us long ago; but Mr. Watt, in Corps, Library and Laboratory, is still doing yeoman's service to the School. Mr. Guy was with us for only two years. He was as keen a master as he had been a boy; and no more cheery companion has ever brightened the S.C.R. We cannot say that the 1889 Football XI was good, but the Radley match was perhaps the most exciting we have ever seen. We just won by 4-3, owing to Nicholl's captaincy.

1890 we must call an eventful year. In April the Warden and three Junior School boys—La Trobe one of them—'turned the first sod in the chalk-pit, and began the construction of the Greek Theatre; and in June "for the first time in this country, an Attic drama was played in the open-air."'

There was another event in 1890 which helped to make it a red-letter year. The Army House was opened in May, and Mr. Low left his old room by the Snake Door to take charge of it. He had been House-master in the School-house for ten years. Mr. Steele succeeded him.

The Army House started with twenty-one boys, and has contained an average of thirty ever since. Thanks to good discipline and first-rate teaching, its success has never been in doubt: in nine years, thirteen boys have passed from it direct into Woolwich—two of these in the first ten—and seventeen direct into Sandhurst; and in addition to this, in the last years, eleven boys have passed into the *Britannia*.

The removal of the Army House—and nine years later, of the Modern side, have made a great change in the social life of the School. A. K. Collett says, 'Partly from the system of classrooms under one roof, and partly, no doubt, from the comparative smallness of the School, there was undoubtedly a great feeling of personal connexion. It was most certainly a great reinforcement to the sentiments of close connexion, which we felt, after leaving, for each other, and for the School, that there was nobody we did not know, at least by sight. And we found the opposite very noticeable and surprising in the case of people from other schools, who often became intimate first at the "Varsity," though they had actually been in the Sixth together, in their Public School. I suppose this feature must inevitably pass away, in exchange for other benefits, as the growth of the School comes to involve subdivision in Houses, and the loss of the patriarchal sentiment of unity which must have been so strong in still earlier years.'

1890 was the first year in which we entered for the Public Schools' Gymnastic Competition at Aldershot. G. Dahse and A. Sellon were our champions, but they could not get higher than sixteenth, out of nineteen competitors. We have done very little better since at this branch of athletics. It cannot be for want of interest in the authorities; for the Warden gives two prizes every year, and besides these, there is a Challenge Cup, presented by Mr. Duckworth—for the best gymnast in the School. But somehow or other, fencing has absorbed most gymnastic enthusiasm. A few years ago, when Mr. Gundry and Mr. Jones were here, and the great Captain Hutton used to come down to show us what graceful sword-play was, there were quite exciting afternoons in the 'gym.' For Captain Hutton was delightful to see: he could have fenced 'before the eyes of ladies, and of Kings.'

The cricket of 1890 was not remarkable, but the football was excellent. At 'half' we have seldom been stronger. We beat Radley on their ground by 1-0, and lost only two matches in the whole season.



COLLEGE GATE AND ARMY HOUSE

Mr. David and Mr. Kyrke came in September, 1890. The former left us all too soon, for Rugby; but Mr. Kyrke still makes the rough places plain for the 'Bobs' and the 'Bullers' of the coming time.

That same term saw the start of a new kind of 'entertainment,' not that suggested by 'a gentleman in black, with a long wand and a white sheet, a tumbler of water and a magic lantern,' but that more popular variety in which 'a minority of the School endeavour to amuse the remainder on at least one winter afternoon in each year.' 'For exactly ten years,' says a correspondent, 'Mr. Steele's entertainment—as it has come to be called—has been one of the landmarks of the Michaelmas term. We should feel quite lost without it now.'

'It was certainly a great idea, this amusing of ourselves, *by* ourselves. Where can we find the germ of it? Probably in a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Chronicle* as far back as October, 1886. This letter contains the plaint of a resident in the Upper Studies, and is not wholly disinterested. The writer is driven by the discordant vocalism of the classrooms below, to ask whether so much latent (?) musical talent could not be diverted to a better end—the promotion of occasional concerts. Such was the germ. It took some time fertilizing. Not until December, 1889, is the subject retouched in the *Chronicle*. At that date a sympathetic performance at the Junior School, inspires in the reporter a renewed desire for the direction into better channels of the School's still latent though aggressive musical talent. Perhaps this performance gave the impulse, and December, 1890, saw the first of "Mr. Steele's Entertainments."'

A glance at the programmes of the various years since then, shows that the promoter's object was to please, rather than to instruct. 'The performers,' the *Chronicle* tells us, 'gave us good familiar songs, with choruses.' It was 'really popular pie,' as the American child said. There was no idea of being severely classical, or, if an item of classical music did appear, it was followed by something

lighter, before the audience had time to suspect a subtle conspiracy to 'improve' them. Nobody looked for that sort of improvement, what they expected, and found, was improvement in spirits. 'You pass'—again the *Chronicle* is our authority—'with no appreciable interval from Brahms to Scott-Gatty.' On another occasion we read, 'Mr. Pole's violin class opened the proceedings with a very pretty piece by Allen Macbeth, which had plenty of "go" in it, as well as tune: in fact, an admirer of Chopin might have found fault with it as "awfully tune-y." However, that fault, if a fault, would make the music more appreciated by a Bradfield audience.'

But it is time to pass on to the acting, which is what the School has probably anticipated with most pleasure in these entertainments. *The Critic* (given three times); *Old Gooseberry*; *The Rosebud of Stinging Nettle Farm* (given twice); *Box and Cox* (twice); *The Rehearsal in the Forest* and *The Play before the Duke from A Midsummer Night's Dream* (twice). Such is the repertoire of ten years.

Place aux Dames! Let us speak first of the agreeable heroines of these pieces. We are inclined to think that the best in this kind was the great and unexpected success of F. A. M. Spencer as 'The Rose' in Byron's farce. It was a delightful picture of the airs and graces of rural coquetry. Of three 'Tilburinas,' the earliest—C. K. Maconochie—was perhaps the best, where all were good: A. Willis as the 'Confidante' on that occasion was excellent; even better was P. A. Koppel in another year. 'Of Koppel,' says our reporter, 'we can only say he *was* the "Confidante".'

In male parts, R. C. Guy was great as 'Puff,' Mr. Watt admirably incisive as 'Sneer.' We have seen Messrs. H. W. Waterfield and J. H. Vince as 'Leicester,' as 'Sir Narcissus,' and as 'Cox,' and we hesitate to bestow the palm. *Et vitula tu dignus, et hic.* We reserve a particular niche in our memory for Mr. Waterfield's presentment of 'Bottom.' Mr. Ingram has nearly always been in the cast and has been a great help; probably he has been most popular as 'Hugly.' It is pleasant to-day to recall Mr. Powley's

share in these performances; he thoroughly enjoyed them. And every one that could has always lent a hand; if not as actors, then as scene-painters, programme-designers, and dressers. For nine years Mr. Steele was Stage Manager, with what measure of success our readers do not need telling. Mr. Ingram has now taken his place. We heartily wish him as good a record.

The Speech Day of 1891—July 31—was of exceptional interest. On that day a Special Service was held on the site of the new Chapel, the Foundation Stone of which was laid by the Earl of Stamford (O.B.B.). By the following April the Chapel Fund amounted to more than £4000. This included an anonymous donation of £1000, and one of £500 by the late Mr. Benyon. Mr. Benyon too, most generously gave another £500 for stalls and church furniture.

Messrs. W. B. Thomas and C. H. Jones joined the S. C. R. in September. That same month saw the transformation of the Village Club into a Chemical Laboratory.

The Football of that season (1891-2) was excellent. Anderson went from half to centre-forward and played brilliantly. We played our first match with Lancing, on their ground, and could only draw, but we beat Radley 3-1. Tyndall was very fast on the wing that year, and W. Leech at half almost as good as Reynolds.

Like the Football, the Sports (1892) were an improvement on former years. The Mile—won by C. Paine—was better, and there were far larger fields for the Steeplechases; but the great event was Tyndall's Quarter—time $54\frac{4}{5}$! The Junior Steeple was a really grand race, and it is the only occasion we can remember when a steeplechase was won almost on the post, C. Reiss just beating J. Dooner after a race all down the straight.

That term, too, we had our first Fives matches with Radley, but were beaten easily. Indeed we have only managed to win once in all these contests—last year, when Nicholl and Goldsmid were old and wily.

There were some capital verses on the College rooks in a *Chronicle* of that date; and as every Bradfield boy

worships these birds we take the liberty of reprinting their poet:—

THE ROOKS.

From yonder tree whose topmost limb
O'erlooks the churchyard and the Gym,
Digesting there the captured worm,
A rook surveyed the Easter term
With sapient eye—and all he saw
He noted with a comment—Caw!

When oft the actors far below
Greek chorus chanted, grand and slow,
Their kindred melodies with joy
He heard, and gave the key-note—Chwoi!

Of afternoons in fields and courts
He'd watch the football or the sports;
When goals were kicked, or records broke,
Amongst the cheers he shouted—Coke!

The twelfth of April came—a day
That sped his festive friends away;
That morn 'twas *Cervus*' fate to eat
Amidst a crop of poisoned wheat;
He, home returning, somewhat sad,
Heard the departing cheer like mad;
And as he watched the final brake
His old familiar close forsake,
His plumes grew ruffled, dimmed his eye,
And supervened the agony
Of fierce intestinal catarrh—
He died with one pathetic Karrh!

That term the German measles put the villain Aegisthus out of court, they decimated 'supers,' and they drew a ruthless pen through the matches with Radley and Sherborne. So the Cricket season was one of the dullest that we remember, and we will say no more of it except that against M.C.C. we got 43, and that they then stayed in for nearly five hours and heaped up 470 for seven wickets!

On June 29 of that year—St. Peter's day—the new Chapel was consecrated by the Bishop of Oxford. The Chronicle says, 'To many, especially among Old Boys, the event must have come as a shock, brought up as they were to regard the Parish Church as closely bound up with College. But they must remember that the resignation of the Founder altered the circumstances entirely, and that



THE CHAPEL. NORTH SIDE.

though, by an arrangement between the Headmaster and the Rector, the College used the Church both on Sundays and weekdays, yet the boys no longer formed the choir, as had been the original custom, except at their private services. And further, the School has grown so rapidly as to outnumber and crowd out the villagers.' The Chapel still consists, as on the day of its consecration, merely of a nave and temporary chancel. Tower and chancel wait for a benefactor. On the evening before the consecration a farewell service was held in the Church. There were few of us who were unmoved.

Though the Chapel is not yet ten years old, yet it has already its own memorials. Four tablets are already on its walls. Two of these are to men honoured, as boys and masters, by older generations—W. J. Champion and E. Wilkinson; while the other two whose 'name and life's brief date' are recorded—V. S. Menzies and W. T. Blunt—fell out very early in the race, 'weary with the march of life.'

The Football of 1892 was not so good as in 1891. We beat Lancing indeed by 3-1 on our ground, but they had quite as much of the game.

There were three splendid performances in the Sports of 1893: Tyndall surpassing himself in the Quarter, 52 $\frac{3}{5}$; W. Dooner jumping 20 ft. 1 in.; and H. Pooley in the Junior Cricket Ball throwing 90 yards.

Another disappointing Cricket season followed; we played miserably against Radley, feebly against Sherborne.

The Football season of 1893-4 was disappointing, though we had an energetic captain in King-Peirce. Only two games out of ten were won, and the Radley match—played at Oxford in consequence of illness—ended in our first defeat for six years. The only other noteworthy events of 1893 were the coming of Mr. Worrall, and the installation of the organ in chapel. In 1892 some ladies, whose sons had been educated at Bradfield under the present Warden, had formed themselves into a committee to raise funds for purchasing an organ. The mothers of boys who had been at College since 1880 were invited to

contribute, and the result of the appeal was most satisfactory.

When we came back in January, 1894, a familiar face had disappeared from our little Bradfield world. Mr. Hassall, the College butler, died in the early days of the Christmas holidays, after a very short illness. He had been for twelve years a most energetic servant of the College.

There were two or three other notable events that summer; the Hon. Stephen Coleridge (O.B.B.) presented to the College an oil painting by himself, 'The clouds are the dust of His feet,' which now hangs in the Library. We failed by one point to carry off the Ashburton Shield for two years running. The *July Chronicle* noticed with regret the death of Mr. Arthur Powell, of Milton Heath, Dorking, a member of the Council, and the head of a family whose name occurs more frequently than any other in the register. No less than fifteen Powells more or less nearly related to him (among them several of his sons) have been at Bradfield; and at no period since its foundation has there not been at least one of the name in the School.

The Football season of 1894-5 was fairly successful. The team, as a whole, above the average. As in 1894 and 1893 the Radley match found the XI at their worst, but they won a good game against Lancing by 3-0. The 2nd XI match against Radley—which we won by 2-1—provoked a delightful description of 'the keenest game we ever saw,' and the account of our second goal, of the huge Radley backs, and 'Charlesworth sedately sailing between two advancing icebergs,' was one of the vividest football pictures we remember in the *Chronicle*.

That November it rained for two days and a half almost without stopping. The gas-main rebelled, so that afternoon school had to be given up, and there was a Rag Concert instead of 'Prep,' to the smell of oil-lamps. The Kimber flooded all the water-meadows, the Post Office was an island, and two boys swam round the orchestra of the Greek Theatre!

In the July *Chronicle* of that term there is a delightful article by Collett, entitled 'Common Objects of the Classroom.' The writer says, 'A great work still remains unwritten, a Bradfield Natural History; not a treatise on the inhabitants of the mountains and forests of the parish, the elks of Englefield, the pythons of Snake Copse; but an accurate account of the fauna of the classrooms, the passages, and the cricket-ground. Such a work, alas! we have yet to expect; but in the meantime a few notes, however inadequate, may be some help to those who hitherto may not have realized the interest of this branch of study.'

'The stream below is haunted, so runs the legend of the fishermen, by monsters of Titanic size, and superhuman cunning; and the strange ices that spangle the water, weeds, and trees throughout the summer months would well repay careful classification. But it is the region inside college walls that is most of all haunted by curious and diverse beings. First there is primaeval man, of unknown resting-place, of unintelligible speech, he flits to and fro, bearing in either hand a coal-basket, and thinks, no doubt, of the days when he, a blithe young savage, sported with the ichthyosaurus beneath the forest trees that he now dispenses in the shape of coal. The most intelligible classification of the wild things of the classroom would be that of Moses, the clean and the unclean; but as an example of the former class is yet unknown, another method must be sought, say, those with and without legs. Under the former class came rats and mice, and such small deer; most conspicuous of these is the pink-eyed rat that lives to starve to death while its owner is absent with measles, only attracting attention when too late to be pleasant; and secondly, the dormouse whose most remarkable characteristic is an alarming propensity to skin her own tail. Frogs, moles, and plovers for all practical purposes are mice, and need no detailed description. The other natural order is that without legs—worms and creeping things innumerable; such as the silkworm, a person of uncomely aspect and debased intellect; the slow-worm, a being with-

out a soul, who will not hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely on the penny whistle. But chief among the denizens of the classroom is the serpent. He it is that lends a piquant air of adventure to the most prosaic toys. Does not the glamour of the boundless jungle surround the French dictionary and hair-brush, if we only know that he in the form of the cobra lurks behind them? His spirit scorns confinement; not his to nibble nuts while the door of his dungeon is ajar. Is there not a tale of one ferocious member of his tribe who was the terror of the boot-holes till overcome in single combat by the intrepid spirit of the hair cutter?

‘We hope we have said enough to prove the deep interest that surrounds these common objects of the classrooms and the cricket-field, to point out an absorbing line of study for the winter months when dormice and slow-worms are demoralizing examples of the benefit of systematic sleepiness, and Smiler and the swallow have migrated respectively to Maidenhead and Morocco.’

The Football XI of 1895-6 was one of the strongest we have ever had. Only three times in the whole season were they beaten, and on two of these occasions it was by exceptionally strong teams. They completely out-played Lancing at Dorking, winning by 5-1, and did a record performance against Radley, defeating our old rivals by no less than 10-0!

There are one or two notices in the *Chronicle* which deserve mention before we take leave of 1895. The first is—‘The Modern Side has been entirely separated from the Classical. Three new modern Forms have been started. Lower Fifth Parallel B, formerly the Shell, has disappeared as such, and is now Modern Side Division III.

A second notice refers to the leaving of Mr. Jones and Mr. North; and a third to the coming of Mr. Piggott, Mr. Bell, and Mr. Abdy Williams. Of Mr. Jones, the *Chronicle* says, ‘there are few of our School institutions where his loss will not be severely felt and his tireless energy missed.’ Mr. Jones was indeed one of the most

versatile of schoolmasters; he could play every game and every instrument, and teach anything from fencing to phonetics. It seems but yesterday since he was Coryphaeus in the Greek theatre; now, his stage is that busy South African world, where he is surely an officer after Lord Kitchener's own heart.

In 1896 the new cricket pavilion was opened. It cost nearly £950, and of this sum, £780 was paid off by the



JUNIOR SCHOOL.

end of the year. No less a sum than £625 was given by 'Grubs,' a fact which speaks worlds for the healthy state of that institution, and the unhealthy appetites of the School.

We came back in September to a great change in the Junior School. Mr. Hill had left and Mr. Peake reigned in his stead. It was from Ireland that Mr. Hill had come nine years before; and it was to Ireland that he now went back, rich certainly in the esteem and

affection of all who knew him. Under Mr. Peake, the Junior School has been very prosperous.

Messrs. J. H. Vince, E. L. Richardson, and L. W. Reynolds joined the Common Room in the autumn term. Mr. Bell had gone to Germany to gather fresh stores of learning, leaving us as a parting gift the Challenge Cup for Junior Form cricket. Mr. Thomas had wedded journalism.

From one cause or another—perhaps it was the wet, and the number of blank days—our 1896 Football could not be compared with that of 1895, and we could only manage to draw both the Radley and Lancing matches. On the other hand, the Second XI had quite a triumph, beating Radley by 5-0 on a ground that was a perfect quagmire.

1897 was a memorable year in many ways. Two new classrooms were built; the numbers of the corps reached 114; the School grew so that the Tan House was taken as an 'overflow' house under Mr. Duckworth's charge; R. Master ran what was then a record mile; the corps went on June 29 to the Royal Review at Windsor; the Army Class passed three boys straight into Woolwich in July; we beat Radley at cricket for the first time since 1887; we won the Ashburton Shield again; and we finished the year in most triumphant style by winning the Radley football match by 7-0!

Mr. Waterfield deserted us that year. A boy was once saying 'Boadicea' to him for 'Rep,' he got as far as—

Regions Caesar never knew,
Thy posterity shall sway,

when Mr. Waterfield stopped him. 'Now, Jones, what does posterity mean?' No answer. 'Oh come, you surely know—posterity!' Long pause. Then shyly, 'I know, Sir, but I don't like to say!' Soon after Mr. Waterfield left, we were saying good-bye to the Precentor. That was no ordinary leave-taking. Six and thirty years before, in 1861, the Precentor came to Bradfield, before most of the present Masters were cradled, when the fathers of some 'juniors' were still in their perambulators! The very mention of so long a period carries with it a sad

reflection. To the great majority, we fear, of boys in the nineties, the Precentor was but little known. His active days were past before they came. The number of those who could remember his delightful music for the Greek play of 1890 we could almost have counted on our fingers. His figure was indeed a familiar one to that generation in Hall, in Chapel, and at Evening Prayer, but with the bright personality of the man himself how few had come in contact! It was very different with the Common Room. What his genial kindly nature was to us can we ever over-estimate? For

A mirthful man was he : the snows of age
Fell, but they could not chill him.

At Cheltenham the Precentor had been a Master before he came to Bradfield, and he delighted to recall his days there. Whether the young lady of the picnic, who sat with him for two hours on the tree waiting for a proposal, were a myth or not, we cannot say; but we know that, once a year at breakfast, he would suddenly say, 'The 17th, Arabella's birthday! I had a narrow escape then!' Then there was 'purr Julia's' husband, a master at some other School, if he was not the most mythical figure of the whole series. 'Boys, I *cannot work* with you to-day: it's my *purr* Julia's birthday!' He was the same who told the great rat story—'One morning in coming home from church, we found ten rats sitting in front of the drawing-room fire. I killed three with my umbrella; my *purr* Julia, she followed suit with her Church Service, and the rest ran up the chimney. There was an *ahful* smell of burnt hair afterwards!' Of the Precentor's own sayings, not the least good to those who know the approach through a tunnel in the wall, was his remark that when he was going into the pulpit in church he always felt inclined to whistle. What a link the Precentor was with the past! Of all Masters who have left the School none can have carried with them better wishes, nor left behind a kindlier name. On the night of February 16 last, he passed away in his sleep. He was in his sixty-seventh year. He was buried in

Twickenham Cemetery. 'A scheme has already been set on foot,' says the *Chronicle*, 'for perpetuating his memory by a tablet in Chapel, which will form a pendant to that put up to the late Rev. W. J. H. Champion.'

The Football season of 1897-8 was as successful as that of 1895. The XI beat Lancing by 5-1, and Radley by 7-0, and lost only one match between October 28 and the end of the season in the following March. Of the play of the forwards in the Radley match, the same severe critic as before wrote: 'We think them as good a combination as any set we can remember.' L. F. Goldsmid, too, was splendid in goal, and C. de M. Latrobe was as admirable a captain as he was a Senior Prefect. The two Radley matches since then have both been drawn games, but we beat Lancing in 1898 by no less than 8-2.

The Sports of 1898 and 1899 were quite as good as the football. In the former year R. Master won the Mile in 4.53 $\frac{1}{2}$, but he did an even better performance in the Half-mile Handicap, which he won from scratch in 2min. 8sec.—a record—after one of the finest races we have seen. Not more than half a dozen yards divided the first four, all Lower Sixth boys. The next year Master beat all his other performances by doing the Mile in 4.49; and this was not the only record, G. N. Shea's time for the Hurdles being a second better than has ever before been done at Bradfield. In each of these years the senior Steeplechase was won easily by G. A. Simmons, while for the third and fourth times the Gardiner family carried off the Obstacle Race!

A most important event took place on July 1, 1898—the opening of the new outdoor swimming bath. The bath is in the water-meadows, just beyond the village cricket-ground, is about 50 yards long by 20 broad, and the depth varies from four to seven feet. Of its success there can be no doubt, its only drawback being that, owing to the bridge across the river being closed, we have to go about six hundred yards round to reach it. The swimming and diving races are already most popular institutions.



THE BATHING PLACE

In 1897 and 1898 death robbed us of two very good neighbours—Mr. Benyon and Mr. Usborne. Mr. Benyon had no official connexion with us, but Mr. Usborne had been, since 1894, a member of the Council. Both were generous friends of the School. Mr. Benyon gave largely to the chapel fund, whilst the rifle range, leased on most liberal terms, is a constant memorial of his liberality to the corps. Mr. Usborne gave for years the Fives cup, as well as a prize at the Sports; and the hospitality of Bradfield Cottage will always be a pleasant memory to not a few of the Senior Common Room.

We cannot bring this long history to a more fitting close than by quoting a short article by A. K. Collett, which appeared in the *Chronicle* of July, 1896. It is called 'The Last Night,' and we are certain that there is not an Old Boy but will readily forgive us.

'The valley is very still. In early June, when the term was yet long before us, the nightingales still sang to one another far across the valley; while below the weir, the corncrake marked the hours with ceaseless double notes; and the air was full of the scent and stir of life, as the great white moths flickered upon the gloom, and the spell of the elder's perfume went through the night from the pallid discs that seemed to hang without support, when the long afterglow had faded and left the foliage unseen. But now the wild throb of joyous life has abated; no birds sing in the night. The elder blossom has passed long since, and the wild rose that bloomed with rising June. The peace of the night seems almost sorrow for what has passed, very strange and sad, for it is the last night. The church clock breaks out upon the hour, seeming an unfamiliar sound, now that we shall hear it in the still night no more. The silence closes round the tower as the throbbing notes yield and die. Very far away to the north-west the bark of a sheep-dog passes from the downs; the wind was from the downs before it died. Strange, still thoughts, and the quiet murmur of the weir, are mingled in the night as we watch down the stars; but

watching does not seem too long, we feel that this night can never come again. A voice of some one talking in his sleep breaks on the silence; uncertain and inarticulate it is very strange to hear, as if our heart alone lived in a world of spirits, or perhaps as if we alone were dumb and dead, while life beat around us. That heart can sleep, and happily, too, for it broke forth in a voice of eager gladness, of expectation of the holidays; many summer nights will come to it before the last. That seven-rayed group of stars is sinking in the sleeping woods; a stir, which is not yet the gentle breeze of dawn, breaks the spell of the night, and at last we wish to sleep. The darkness seems to breathe the half-forgotten words of the old poet: "Sleep on, comrades, and take your rest, for rest cannot be long, *cras ingens iterabimus aequor.*"



THE COLLEGE COTTAGE.

CHAPTER X

THE GREEK PLAY

BRADFIELD was the first of the Public Schools to follow the example set at Oxford in 1880, and present a Greek play in the original, and it is still distinguished by having made the performance a triennial event, and made a permanent provision for the representation of plays in an open-air theatre on the ancient model.

The pathetic story of *Alcestis*, as told by the poet whom Mrs. Browning described as 'our Euripides the human, with his droppings of warm tears,' was selected for the first effort in 1881, as being more suited to the taste of a modern audience than the more ambitious tragedy of the older poet, while it had been recently illuminated by the genius of Browning himself in *Balaustion's Adventure*. It was performed on a comparatively humble scale and under foreign leadership.

Mr. F. R. Benson, now the well-known actor, whose success in the impersonation of Clytemnestra at Oxford had been 'phenomenal,' and who was an old schoolfellow of the Headmaster at Winchester, was called in as stage manager and Apollo; Mr. G. B. C. Lawrence, now a leading barrister, who had equally electrified the Oxford audience with his Cassandra, took the part of Death; Mr. W. L. Courtney, then of New College, now of the *Daily Telegraph*, and Editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, played Hercules; while the Warden-Headmaster himself took the thankless rôle of Admetus. The rest of the cast was composed of Bradfield masters and boys. The latter took as keen

an interest in it as the former; and found special jests of their own. One who was then a junior records, with some glee, incidents which did not appear in the public records. Among them was an unrehearsed effect behind the curtain, when F. R. Benson, having barked his shin over a plank behind the scenes, used some very vigorous expressions not in the original Greek. Happening to see one or two youngsters who had been in hearing, he, with great presence of mind, gave them a short but impressive lecture on the evils of strong language, but did not explain his own *lapsus linguae*. Mr. Binckes, who appears to have returned to Bradfield 'for this occasion only' to take the part of Pheres, covered himself with notoriety by his too exuberant zeal as prompter. He evidently thought that the business of a prompter was to prompt whether the actors required his help or not, and this in so loud a voice that he could be heard all over the hall. The subdued rage and muttered threats of Thanatos and Apollo—not that the latter knew his part—were a source of the keenest joy to the chorus and other boys behind the scenes. Such episodes did not prevent the play from being recorded as a triumphant success. It was found that without infringing on ordinary work, for all the rehearsals were done out of school hours, a Greek play could be produced in a Public School, under the control of one dominating influence, far more easily than in the less restrained atmosphere of a University, and with great intellectual advantage to the performers.

Those who witnessed the performance—says 'Sentinel,' from whose article in *Amateur Clubs and Actors*, edited by G. W. Elliot, the bulk of the rest of this chapter is drawn—realized that the Bradfield boys were one play to the good (to quote the language of a Greek professor), and that the dead language had at length spoken with a living voice to the world of scholars. The example of Bradfield was followed by other Public Schools—Cheltenham, Uppingham, Leamington, and Edinburgh Academy.

In 1888 an old and disused chalk-pit just outside the

College grounds came into the Warden's hands. He immediately conceived the idea of converting it into a Greek theatre, on the model of those existing in the best times of the Attic drama.

With the aid of the boys, and afterwards with the help of professional workmen, he cut into the solid chalk ten tiers of seats, while he shaped the orchestra on the model of that at Epidaurus, in the Peloponnese—i.e. a complete circle or proper dancing place, such as existed when the Attic drama was little more than a series of hymns to Dionysus, interspersed with a monologue or dialogue between actors, from a temporary platform, introduced to give breathing time to the chorus. The theatre at Epidaurus was chosen as the type because it was the only one on the mainland of Greece which had escaped the alterations introduced by the Romans. For that people, after conquering Achaia, having no chorus in their own drama, found the complete circle unnecessary, and little by little invaded and cut off the dimensions of the original orchestra by pushing forward their stage.

The stage buildings at Bradfield had to be left more entirely to the imagination and discretion of the revivalist, since the remains of the ancient Greek structures are of an extremely scanty description. The form decided on was that of a Greek temple, to which indeed the original ancient buildings must have been very similar. The material was of wood, as was no doubt that of the earliest structures, the result being excellent for acoustic purposes.

In June, 1890, Bradfield College, thus furnished, produced under unique conditions its first open-air Greek play, the *Antigone* of Sophocles. 'For the first time,' said the journals of that date, 'since the downfall of the Greek stage a Greek drama has been produced under conditions exactly identical with those of ancient times.' All the players and all the chorus were either Bradfield masters or boys.

The Warden himself took the part of Coryphaeus; the heroine Antigone, and the tyrant Creon, A. C. Wade, were

Sixth Form boys, the former, C. M. Blagden, being now a tutor at Christ Church, Oxford.

No outside help was asked for, and none was needed. Even the music, in the severe Dorian mode, was composed by the Precentor of the College (the Rev. J. Powley). A single instrument was used to accompany the choric songs, the musician (Rev. L. de Brisay) performing on the clarinet—the instrument most nearly approaching the flute of the ancient Greeks.

There were many reasons for choosing the *Antigone*. It is perhaps the most perfectly constructed of all the Greek tragedies extant. The principal character is conceived in a spirit of such sublimity, refinement, and self-sacrifice, that it has become the ideal female type in fiction for all time. At Bradfield, for the first time since Athenians flocked to the theatre of Dionysus to hear with a sort of religious awe the contests of their great tragedians, there was heard by hundreds of modern spectators, this great and pathetic tragedy in an open-air theatre, the proportions and acoustic properties of which Pericles might have envied.

The enthusiastic reception which was accorded to the *Antigone* impelled Bradfield to attempt a more ambitious effort in 1892. In the June of that year the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus was played, and again the cast was composed exclusively of Bradfield masters and boys.

The musical part of the performance was strengthened by the introduction of the harp, which, in the skilled hands of the Welsh harpist, Aptommas, gave colour and emphasis to the thinner tones of Mr. de Brisay's clarinet. This time the production was helped by the experienced eye and hand of Mr. George Hawtrey, who devoted much time and thought to the stage accessories. His influence introduced, perhaps, too modern a touch at times, though it doubtless helped the dramatic action, which requires in this most tragic of all the dramas to be gradually worked up to its climax. As a pageant, the *Agamemnon* is by far the most impressive of all the productions of Aeschylus,

though it lacks the sublimity of Sophocles' *Antigone* and the tender pathos of Euripides' *Alcestis*.

Clytemnestra, in the person of C. M. Blagden, the same Sixth Form boy who acted as Antigone two years before, and Cassandra, a part which was interpreted by E. d'A. Willis, were the leading characters in the play, and were acted in a way which was quite marvellous in schoolboys.

Three years elapsed before the next performance, which was the *Alcestis* of Euripides. June, 1895, witnessed the repetition of the play which had been so humbly put on the Bradfield stage thirteen years before.

The development in 1895 was a great one. Mr. C. F. Abdy Williams, whose knowledge of the principles of ancient Greek music is probably not surpassed by any musician in England, had come to Bradfield as director of the music of the College, attracted partly by the fame of its Greek plays. No less bold a move was determined on than the reproduction of the ancient flutes found at Pompeii, and now in the Museum at Naples; and the manufacture of the ancient *citharae*, and the stringing of them on the ancient Greek principles. It was, however, one thing to reproduce the instruments, quite another to teach boys to play them with effect. The efforts made in this direction also, however, were crowned with success. Nine instrumentalists (the number of the Muses) were ready in the middle of June to accompany the choric songs.

The music was written by Mr. Abdy Williams. Dr. Gray again took his former part of Admetus, and two Sixth Form boys, B. Wood-Hill and H. A. Lomas, acquitted themselves more than creditably in the difficult parts of *Alcestis* and *Hercules*. Five thousand spectators on four days witnessed this remarkable production, which for magnificence of weather, as well as for the excellence of the acting, carried away the palm even from its two predecessors.

The success of the three above-mentioned performances

established the reputation of Bradfield in this combined domain of scholarship and dramatic representation.

The question came before the authorities whether a three years' cycle should be henceforth adopted. This was decided in the affirmative, and the next date was fixed for June, 1898.

Another question also arose. Should the representation be confined to the three plays already acted, one from each of the three tragedians, or should they go further afield and attempt to break fresh ground? After much consideration it was definitely decided to take the former course. First, on account of the necessity of a *male* chorus, while many of the other possible plays involved *female* choruses. The *Electra* of Sophocles was rejected for this reason. Secondly, on account of the paucity of plays of which the plots were suitable for modern audiences. The *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles was abandoned on this ground. Thirdly, on account of the fact that some plays, which satisfied the two above-named conditions, were impracticable, because the dramatic action ceased halfway through. The *Ajax* of Sophocles was a case in point. Henceforth, therefore, Bradfield was to be known for its cycle of three plays, played triennially in the following order:—

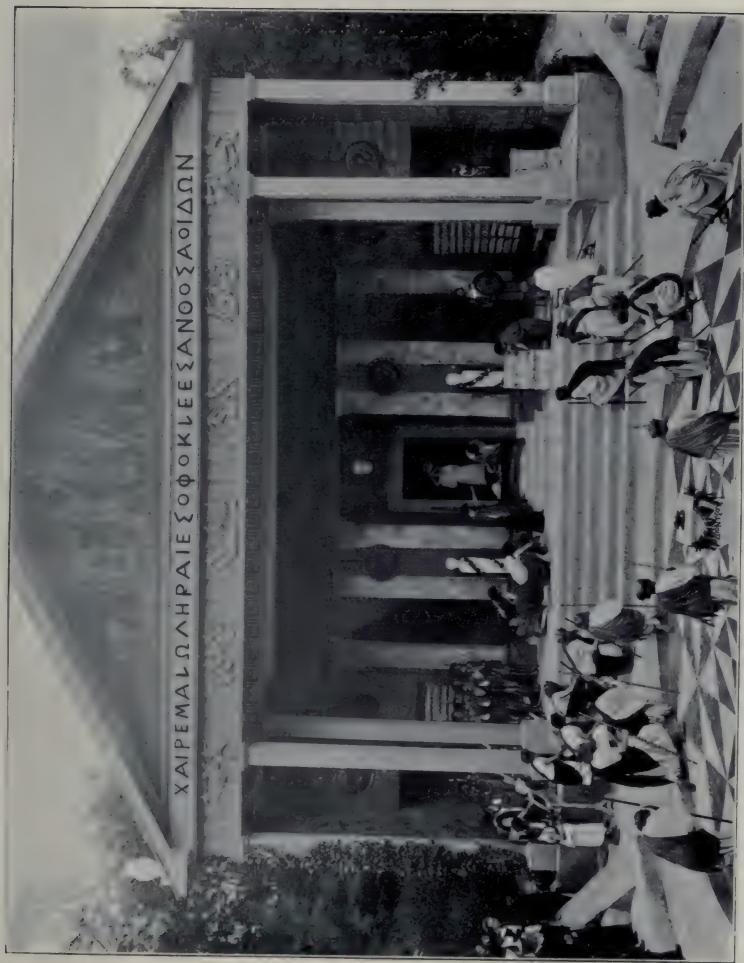
The *Antigone* of Sophocles.

The *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus.

The *Alcestis* of Euripides.

In June, 1898, the time came round for the *Antigone* of Sophocles.

In the previous winter and spring a great task had been executed. The size of the auditorium had been doubled by cutting out several thousand tons of chalk, and making thereon eight more tiers of gradually increasing circles, so that the whole was capable of seating more than two thousand spectators. The *citharae* had also undergone a change, by the fact that the necks of the instruments were removed, thus bringing them exactly to the archaic form. Additional local colour was given by the employment of *ἀλλοί*, and the music, by Mr. Abdy



THE ANTIGONE, GREEK PLAY, 1898

Williams, was composed according to the rules and the few examples that have come down to us from ancient writers, the Hymn to Apollo, discovered at Delphi in 1893, being largely drawn upon.

The following is the opening phrase of *Antigone* in the Dorian mode and diatonic genus:—

LYRES.

VOICES AND AULOI.

ἀκ - τὶς ἀ - ε - λί - ου, τὸ κάλ - - λισ - τον

&c.

ἐπ - τα - πύ - λω φα - νέν.

The music, with a full explanation, is published by Breitkopf and Härtel.

On the other hand, the principal female parts were performed by ladies 'connected with the College.' In adopting this course the authorities followed the precedent of both Universities; and whatever criticism may be brought to bear on the innovation, may with equal force be maintained against the acting of Shakespeare's heroines by women on the modern stage.

The writer in the volume from which we have quoted was quite ecstatic on the felicity of the spectator who 'goes to Bradfield Theatre, and sits in the open air, rejoicing in the clear sky, and sheltered from the wind by the trees which fringe with green the white soil above the topmost seats, while the birds in the branches from time to time join in the chorus, and the "unrehearsed swoop of the swallow" almost fails to make us remember that we are

not in the home of Sophocles, "the fairest home in the land of goodly steeds, the white Colonus, where the clear-voiced nightingale most loves to sing, amid towers that know no heat of sun, no blast of storm." It does good to any man to go and listen to a Greek play at Bradfield.'

The following 'appreciation' appeared at the time in the *Daily News*, from the hand of 'the present writer':—

It may be doubted whether at its first production the *Antigone* of Sophocles had a more beautiful, it could not have had a more interesting setting than it had at Bradfield College. The auditorium carved out of the solid chalk, with its shining white background relieved here and there by an island of green grass, and crowned by a garland of waving trees, with (rare sight in this gloomy summer) a brilliant blue sky overhead and a glittering sun, was in itself a picture well worth seeing. So, indeed, appears to have thought the enterprising photographer who, to the sound of the Greek trumpet which heralded the beginning of the performance, sent a titter through the audience by solemnly producing his Delphic tripod and taking a snapshot of the scene not on, but from the stage.

It was a strange tribute to the eternity and the universality of the genius of the Greek tragedian that after so incongruous a preface, his work was able to hold the mixed congregation, not a third of whom probably understood the language, spell-bound during the presentation of what one would have said *a priori* was no more an acting play than Shelley's *Cenci*.

The tribute is not diminished by the fact that the occasion of the tragedy is almost unimaginable to a modern mind. The two sons of Oedipus, late King of Thebes, have killed each other, one in defending the city against the other's attack. The new King of Thebes thereupon issued an order that no one is to bury the body of Polynices, who is to be left a prey to birds and beasts. Notwithstanding, his sister Antigone buries the body, whereupon, though engaged to be married to the King's son, she is herself ordered to be buried alive. A string of suicides follows. Antigone hangs herself because she prefers hanging to burial alive. Haemon, the King's son, stabs himself on her body. Eurydice, his mother, on



THE AUDITORIUM, GREEK PLAY, 1898

hearing the news, stabs herself. The whole play is interwoven with remarks by a chorus of old Thebans on the necessity of keeping your head, your heart, and your temper under strict control. It is not a promising plot, it must be allowed. But the poet, appealing to the elemental passions of human nature and giving the go-by to the local circumstances in which it is illustrated, has managed beyond doubt to produce a play which even in Greek can hold the attention of an English audience.

Nor is that due alone to the excellence of the *mise-en-scène*. In the first scene, it is true, one is more struck by the admirable reproduction of the Greek theatre, the Greek band with its twanging banjos (to speak profanely) seated by the side of the stage, and the dresses, which, with one or two mistakes (notably the enormity and shagginess of the wig of one of the King's attendants), were not merely admirably faithful but beautiful in themselves. But when the plot thickens, and we see Antigone standing forth not merely as the sister whose love for her dead brother urges her to risk life for the honour of his corpse, but the woman standing for the supremacy of law, human and divine, over the autocratic dictates of an irresponsible tyrant ; and we hear the tyrant arguing himself into insistence on his barbarous decree against the advice of the citizens, the entreaties of his son, and the warnings of the Church (as it were) under the guise of a prophet, one forgets the setting in the drama itself.

There is no doubt the play was admirably acted. The theatre being built for the accommodation of hundreds, some fifteen or sixteen hundreds, we are spared the masks and the buskins, which were necessary in a Greek theatre built for thousands. Probably, too, the audience gained by the substitution of women for boys in the female characters, as it does in Shakespeare's plays. Certainly Mrs. Gray, the Headmaster's wife, presented Antigone admirably, and her enunciation of the Greek was excellent. It was possible to follow every word without the 'crib' kindly provided. In the last scene, in which she appears, dressed in a white robe, about to be led forth for execution (for the Greek tragedian did not pander to the taste for horrors by carrying out his murders and suicides before the audience), she looked and acted the part perfectly. In some of the earlier scenes, particularly the first, an exacting critic might say that she was too tearful. Her sister, Mrs. Bellin, who

doubled the part of Ismene with that of the mute personage Queen Eurydice, did the sensible if sat-upon younger sister, the Martha to Antigone's Mary, with great naturalness and force. As King Creon, Mr. Vince, one of the masters of the College, surprised every Greek scholar by veritably creating the part. A more excellent piece of acting could not be seen. What Kean's Richard III was to a past generation, that Mr. Vince's Creon will be to the spectators of Greek plays. Many will remember the sensation created by Mr. Frank Benson as Clytemnestra at Oxford, in the *Agamemnon*, fifteen years ago. The



MUSICIANS, GREEK PLAY, 1898.

conversion of Creon into a first-rate acting part was as successful, and a far more difficult *tour de force*. Mr. Vince was ably seconded by one of the boys, C. G. Ling, who as Haemon exhibited the change of the dutiful son into the impassioned and threatening lover with singular skill, and looked the young Greek hero to perfection. The semi-comic sentinel, whose chief care is at all events to save his own skin, was well done by A. M. C. Nicholl, and the blind prophet Tiresias was all that a prophet should be. One quite envied him for

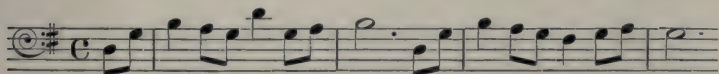
having such a nice little boy as Z. N. Brooke to lead him about.

The chorus was beautifully dressed and performed with great gravity and discretion. But either the Athenians, mercurial as they are reputed to have been, were endowed with a patience of which we moderns have lost the secret, or the chorus is not Greek as in a Greek play. Mr. Abdy Williams is an authority on music. But if the monotonous Gregorian chant, to which the choruses were sung, with no distinguishable variation, whether the subject was Love the Conqueror; the wiles of the strange monster man; or the curse of the House of Oedipus, really represents the chorus of a Greek play, the Greeks were much to be pitied. The only explanation can be that this part of the play was still regarded as the religious service from which it sprang; and was listened to in the same spirit as we listen to the chanting of the Psalms or the intoning of the Litany. The real play was then a series of episodes like the speeches which are interspersed at political fêtes among the fireworks and the buns. Whatever the explanation may be, in mercy to the modern the choruses should be severely cut.

On the other hand, it is only fair to add that the *Echo* said: 'The harmony of colour and sound were a continual delight to ear and eye'; and the *Daily Telegraph*: 'In spirit and fitness it (the music) amply suffices, and so goes far to heighten the effect of the performance.'

The College Jubilee of 1900 is to be celebrated by a performance, or rather performances, as there are to be five, of the *Agamemnon*. As a concession to modern weakness, as evidenced in the article quoted above, this time, while the ancient instruments are to be retained, the Greek 'modes' are to be given up in favour of the two modern 'modes,' the ordinary major and minor.

This is the 'Agamemnon motive,' which runs through the music, composed by Mr. Abdy Williams.



The play will for the first time be performed entirely by

boys in the School without the aid of foreigners or denizens, male or female, masters or masters' wives.

The following is the cast of the principal characters:—

Agamemnon	A. J. F. HOOD.
Aegisthus	G. K. LEACH.
Watchman	G. R. BARKER.
Talthybius the Herald	A. F. GARDINER.
Clytemnestra	A. P. BLUNT.
Cassandra	L. STAREY.
Coryphaeus, Leader of chorus of fifteen Argive elders .	T. B. LAYTON.



MAJOR CLUB

CHAPTER XI

CRICKET AND SHOOTING, 1869-99

EARLY cricket at Bradfield has been dealt with in its proper periods. Suffice it to say here that F. H. Hill, captain in 1866, is the only O.B.B. who has got into a 'Varsity XI. In his last year at Bradfield he scored against four Oxford colleges 74 not out, 66, 98, and 58 not out, and his average was 48, the highest ever obtained there.

In the eleven years (1869-80) we were only once beaten by Radley; and, even allowing for the fact that Radley had a period of depression similar to our own later on, there can be little doubt that the cricket of the School was for a long time exceedingly satisfactory. In 1870, 1876, and 1878 we played Wellington College, and won twice, J. E. Watson in 1876 making 91 not out, perhaps as good an innings as Bradfield boy ever played. In many of these years our batting was not remarkable; an average of 20 was a rarity, and it was not at all exceptional for eight out of the Eleven to have averages under 10. With bowling it was different, and in this department we have had no one in the eighties and nineties, with the exception of Menzies, to compare with H. P. Smith, R. H. Boles, A. N. Streatfield, W. F. Cunliffe, and E. S. P. Mack. In many of these years, too, there was a variety in our attack which we sadly miss later on. Since I came to Bradfield nearly eighteen years ago I have seen only one boy practise lobs; yet in 1876 F. A. Govett took seven wickets with them against Wellington, and 12 against Radley; and in the Radley matches of 1869, 1871, and 1872, out of the 55 wickets that fell, our lobs were responsible

for no less than 33! This seems to us to have been the strength of these old Elevens—good bowling, and of more than one sort. And if their batting averages seem low to us, we must remember that thirty years ago, when fours were run out and grounds were more kicky, an average of 20 was no mean performance.

When we come to the eighties and nineties we have to tell a different tale. In the long period, 1882–94, we could win only one match against Radley—a very unpleasant turning of the tables. In 1882 and 1883 we were at our lowest depth. Those were the days when the School was struggling to its feet again, and our cricket naturally suffered with our fallen fortunes. In 1883 we played Malvern on their ground, and got a tremendous thrashing; but when they visited us next year we beat them by six wickets. We had then a good bowler (H. N. Paine); but it was really our umpire who won us the match by giving E. J. Bidwell, a very plucky bat, not out, when he was palpably caught at the wicket. The Malvern boys were naturally annoyed. There was all but a fight in the pavilion, only no one quite dared to begin. They never played us again.

The 1887 Eleven had good bowling and batting, but there were weak points in its armour. What made it remarkable was its pluck and confidence, and these were the virtues we then most needed. After 1887, whether it was from want of confidence or want of coaching, we fell into the dumps again sadly. Not that we lacked excellent cricketers—L. Dale, E. E. Lea, L. W. Reynolds, G. M. T. Smyth, especially Smyth—but in good years and bad years alike we nearly always failed utterly in the big match we most wanted to win. Above everything else we lacked resolute hitters; between 1888 and 1895, indeed, we can remember only two, S. V. Shea and C. C. Barnes; and more than one of our best bats carried caution to an extreme. R. C. Page, for example, once took two hours to make 15 in a Form match!

In 1891 we played three schools—Radley, Brighton (for the only time), and Sherborne (for the first time). Smyth

was then at his best, and he played two great innings, against Brighton and Radley. The Radley match we lost through want of nerve, when the game seemed in our hands; Brighton we beat. Against Sherborne we failed miserably, the long journey and lodgings in their clock-tower taking all the heart out of us. C. C. Barnes alone slept: he got 50 the next day. Save in 1892, we have played Sherborne every year since, but have beaten them only once—in 1894. That was a capital match—no big scoring, but a battle sternly fought out from first to last; and no one who saw it will ever forget the excitement of the finish. Our 'tail' behaved nobly; W. G. King-Peirce made a good catch, low down, at a critical moment, and in the last half-hour, when we were all chewing grass by the hurdles, W. O. Cautley bowled and bowled and never turned a hair!

We have not beaten Sherborne since, but, on the other hand, we have won our last three matches against Radley, and 1899 saw the School cricket in a more healthy state than it has been for a long time. The XI was not only good all round, but plucky. For though we could only 'draw' against Sherborne, yet to go in, on their ground, against a score of 350 and beat it, was surely more creditable than many an easy victory.

In the last few years the bowling and fielding have greatly improved, and we have had several excellent bats—G. H. Hewetson, C. de M. La Trobe, L. F. Goldsmid, W. Chambers, and, above all, C. H. Packer. It was unfortunate for us that Packer left so suddenly; with another season here, we think he would have become as fine an all-round cricketer as Menzies.

Such is a very imperfect record of fifty years of School matches; but from it, it is clear that whereas for years before 1881 we rarely failed to win, for years afterwards we rarely failed to lose; and that, since 1894, we have no doubt recovered ourselves. The bad years were, of course, partly due to diminished numbers; yet, at football, we beat Radley in 1882, and Malvern in 1883, years when our cricket was all but hopeless. And indeed for a long time

our cricket has remained, on the whole, at the lower level. We have had many a very good football team, never a very bad one; a good cricket eleven has been the exception, a good football team has almost been the rule. Whereas in fifty years only one Bradfield boy has gained his blue for cricket, seven have gained it for football in the last twenty-five.

It may be not uninteresting to try and find some causes for the inferiority of our cricket. First of all, there is the ground. Whatever may be said for the match wickets, there can be no doubt about the pooriness of our practice wickets. We do not know whether this was felt so much in the old days—perhaps with smaller numbers there was more choice of pitches; but nowadays, when forty boys are often put up for nets, there is only Hobson's choice—they have to go where they are sent; and many must often have come away sadly from an afternoon practice, feeling that they have only learnt to funk.

Secondly, we have not always been fortunate in our professionals. Old Boys were lucky in having Rawlinson; and we fancy that much of their success in the seventies was due to his coaching. How good he must have been at his best any one could judge who saw him teaching the smaller boys when he came back to Bradfield a few years ago. But in the eighties he was getting old and somewhat lazy, and the cricket suffered; and, since he left, we have often changed, but seldom been satisfied.

There is one very satisfactory side of our present cricket, which we very gladly mention, and that is the great improvement in our fielding—an improvement mainly due to the unwearied exhortations and personal example of Mr. Ingram, whose old school, Winchester, has always been famous for its fielding. A few years back we used to look upon slowness in the field as almost chronic at Bradfield, so that it was most cheering to read in the *Chronicle* of July, 1899, that our fielding at Sherborne was 'the talk of the town.' And the writer adds: 'The team as a whole from continual practice have learnt the value of taking the ball clean and

returning it to the wicket at once, not anyhow, but so that the wicket-keeper can easily take it.'

The Second XI. The Second XI every year play three matches—*v.* Radley, Old Boys, and Mr. Steele's XI; and in addition to these there is regularly a fourth most excellent match—the Second XI *v.* next Eighteen. The good done by this last game is undoubted: it always repays the trouble taken over it; it has often brought to the front boys who might have been lost sight of in the ordinary games of lower clubs; and it has induced a most



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healthy competition for places in the Second XI itself. Out of nine matches with Radley, the Second have won six, and against the Old Boys a goodly proportion; and a great deal of excellent cricket has been shown. In 1898 R. Chambers got 112 against Radley; and four others have at different times scored over 50—H. W. Fife, R. L. Finnis, C. G. Ling, and H. S. Harrison, the last named playing the best innings of all the matches, 61 not out, against Radley in 1896.

It is even more pleasant to tell of the life and spirit with which these matches are played. There is a delightful account (by Mr. Thomas, we think) in an old *Chronicle*, which is the best testimony to this. In it he says, 'We have seen many Second XI matches, cricket and football, and have never failed to enjoy the sight. We should like to see a great many more. There is excitement and keenness without the pain and tremor of the First XI encounters. Besides, being yet without our almost traditional ill-luck and nervousness, we excel in these Second matches; we win, we play to win, and look like it.' Even the umpires have shared in the general enthusiasm. Can we ever forget the Whit-Monday match of 1897, when John Goddard let so many byes that 'one of the umpires grinned'! He let 63!

Past v. Present. The Old Boys' Match is a very popular fixture. It used to be played on Founder's Day, May 16, but in 1878, we think, the date was changed to Whit-Monday, and the new date has at least the merit of convenience. A large number of Old Boys come down; two matches are now always played, and there is much hearty enthusiasm both over the cricket and at the dinner afterwards in Hall.

One or two details may be found fairly interesting. In 1890 the Old Boys made 325 (Menzies 143); and in 1894 they had 200 up with only one wicket down (G. Smyth 120, T. Scott 66); but the matches we best remember are those of 1887 and 1895; that of 1887 being won for the School by one run, and in 1895 lost by eight, the result of an adjournment for tea.

Form Matches. We should like to be equally enthusiastic over form matches, but it is not easy. The Elevens are often too unevenly matched for the interest to be more than languid. And only at their best do they inspire anything like the keenness of 'House matches' at other schools. A boy rarely stays in one form for more than a year, and only under certain conditions can he become peculiarly attached to it. Now, at Bradfield, they have had

plenty of enthusiasm—but it has been for ‘College.’ ‘College’ was their ‘House.’ It was the dormitories, the studies, the rambling passages which they got attached to, not this or that particular form, or classroom. How could it have been otherwise? If you were quick—and, of course, you were—you got your remove in a couple of terms; you went on to a new form; you adopted a new cat-call; you joined a new jam or muffin club; a new master bored you by day, and at night, if in the humour, you went with your new classroom to bombard your old. And then, almost before you were aware of it, examinations came round again, lists were read out, and you found yourself moving on once more. It is absurd to suppose that for first one form and then another you felt any great devotion. Sometimes, indeed, the individuality of a strong master will force a very genuine *esprit de corps* into his form; real work and real suffering will draw its members together wonderfully; and so there grows up in them a kind of sad, proud attachment to it—and to him—which lasts long after they have passed beyond the ‘stern taskmaster’s eye.’ But if their work be genuine, so also is their play; and, in form matches, we have never seen any form ‘buck up’ better than the old Upper Fifth. But, in general, you need a ‘vendetta’ or an obnoxious prefect to put much zest into a form match.

In the last few years there has been an attempt to make these matches more even by dividing them into two divisions. In the first are the VI (i and ii), Remove, V (i), M.S.I., and the first XI of the Army House; in the second all the forms below these. We cannot say that the result has been quite successful, for the lower forms often contain too large a proportion of elderly gentlemen, who swamp the smaller boys and spoil the purpose of the change.

Common Room Matches. Of Senior Common Room matches Mr. T. Christie writes to us: ‘S.C.R. cricket matches were regular institutions in the sixties, with perhaps a substitute or two and sometimes the professional

to help. In the seventies also the match was regularly played, but we generally had a visitor or two to help us—by us, I mean now the S. C. R. I cannot remember any results, but I think the School were mostly too good for us.’

The Rev. W. Almack (once a very familiar figure on the cricket ground) says, ‘I was at Bradfield, I think, for the whole of 1871 and the five following years. We always had at least one S. C. R. v. School match at cricket, and I think we more often won than lost.’

In the early eighties, when the shadow fell over the fortunes of the School, the S. C. R. match came to an end. With a staff numbering only six or seven, any matches were impossible. They were not resumed till 1889, and even then, as often since, we had to have a ‘ground’ to help us in the shape of Old Boys. We used to take great pains in the selection of these, but they never behaved well, always getting 0, and no wickets for 50, to our intense disgust. Each was asked only once. For the last three years we have been able to make up a full team of masters, and have fielded for a large proportion of each afternoon.

The Radley Matches. An account of the first Radley match has already been given. For some reasons, which do not appear, ten years passed before we met Radley again. The Rev. H. C. Jollye, one of the best and keenest of Bradfield cricketers, tells us there was a tradition in the School that a free fight had taken place between the two Elevens; but as Mr. Simonds has no recollection of such a Homeric episode, we must be content, rather sadly, to treat it as a myth. In 1863 we played at Radley once more, and were again victorious, this time in an innings. Mr. A. C. Powell was one of the XI, and he tells us that the match was over so soon, that there was a pick-up game afterwards. In 1864 two matches were played, each school winning one; and then, in 1865, we come to a curious bit of school cricket. Mr. T. Christie says: ‘The first thing I remember (about the Radley matches) is a row royal—I think in 1865. We, having discovered a chance of winning, got time extended, playing

during 6 p.m. chapel: the winning hit being made just as the rest of the School emerged from service, where I am afraid our prayers had been for victory more than for proper objects. Radley were furious, and refused, some of them, to stop and break bread with us afterwards. I remember what brutes we all thought them for their behaviour: probably they had very good reason, for I believe that it had been agreed to draw at 5.30.' And the Rev. F. H. Hill writes: 'In 1865 Radley came to us, and there was a row. I should say *we* were certainly in the wrong. Finding ourselves beaten on the first innings, we applied for leave off chapel, which was granted, as never before! and as of course the Radley boys never expected: probably we had found the match going in our favour before asking for more time! Anyway, it was so, and playing till 6, we won. On looking back we were plainly in the wrong: no agreement having been made as to the time of drawing stumps, it was the natural inference that it would be at 5.30, as usual, and the Radley boys were certainly reasonably angry.' Another very patriotic correspondent says that he always thought the Bradfield boys behaved very well on this occasion. We have no doubt of it: they laugh who win! But, wherever the blame should be laid, there was no match in the following year. This was a great pity, for Mr. Hill tells us we had then probably the best XI ever at the School. We played Shrewsbury at Bradfield and won a great victory.

By 1867 both sides had cooled down, and when the matches were resumed, Radley beat us easily.

One of the best players we have had, C. A. Bayly, first appeared in the 1868 match. Radley again won, but in 1869 we turned the tables, D. C. Legard getting seven wickets with lobbs in their second innings. In those days we cultivated lobbs with great success: in the 1871 match A. W. Thomas took six wickets with them, Radley scoring only 48; and in 1872 he improved even on this, getting six wickets in each innings. In both 1869 and 1870, Bayly

and H. T. Hayman were the mainstays of the side, but after 1870 we had very good all-round Elevens till 1880. It is interesting to notice that in the seventies we lost only one match, 1875.

The 1872 match was remarkable for one of those scenes which illustrate the advantages of a patriotic umpire who knows his own mind. Radley led by seven in their first innings, but in their second Thomas bowled splendidly, and we were left with only 73 to win. There was just three-quarters of an hour to make them in, and, mainly by some plucky hitting by G. H. Smith and Hayman, we had tied when the church clock began striking 6. The last over had already begun, and if no run came from it, Radley would win on the first innings. There were six balls to the over. Now when x balls had been delivered amid a most painful silence, and no runs had been scored, the Radley umpire shouted 'hurrah!' and all the Radley XI threw up their caps. Then, from the Bradfield umpire, was heard a solemn voice—'One more ball!' It came, it passed batsman, wicket, and wicket-keeper; we ran an almost impossible bye, and the match was ours. The uproar that ensued baffles description; but it ceased as the old Warden went up to Rawlinson and said, 'Rawlinson, did you give seven balls that over?' 'I did not, sir. Ask the scorers!'—which was conclusive. Though, indeed, you might as well have asked the moon; for in the excitement of that two minutes, the scorers had been no calmer than the actors or spectators. We believe they had recorded only five balls. But whether there were five, or six, or seven, no man knoweth for certain to this day—save Rawlinson, who surely should know best, and whose word we have never had reason to doubt.

But to return once more to the scores. In 1873 Alfred Scott got 52, the first half-century scored; and P. J. M. Rogers followed suit in the following year. In that season, 1874, R. H. Boles and H. P. Smith were, perhaps, as good boy-bowlers as any in England: no team scored 100 against them, and they disposed of Radley for

38 and 44. The 1875 game ended in an unexpected defeat; but in 1876, 1877, and 1878 we were very strong, winning by 112 and 114 runs, and by ten wickets, A. N. Streatfield scoring 50 and 60 in two following years. 1878 introduced us to a fine slow bowler in E. P. Mack, who took thirteen wickets in the 1879 match; whilst in 1880 he accomplished one of the best bowling performances of the series. Radley had to go in again to get 26, but lost five wickets over it, Mack taking four of these for only six runs.

Then, when our evil days began, our cricket followed the dark fortunes of the School, and of the ten matches in the eighties Radley won no less than eight.

In 1881 both teams were poor. We went in first, and lost nine wickets for 21. Then Willy and Gellibrand hit so pluckily that, after all, our total was 57. This match we actually won by 12 runs. 1882 saw us at our lowest depth. We scored 27 and 41. Our batting was, of course, contemptible, but even with this taken into account, Baker's bowling for Radley was extraordinary. He took seven wickets for eight runs in our first innings, and eight wickets for 11 runs in our second, i. e. fifteen wickets for 19 runs. Surely this is a record for school matches, or for any other, indeed!

In all those years, the only bright spots were H. N. Paine's bowling in 1883 and 1884, and a fine innings of 53 by Gellibrand in the latter year. For five years in succession we were beaten, and then came the 1887 match. The present Bradfield boy can have no idea of the rapture with which his predecessors welcomed home the victorious eleven of that Jubilee year. If in the Sixth, he had, perhaps, seen the lowest fortunes of the School, and his delight at our victory was all the keener from the depression of the years that had gone before. On that June evening of 1887 the brake which carried the XI back from Pangbourne was like the car of the Imperator in a triumphal procession. We have such triumphs now, quite as enthusiastic: but this one was the first. The Sixth came along the road to shout; the Upper Study concertina beat the Workhouse

band into fits; the Singles waved many a jubilant towel, and you should have heard old Smiler's distant, exultant neigh! The peacock, above all, we can never forget. He was a 'College' bird, a relic of the old luxurious days. He had lost his mate, and the poor widower used to wander sadly about the lawns, mourning for his love, and sighing as if his heart would break. The noise of that night killed him. Perhaps memories of her were



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too powerful, perhaps he thought she was coming back to him; but, anyhow, as the XI drove in, he gave forth such shrieks as you would never have imagined possible from living creature. He never recovered. Before the autumn came he was dead. Now, stuffed by Mr. Money, he sleeps beneath a glass case in the corridor, among strange beasts and fishes.

That was the fifth and last year in the XI of a very

famous Bradfield cricketer, V. S. Menzies. In this match he scored 31 and took seven wickets for 16 runs; whilst his record for the whole season was 360 runs, and fifty-six wickets at an average of only eight runs each. Yet, strangely enough, his name appears only at the bottom of our list of batting averages. It will, perhaps, be some comfort to nervous young cricketers to show how a great bat can fail. Menzies was, perhaps, our greatest; yet in seven innings against Radley he obtained only 79 runs! But all such statistics can give no idea of the enthusiasm which he threw into his own play, nor of the courage which he inspired in others. He was so vigorous, so full of life, that, a few years after, when the news of his early death reached us, we found it difficult to believe. 'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.'

That we did not follow up our 1887 victory, but were again and again beaten, was due almost entirely to one boy, the best all-round cricketer Radley have ever had, L. C. V. Bathurst. Like Menzies, he played for five years; and we can well remember his first appearance here, when, a boy of fourteen, he went in first and made 12 before he was run out. In 1887 he got a pair of spectacles; but in the following year he carried his bat through the innings and took five of our wickets. He was then head and shoulders above any one else on either side; whilst in 1890 he scored 56, and took ten wickets in our two innings. In that year, his last at Radley, he had a batting average of 40 and a bowling average of only eight runs a wicket. He is the only Old Boy from either School who has played for Gentlemen *v.* Players.

This sketch has already reached such proportions that we shall have to content ourselves with picking out the most interesting of the matches that still remain. In 1891, after Radley had scored 189, our first five wickets made .151; but then, when victory seemed within our grasp, came annihilation with three 0's, two 2's, and a 9. We could only get 173, of which Smyth's share was 85. He was an excellent defensive bat.

In that year, for the first and only time, we played Brighton College, and won, Smyth playing another fine innings.

In 1892 there were no foreign matches because of the measles at Bradfield. In 1894 we had beaten Sherborne after a very exciting game, in which our 'tail' wagged most fiercely—Kitchin, Cautley, and Hastings playing the pluckiest cricket possible; so that we went to Radley with great hopes. On a slow ground we got them out for 67, and had made 59 when our seventh wicket fell; nine runs to get and three wickets to fall, and the three men to go in were just the three who had played so pluckily against Sherborne. Nevertheless they all three ran themselves out! Ran themselves out, one after another—Cautley, the worst of them, Cautley, a boy with no emotions—none. He, one of the finest sprinters we have ever had here, stood in the middle of the pitch 'like one forlorn,' and seemed to ask for the skies to cover him.

For the 1895 match we will quote *Fifty Years of Radley*:—'Fas est et ab hoste doceri.' 'The Bradfield match of 1895 was most sensational. We had first innings. Only one wicket was down when 80 went up, but six fell for 108. Gillson then joined E. T. Lee, who had been playing very fine cricket, and the pair put on 82 runs, Lee being then bowled for 73. The innings closed at 209, Gillson carrying out his bat for 44. On Bradfield going in various catches were missed, and 160 was up when the third wicket fell. At 164, five were down, but the sixth wicket, aided by mistakes in the field, put on over 40, and all seemed over, when at 206 Bradfield had only four runs to get and four men to go in. But the seventh wicket went also at 206, the eighth at 207, the ninth at 208; and the tenth was bowled at 209. So, amid tremendous excitement, the match ended in a tie.' In that 1895 XI we had three very good bats—Page, Hewetson, and Packer, especially Packer, whose early leaving was a great loss to the School.

The 1896 game was drawn, through play beginning far

too late; with another ten minutes we should have won easily. Sandbach for us made 96 not out, the highest innings ever played in these matches; and it is comforting to notice as a contrast to our funk in 1894 and 1895 that our last man, La Trobe, stopped in with him while 66 runs were put on. La Trobe has always played his pluckiest and best in School matches, and we are glad to have the opportunity of noticing it publicly. The 1897, 1898, and 1899 matches were all victories for Bradfield, chiefly through improved batting and fielding, the first of which we owe greatly to our present excellent coach, Brown, while for the latter no small credit is due to Mr. Ingram.

There was a splendid game against Radley in 1899, and it was pluck alone that pulled the match out of the fire. When G. M. Clark joined C. Henry there were six wickets down, 65 more runs to get, and a lob bowler had just taken two wickets in two balls! What that meant every cricketer afflicted with nerves knows full well. But Clark and Henry never for a moment lost their heads, and their achievement in putting on 56 runs for the seventh wicket was as good a bit of cricket as we have seen here. It is pleasant to notice that, whilst J. Henry (ma.) went in first in our first match against Radley, his son took so creditable a part in the last.

To sum up — there have been altogether thirty-seven matches, sixteen won by Radley and nineteen by Bradfield; one game has been drawn and one a tie. The highest innings is 255 by Bradfield; the lowest 27 and 30, contributed by the same School.

RIFLE CORPS.

We would fain have said that the origin of the Rifle Corps was to be sought in the excitement of stirring days when we were listening with quickened pulses to tales of national danger or reverse. But alas! the sober truth is far more prosaic. The birth of the corps was due to no martial enthusiasm, but to a most vulgar habit of slouching.

The Warden having been struck with the slouching habits determined to start a Rifle Corps. He communicated with Acworth, the Senior Prefect, who professed his readiness to be the peg on which to hang the first uniform. There was a soldier already on the spot, Capt. Percy Groves, formerly of the Inniskilling Dragoons, then Bursar, and he became the foster-parent of the corps. A dashing figure he was in his tight blue uniform, as he came clanking on to parade, making the whole quadrangle ring. He has since earned no small fame as a writer of stories of adventure for boys; and was for many years (if he is not so still) Lieut.-Colonel of the Guernsey Militia.

The exact birthday of the corps, if its first parade can be so called, has not been registered. A. J. Gordon says, 'About a month after the beginning of the Summer Term, 1883, on a certain "half," the Head appeared at "call," and after it was over, told us of the idea of a corps, and asked those boys who had any notion of joining to give their names to Acworth. Forty-seven names were given in that day. We then had to write home for leave; and although a few names were taken off the list, a few were also added, and I think the first roll of the corps contained forty-five names.' S. E. Jones writes: 'It was some little time before we had either uniforms or arms. At first there was some talk of a blue uniform with white facings, and such a one was designed by Capt. Groves, and a sample manufactured, in which G. P. Acworth disported himself in great form. This uniform did not, I suppose, recommend itself to the authorities, for we eventually had a red uniform with green facings and the old-fashioned forage-cap.'

As to officers, the Rev. H. T. Adams says, 'There were no substantive ranks (the corps was from the Government point of view not actually enrolled); but Acworth was titular captain and I was first lieutenant, practically *honoris causâ* or rather *ex officio*, on account, no doubt, of school discipline. There were no masters in the corps then, so it would have been difficult to put any but

prefects in command. We had uniforms and caps, but no rifles or side-arms. The acting officers wore the same uniform as the men, without badges (I am almost positive on the point) of the rank which they really had not got; and similarly, of course, no swords. We had no Armoury, so I suppose we kept our uniforms in studies and classrooms. We used to manœuvre—with much difficulty—from our parade ground in the Quad, round Big School to the gateway, in order to have the benefit of the gravel.' The little company used to get into such hopeless muddles in their formations that their commander could not disentangle them; and they often had to fall out and fall in again in their proper places. Captain Groves had once been in the Yeomanry, and when he wished to be particularly sarcastic, he told us we should be mistaken for them if we did not look out. There was an infant band, too, in those days, of drums and fifes, three of each, though some deny the drums; but certainly E. Floyd was first bugler—that is, collegiate bugler; for the honour of having been the first fully gazetted Government bugler we have awarded, after much worry, to T. W. Gellibrand.

Captain Groves left Bradfield at the end of the Summer Term of 1883, and was succeeded both as Bursar and as commander of the corps by Captain Bridgman. He took a great interest in the shooting, gave a Martini-Henry carbine to be shot for, and escorted the first firing party to Crookham—'rather nervous and judiciously padded with towels,' as A. C. Moore tells us.

The rest of the story is mainly taken from an account by R. Temperley, an Assistant-master from 1883 to 1889. When the corps was about to be formally attached to the Volunteer Battalion of the Berkshire Regiment, it became necessary to nominate some one as hon. captain of the corps under Volunteer Regulations. He agreed to take the command, and was accordingly gazetted as lieutenant of the Berkshire Volunteers and as hon. captain of the corps. Captain Bridgman, whose appointment in connexion with the corps had been only a collegiate, and not

a military one, resigned the control. Temperley remained in command until he left Bradfield in July, 1889.

It was in the Summer Term of 1884—having been ‘attached’ on April 1—that we first attended a battalion parade in Reading, marching to Pangbourne and back through ‘the Dark Entry.’ We were remarkable for the tallest and shortest men on the ground—H. N. Paine, who was then sergeant, and A. M. Foster, bugler.

At the beginning of his command Temperley found the corps by no means a popular institution. A considerable section of the boys regarded it as an unwelcome innovation and as somewhat of a nuisance. From the first, however, it contained a certain number of the best fellows in the School. With the backing of such subalterns as F. B. Hearn, H. W. Haig, and others among the boys, and with enthusiastic and skilful management of the shooting by Percy Gosset among the masters, things quickly began to assume quite a different complexion. The great interest of the Public School field days at Aldershot and Chobham Ridges as well as the private miniature ones on Bucklebury Common, were another element in increasing the efficiency and popularity of the corps. The Warden facilitated drills and field days in every possible way, and one by one the masters and leading boys began to realize that the corps were in earnest and not altogether a useless institution. Mr. Blackall Simonds and the late Colonel Cooper King, by substantial help, encouraged the corps in its infancy.

‘I wish particularly to emphasize the great services done to the corps by Percy Gosset. He had shot in the Public Schools Competitions when a Cheltenham boy, and was both a good shot and a first-class coach. He took up the shooting with great keenness, and succeeded in producing, even in the first two years, very fair results, considering that we only had the use of a range at Crookham, a drive of over nine miles from Bradfield. It was through his inducing his cousin, Major Gosset, R.E., to come down and survey the neighbourhood in search of a possible site, that we ultimately obtained the present one close to the

College; and, by its means and Gosset's coaching, won that high position in shooting amongst the Public Schools which Bradfield has ever since retained.' So writes Mr. Temperley.

In connexion with the range it is pleasant to recall the kindness and public spirit of the late Mr. Richard Benyon in allowing the School one upon his estate, and erecting the butts at his own expense.

After the death of Percy Gosset the musketry instruction was entrusted to Sergt.-Major Belton, late of the 2nd Munster Fusiliers, upon his appointment as Instructor to the Cadet Corps. Of the Eights which he has coached for Bisley, no less than nine have been in the first four, while two have won the Shield outright.

Bradfield took a conspicuous share in the original establishment of the Public Schools Camp. In the summer of 1884 some twenty Bradfield boys went to the camp of the Berkshire Volunteers at Lockinge. Of this camp an Old Boy tells us, 'Our first camp was a great success after the first night, when we had nothing but a waterproof sheet and blanket to sleep on, and our bags for pillows. Captain Temperley was in command, H. W. Haig, Lieutenant, and Simpson-Baikie, Colour-Sergeant, and there were about twenty privates. We created quite a little sensation as we marched in with Foster, our small bugler. We had tea with Lady Wantage, cleared out one of his lordship's peach-houses, and were invited to a punch carousal by Cooper's Hill; but Temperley arrived before we had drunk the first glass, and sent us back ignominiously to our large tent.'

The experience at this camp showed that it would not only be more instructive, but better in every way, to have a battalion camp of schoolboys alone, camping and drilling by themselves. But it was many years before the idea could be put into practice. In 1889 a small Public Schools Battalion, consisting of detachments from Bedford, Bradfield, Haileybury, and Sherborne, was by War Office permission attached to Lord Wantage's camp of the Home Counties Volunteer Brigade at Churn on the Berkshire Downs. Major Colebrooke Carter, who, as Adjutant of

the Berkshire Volunteers, was always a good friend of the corps, was appointed to command the Schools Battalion, which found a most efficient and capable Adjutant in Major Bowles of the Yorkshire Regiment. This was the first Public Schools Camp, the forerunner of those which are now held annually. It was the humble beginning of what promises to be an important institution; and Bradfield took the leading part in its organization. The camp was a great success, and included an expedition to Aldershot for the great review before the German Emperor. That August (1889) Mr. Temperley left Bradfield for the Bar. He had for years been the mainstay of the corps, and to say that it then owed almost everything to his energy is a mere truism. As an Upper Fifth poet once sang:

Whene'er the corps was out of chink,
Our Captain got it in a wink;
He'd go to all the neighbours round,
Who gave him cheques for forty pound.

On the 1st of December following a very pleasant little ceremony took place in Big School, when the corps presented Mr. Temperley, then on a visit to Bradfield, with a handsome stationery cabinet in token of their appreciation of his services. Many Old Boys will be glad to hear that after forsaking Volunteering for many years he has returned to his old love, and is now a captain in the 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

In Sept. 1889, Mr. Ingram, then Colour-Sergeant, was gazetted First Lieutenant and took over the command of the corps. Its prosperity has continued unchecked. The corps numbers 150. A third field-day—in June, with Marlborough and Wellington—has been added to the old-established two in March and November; and Camp would scarcely be recognized by one who saw only its humble beginnings in 1889. For the last nine years the *venue* has been Aldershot, and the numbers have gradually swollen to fair figures, the battalion having last year for the first time expanded into a brigade. Bradfield has always contributed a big proportion of the total, and in 1894 sent the

largest company, 83 strong. Since then Bradfield has all but touched the hundred; but other contingents have increased too, and it has so far striven in vain to outnumber Haileybury. For efficiency the Bradfield Corps has won a good reputation, and, says a correspondent, 'it is perhaps this fact more than any other that constitutes the disciplinary virtue of the camp week. The School knows that at all points it is being compared and contrasted with other schools, and what greater stimulus to soldierliness could be devised?'

The history of one camp is the history of all. The corps marches to Theale on Tuesday evening after Commemoration. 'The first night,' says Mr. Worrall in an account of it, 'we never sleep, nor expect to. The humours of conversation, in the novel if Spartan surroundings, outweigh all considerations of military discipline. The reveillé always sounds just as we are falling asleep from sheer wakefulness, and then camp life really begins. It is a category of parades, field-days, blacking and pipe-clay, menial services, indifferent "sing-songs," parched throats and glorious drinks, long dusty marches and the luxury of cold baths under the blue heavens, followed by dreamless slumber under leafy trees—all very hardening and very wholesome, and very refreshing after hot schoolrooms, black coats, and ink and pens and examination papers.

'One afternoon is always devoted to "sports," tent-pitching, tug-of-war, bugling, and the Loyd-Lindsay Competition for hurdle-racing, firing volleys between each hurdle. The last-named has twice been won by Bradfield, the tug-of-war once, the tent-pitching never. In all these competitions Bradfield has usually taken a decent place, but no school has come within measurable distance of the number of wins achieved by the brother Berkshires of Wellington. The number of competitors, the fashionable company of spectators, the elaborate arrangements, all present a quaint and instructive comparison with the simple diversions of 1890, when the great event was the sergeant-instructors' race, in which—to the great

disgust of the Bradfield Corps—the Sherborne sprinter vanquished the Bradfield sergeant-major by two inches!

‘On the Sunday morning there is a church parade, preceded by laborious cleaning of uniforms. There is a short soldierly sermon going very straight to the point, and “Onward, Christian soldiers,” sung by a thousand and odd voices and directed by the thump of the big drum, thrills to the marrow and lives in the memory.

‘Monday sees a big field day, in which the schools play a subordinate part, and on Tuesday they return to “convention and starch.”’

Bradfield has twice had the honour of hanging the Ashburton Shield up in Hall—in 1893 and 1897. In both years it was won by what was then a record score.

The first time a Bradfield team competed at Wimbledon was in 1884, only a year after the corps had been started. It was absolutely last, 112 points behind the winners, a result that gave little earnest of future successes. As long as the shooting-range was at Crookham, a nine miles’ drive, Bradfield never rose above ninth. But in 1887, when the new range was opened some half a mile away only, Bradfield jumped at once to the second place, second only to Eton.

Well, I know, after all, it is only juxtaposition.

Juxtaposition, in short, and what is juxtaposition?

sang A. H. Clough, of the love of man and maiden. In school shooting, it is not everything, for numbers count for something, and pluck and energy for something also: but the juxtaposition of the range is worth certainly a great deal. In 1888 the competition was most exciting. Bradfield was fourth, but only one point behind the winners; Clifton and Cheltenham each making 433, and Eton and Bradfield 432; while R. C. B. Wall brought home the Spencer Cup. In 1891 another second place rewarded the corps’ efforts. In 1893 it brought home the Shield with a score of 447, and was met with blue lights and rockets.

Rugby beat Bradfield by a single point the next year.



BISLEY EIGHT, 1897

To face p. 227

Then came an *annus mirabilis*—1897. That was the first year of the Lee-Metford rifle. All through the term the feature had been the good practice at 500 yards, and it was steadiness at this range that gave the victory. Bradfield was eleven points behind Charterhouse, who led at 200 yards, and when Bedford failed to beat the Charterhouse 460, the latter thought that the victory was theirs; but the nerve of the last pair put the issue beyond doubt, and Bradfield won the Shield with the record score of 465, Eton finishing a strong second.

Next year, 1898, C. Bradshaw won the Consolation Cup with a score of 33, after shooting off a tie for the Spencer Cup.

Beyond gaining second place in 1888 and 1896 Bradfield has not distinguished itself in the competition for the Cadet Pair Trophy, nor has it in the Veterans' Competition ever succeeded in coming out first, though gaining the second place on more than one occasion.

Juxtaposition has had the result that in thirteen years Bradfield has only three times been out of the first four for the Ashburton Shield, and has been seven times in the first three, of which on two occasions it has been first. Last year it was fourth; Rossall, which has its range nearer even than Bradfield has, winning with the score that now holds the record, 471.

CHAPTER XII

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

A PRESENT member of the School, being asked to give an account of his first day and of the present day, writes as follows :—

Of the first day of my Public School life, I remember hardly anything, as I was in a state of bewilderment most of the time. I played in a Freshers' match, from which I gained very little credit, being placed in Minor club. The clubs were Maximus, Major, Middle, Minor, Minimus and Quam, i.e. Quam minimus. These are the same now, though an extra club, Middle II, has been put in. I began in the Upper Fifth classroom, in which there were about five other new boys. I never had much classroom fagging to do, as I was about the biggest of the new boys. This fagging consists in fetching boots and kettles of water, and the like, for the bigger boys, cleaning their footer boots, and cleaning up any mess in the classroom before School hours. Besides this, every one in the Upper Fifth who has not been in the School a year, and every one below this Form, is fag to some beak—slang for prefect. Each beak has five fags, of whom one is head-fag to superintend the others. This fagging only consists in brushing out, dusting and putting straight his study after breakfast. You only have to do this every other week, as the four fags take turn and turn about. The custom has sprung up, quite lately I think, for each beak to give a

'stodge' to his fags in the Christmas and Summer Terms. The fag stodge consists generally of cocoa, biscuits, cake and such like. I was only subject to one term of this fagging, as I only stayed in the Upper Fifth one term. Being in the Upper Fifth, I did not have to run at the call 'fag' from any beak.

The classical forms are Upper Sixth, Lower Sixth, Remove, Upper Fifth, Middle Fifth, Lower Fifth. Modern forms are, Modern I, Modern II, Modern III. Army Forms are, Army I, Army II, Army III. There is also a Navy Class in two divisions.

To give a sample of our life: we have to be down to call at 7 a.m., the first bell ringing at 6.30. After call is early work for three-quarters of an hour, generally preparation of something for morning lessons. Breakfast is at 8, immediately after early work. From breakfast till chapel at 9 one can do what one likes, except the Upper Forms, who have regular work to prepare. First hour begins at 9.30, from which time work continues till 12.45, with an interval of a quarter of an hour, between 11.30 and 11.45. This is called either the 'quarter' or the 'break,' in which the practice is to eat a 2*d.* or 3*d.* 'quarter' of cake, if funds are forthcoming. Dinner is at 1 p.m., and consists of roast mutton and beef alternate days, with boiled beef once a week, and some pudding; though two days of the week there is soup instead. On Sunday there is always roast beef, and there used to be always St. Andrew's pudding, a sort of dark-coloured plum-pudding, on which people generally poured their beer, which made a very nice mixture. We don't often get this pudding now; we wish we did. After Hall, footer begins at 2 or 2.15. It is compulsory four times a week, except for those not allowed to play owing to health or other reasons. Afternoon School is from 4 to 6, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays. At 6.15 is tea, for which tea and bread and butter are provided. Eggs and muffins, &c., can be cooked, and any one can bring in jam, sardines, and so on. Generally, the custom is for four or five boys to join

together in a club for tea, one being appointed as treasurer to procure the food requisite from 'Grubs,' the School grub-shop, in the cricket-field. Tables for meals are arranged more or less in School order. Thus, there is a Sixth table, Remove, Upper Fifth, &c. You can sit anywhere you like at your respective table. A beak sits at each end to keep order, about twenty boys being at each table. Grace is sung before and after each meal by five or six trebles, who stand facing the dais where the Masters sit. Meat is served in Hall on side-tables, being brought round by 'budgeons,' of whom there is one to each table. The origin of the word 'budgeon' is, I am told, 'boot-John.' After tea there is no work till preparation at 7.10. In classrooms, this is the time for ragging, bullying, &c., though I think there is very little of the latter. I saw hardly any in my year in classrooms. It was the custom for the boys in the Upper Fifth and Remove to haul new boys and other small boys into their respective classrooms and make them sing; I never had to sing myself in a classroom. Preparation was from 7.10 to 8.40. For Junior Forms preparation was in Big School, with a Master at one end and a beak at the other, to see that no talking went on; punishments being either to 'stand out,' or to have Penal Drill the next day from the Master, or lines from the beak. Lines, that is writing out Latin or Greek verse, have now been abolished; and beaks have to set 'repetition' to learn or maps to draw. One not unamusing incident happened not long ago anent these maps. One of North Europe was set to a recalcitrant Fifth Form boy by a junior beak. The victim put in Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and thinking the termination a good one extended it to Brussels-dam and Berlin, not forgetting the *n*. Whether the joke was worth the subsequent interview with the Senior Prefect, in whom alone the power of corporal punishment resides, is not known. Other Forms worked in their classrooms, with a beak in charge of each. Just lately preparation in classrooms was abolished, and there are now only two preparations, in Library



THE MASTERS, 1900

and Big School. Upper and Lower Sixth work in their studies.

After preparation is call-over, followed by prayers in Big School. Army House and the new house have prayers in their houses. Immediately after is supper in Hall for boys in dormitories, with one or two beaks in charge, consisting of milk and bread and cheese. But when I was in a dormitory we had no supper, having to go to bed directly after prayers. Every one is in a dormitory who is under fifteen years of age. There is a beak to look after each dormitory, in which there are about ten boys, while they go to bed. They have about ten minutes to get into bed, when the gas is put out, no talking being allowed till then. When I was in 'New,'—short for New Chamber—we had to keep silence for five minutes, after which we were allowed to talk; but different beaks, I suppose, have different little rules. Meanwhile those in singles have supper if they wish, after which they go to bed. They are allowed twenty minutes 'gas,' after which a beak shouts out 'gas out, please.' Dormitory boys are allowed to talk till 10 p.m. I have vivid recollections of an exciting episode in our dormitory. One boy bet another a certain sum that he would not get out of the window, and run up the road to the chapel and back. He said he would; and, when he had put on a pair of breeches and a coat, we let him out of the window with sheets knotted together. On his return we hauled him up with difficulty after several ineffectual attempts, the sheets getting very dirty and torn. We were in an agony of fear all the time, lest a master should chance to come along. A story to account for the condition of the sheets was invented: something to the effect that they had been slung from the beam, and we had swung on them. I don't remember whether any punishments were meted out. The boy has since left. Compared with this event, such trivialities as tearing of pillow-cases in bolster fights, and breaking of beds, were nothing.

At 10 p.m. the Sixth go to bed, being allowed twenty minutes 'gas.' On Saturdays there is no third hour, and

Grubs is not opened in the 'quarter.' In this spare time 'ruxing' goes on. That is, a lot of boys stand in a circle round a goal, and 'rux,' or kick, footers at it. To be goal-keeper is sometimes a dangerous place in this sport. This form of amusement goes on at all odd half-hours, and the ground there is quite destitute of grass in consequence. Early work (i.e. work before breakfast) lasts from Ash Wednesday to St. Andrew's Day. This day is always Old



CHAPEL SOUTH DOOR.

Boys' Day, when we play them at footer, both 1st and 2nd XI's. For the last three years the Present 1st XI has been beaten, and the 2nd XI has won, once by ten goals to nil. Old Boys' Day in the summer is on Whit Monday. In the evening, instead of preparation, the 1st and 2nd XI's and beaks have dinner with the Old Boys in Hall, when speeches are made, and toasts drunk.

In summer, chapel is immediately after early work, before

breakfast, i.e. from 7.40 to 8. Work is from 9 to 12.15, and from 12.15 to 1 Middle club has nets, and occasionally people in lower clubs.

Afternoon work is from 2.15 to 4.15. Afterwards till 6.15 Maximus and Major clubs have nets. For all these there is net-fagging. There are three head-fags who have to put up fagging lists, and they are responsible for the attendance of fags at nets. Squash racquets is played in the Fives Courts, but we want some proper racquet courts.

There are three half-holidays a week, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, when there are games for all clubs, unless there is a match on. Bathing in the out-door bath is allowed from 4.15 to 5 on all days; but unfortunately the bath is always muddy, as no tiles or concrete can be put at the bottom, because of the springs underneath; and unless you get in amongst the first half-dozen, you come out dirtier than you went in; so that often the indoor bath is preferable. After tea there is practice fielding for Maximus, Middle, and Minor. Major, being mostly composed of those whose size is greater than their cricket abilities, does not have it. Other people 'smite against the bank': i.e. a lot of people stand along the side of the upper-ground nearest to the Church, and other people stand by the bank, and whack balls for them to field. Considering the proximity in which people play to each other, it is surprising what few accidents there are: very occasionally is any one hit on the head. While exams. are going on, 'furtle' takes the place of this amusement. It is a game played with a cut down cricket-bat, about three inches wide, of generally five or six a side. The rules are: that lobs must be bowled till the batsman has made twenty, after which breaks are allowed. When he has made thirty, fast bowling over-arm begins. If a batsman is caught, his whole side is out. This game does not come on till Examinations begin.

Shooting goes on at the Range on all half-holidays throughout the year, and for the VIII and best shooters,

on whole school-days too in the summer. It is almost impossible to be both in the VIII and cricket XI, though there are two or three cases on record.

There is a little fishing too. College owns the water the length of the cricket-fields, but a catch is a rare occurrence, the stream being slow and the water very clear.

The following shows the range of the studies :—

Every year the Sixth prepare for the year's Examination for Oxford and Cambridge certificates.

Upper Sixth read a Greek play, this year the *Agamemnon*, in preparation for the performance in June, and a book of some Greek Prose author, which this year is Thucydides, Book IV. In Latin Books they are reading Ovid's *Heroides* and Cicero's 2nd *Philippic*. They do a Greek Verse and Prose, Latin Verse and Prose composition every week, two days being allowed for each. Repetition is learnt twice a week; *Agamemnon* for those taking parts in the play, Ovid for others. Essays are only done by the Special Class, who are preparing for Scholarships. For Divinity they are taking up a Gospel, the *Acts*, and a piece of Church History. They also are doing the History of Rome. Those in the Special Class do neither Mathematics nor French. Of the former, others have eight hours a week, and two preparations of half an hour's duration. Of the latter, three hours a week, and one preparation of an hour and a half, in which a prose is done. They take up two French books, a prose and a verse.

The Stevens University Scholarship is awarded on the result of the certificates examination.

There is a School examination in the Christmas Term, and a Diocesan Divinity Examination by the Bishop of Oxford, for certificates, in the Lent Term, on the result of which the Wilder Divinity prize is awarded.

Time tables of the Upper and Lower VI are appended.

We must apologize for these statistical tables, but they will be excellent pabulum for the twentieth-century historian.

For composition the extremely confused system of mark-



G. R. BARKER, SENIOR PREFECT

(Captain of Cricket and of Football, 1900)

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UPPER SIXTH

	<i>Monday</i>	<i>Tuesday</i>	<i>Wednesday</i>	<i>Thursday</i>	<i>Friday</i>	<i>Saturday</i>
Early work 7-7.45	Look over Composition, &c.	Look over Composition, &c.	Look over Composition, &c.	Look over Composition, &c.	Look over Composition, &c.	Look over Composition, &c.
Morning preparation	Prepare Thucydides	Prepare Agamemnon	Prepare Ovid	Prepare Cicero	Prepare Repetition	French
9.30-10.30	Mathematics	Thucydides	French	Agamemnon	Ovid	French
10.30-11.30	Divinity	Agamemnon	Mathematics	Cicero	Unseen Repetition, &c.	Mathematics
11.45-12.45	Composition	French	Ovid	Mathematics	Mathematics	*
4-5	History	Cicero	*	Composition	History	*
5-6	Thucydides	Mathematics	*	Greek Prose	Mathematics	*
1st preparation 7.15-8.45	Greek Verse	Greek Prose	French	History	Latin Prose	Latin Verse
2nd preparation 9.30-10	Thucydides	Mathematics	Agamemnon	Ovid	Mathematics	History

* Half-holiday.

LOWER SIXTH

	<i>Monday</i>	<i>Tuesday</i>	<i>Wednesday</i>	<i>Thursday</i>	<i>Friday</i>	<i>Saturday</i>
7-7.45	Divinity	Repetition (Aeschylus prep.)	French	Vergil	St. Matthew	Grammar (Thucydides prep.)
9.30-10.30	Mathematics	Vergil	Thucydides	Grammar Paper	Aeschylus	Thucydides
10.30-11.30	Livy	Aeschylus	Mathematics	Livy	History	Mathematics
11.45-12.45	French	Divinity	History	Mathematics	Mathematics	*
4-5	Fair Copies	Greek Unseen	*	Latin Unseen	English	*
5-6	French	Mathematics	*	French	Mathematics	*
1st preparation	Latin Prose	French Prose	Greek Prose	Latin	Verses, Greek Grammar	Greek Verses
2nd preparation	Repetition	Mathematics	French	Aeschylus	Mathematics	Divinity

* Half-holiday.

ing introduced from Shrewsbury by Denning in the sixties, and elaborately described by Mr. Woods in chapter VI, still prevails. But the V, U, W, w, ω , o, t, i, b, no longer have any numerical value, nor any permanent value at all, but are simply put on the notice-board to summarize the composition of the week. With an indifferent handwriting the marks are barely distinguishable one from another, and convey less than nothing to any unfortunate parent to whom they may be communicated. The curious thing is that at Shrewsbury, now at all events, there is no relation between the numerical mark 20^+ and the W, V, &c., as the following account from a Shrewsbury Master shows:—

‘The Shrewsbury marks were introduced at Shrewsbury by Dr. Butler 1796–1836, at any rate the marks for Sixth Form Exercises 20^+ , $20'$, 20, 19 $\kappa\tau\lambda$. Also the practice of starting the exercise at the bottom of the first page, writing three or four lines and then turning over. There is in existence—it was at the Education Exhibition—an exercise shown up by Dr. Kennedy, while at school, to Dr. Butler and marked 20^+ . These marks are still used.

‘The Merit Letters are in use in forms below the Sixth, and have nothing to do with the marking of exercises, nor have they any numerical value. One letter is awarded to each boy by his form-master as the result of his week’s marks; these weekly letters are then sent to the Headmaster at the end of each half-term: the Headmaster awards “merit-money” in accordance with these marks: he also comes to the form-room, reads them out to the form and comments on them. The letters used are, V = Very well, W = Well, w = poor, t = bad. There is a tradition of i, but in nearly fifteen years I have never used it. Personally, I make use of V^- , W^- , and w^+ , to replace the missing i and b. Each form-master seems to have his own estimate of the value of the marks. With me (The Shell, Classical) W is a distinctly good mark, and w a distinctly poor one: a t signifies a complete collapse, and generally

results in the loss of all "merit-money" for the half-term. I hope that I have made plain that the 20⁺, &c., are used only for Sixth Form *Classical* Exercises: the Merit Letters for forms below the Sixth as a weekly mark, given on the results of all the marks awarded in all subjects together.'

It will be seen from the foregoing account that the Shrewsbury system was modified and developed at Bradfield under the Denning régime. It still exists, but only as part of the marking system.



NEW CLASSROOMS, 1900.

Among the other developments which have made Bradfield 'all things to all men' has been the establishment of the Engineering Class, and the Army and Navy Classes.

The Engineering Class, which is latest in point of date, for the workshops were only equipped and opened in the January of this year, has been intended as a means of prolonging the Public School discipline of those who are entering an engineering life, so postponing to an older growth the date at which it is inevitable that such boys should encounter the roughnesses and dangers to their

moral welfare of public workshops. There are now more than twenty constantly at work in the shops, and being taught the connexion between mind and hand which the Public School methods of a quarter of a century ago never brought within the horizon of boyhood. The Navy Class (in three divisions), established in 1897, when the First Lord of the Admiralty raised the maximum age of entry to the *Britannia*, now numbers over thirty, and can boast that, up to the time of writing, out of fourteen candidates sent up direct from the School, eleven have been successful at their first trial.

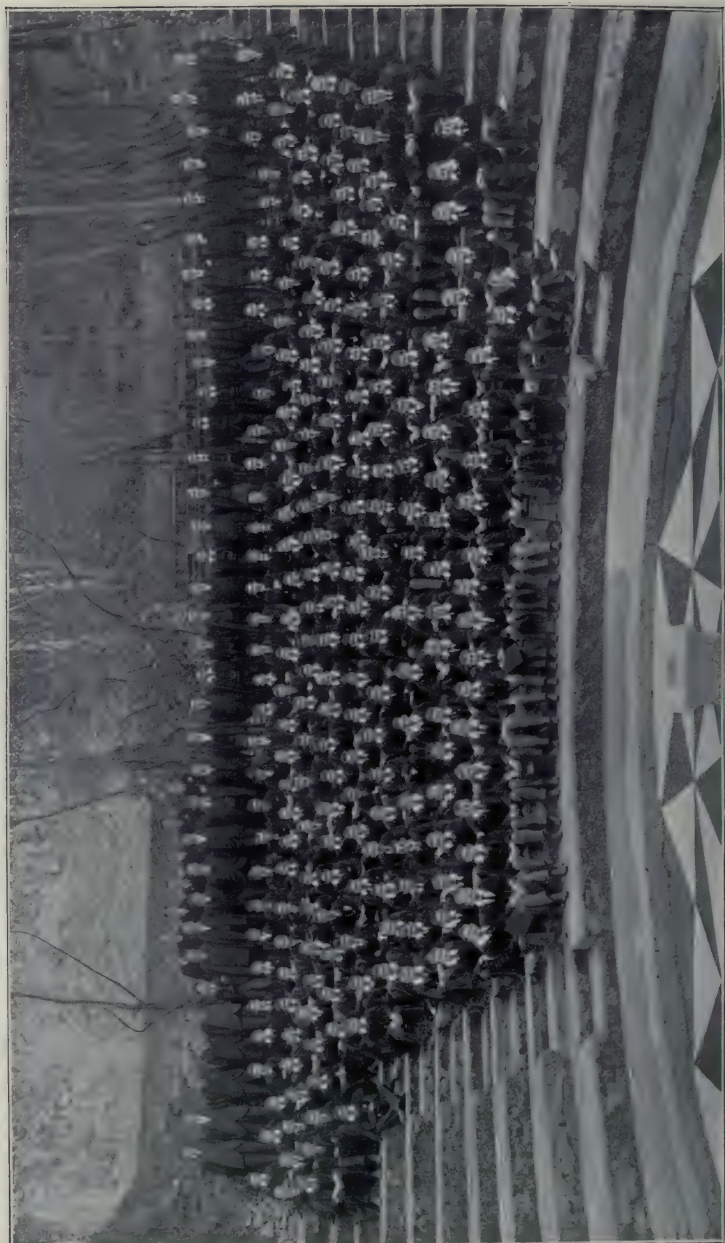
The Army Class is a plant of older growth, having been established in the 'eighties.' It now numbers its complement of thirty-four, and can point to twenty direct entrances to Woolwich, and subsequent successes in the Royal Engineers and Artillery, besides its more numerous *alumni* at Sandhurst.

A list of old Bradfield boys now (May, 1900) serving in South Africa will be found in an appendix. It contains sixty-eight names in all;—a goodly muster considering the size of the School, which up to 1890 was under 200 in number. The existence and development of the Army Class has of course something to do with the large number. Colonel Kitchener, brother of the Sirdar, is among the Bradfield heroes.

The history of Bradfield has now been traced from its happy-family days, through twenty years of growth and strength, and a decade of decay and decline, to a period of abounding vigour and stir. Looking forward, it is impossible not to feel that Bradfield now has an assured future of increasing greatness. It has effectually shaken off, if it was ever really under, the trammels of ecclesiasticism. The Founder very quickly saw that what Macaulay said about religion and politics, is equally true about religion

and schools. Macaulay noted that people will not pray with those who believe less than themselves, and will not vote with those who believe more than themselves. In the same way, whatever the British parent's views may be as to personal religion, he shows no disposition to support schools where attempts are made to convert schoolboys into religious enthusiasts. He wants a school, not a seminary. The College has also got rid of the dual control which was fatal to efficiency and security. Whatever may happen to the Wardenship, whether the office is abolished altogether, or is converted into a title for the Chairman of the Governing Body, the administrative authority must remain vested in the Headmaster, subject to the control of the Council.

Bradfield is therefore now able to develop untrammelled in the direction which destiny points out. The future of Public Schools lies with those which are placed like Bradfield in a beautiful and healthy district, far, but not too far from the madding crowd. Whether Public Schools near London will undergo the eclipse that overtook Westminster at the beginning of the century, when they become, as they are fast becoming, lost in a desert of suburban villas, is not yet clear. Certain it is that with the growth of great towns the demand for schools in the country has increased, is increasing, and will not be diminished. Winchester is safe in its water-meadows and its downs, and its sixty miles from London, for another century. Bradfield in its water-meadows, and its woods, its county town eight good miles away, may look forward with even greater confidence. It is bound, however, to build new houses itself. The Army House, the Junior School, the Modern-Side House, have all hived off from the parent swarm within a dozen years. The next dozen can hardly fail to see further swarms seeking new hives. It is a thousand pities that the Founder did not, as his medieval predecessors would have done, appropriate the rectory to the School. It is an admirable site and a charming nucleus for another School house, and it would be much more convenient for



THE SCHOOL, 1900

the rector to be near his flock and his sheepfold than half a mile away. The School should expropriate it sooner or later, and rather sooner than later. For now, the Headmaster has but to stamp with his foot, and boys spring from the earth.



FIREPLACE, BIG SCHOOL.

APPENDIX I

RECTORS OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, BRADFELD, BERKS

From the Bishops' Registers at Salisbury.

[It will be noticed that the true dedication of the church is not to St. Andrew but to St. John Baptist.]

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Patron.</i>	<i>Rector.</i>
1304, 22 Dec.	Agnes de Somery.	Willelmus de Parva Golham.
1342, Nones Nov.	Nicholaus de la Beche, Miles.	Johannes de Querendon.
1342, 9 Kal. Dec.	" " "	Simo de Assche by exchange with John de Querendon.
1361, 31 Oct.	The King Edward III.	Ricardus Postel.
1384, 27 Feb.	Thomas de Langford, Miles.	Johannes de Theukesbury by exchange with Richard Postell.
1366, 1 Apr.	" " "	Johannes Atte Lee by exchange with John Theukesbury.
1381, 8 May.	" " "	Robertus Granereyn on resignation of John Atte Lee.
1410, 2 Oct.	Willelmus Langford, Miles.	Robertus Clerk on death of Robert Granereyn.
1418, 18 Apr.	Laurentius Fyton.	Edmundus Barbour on exchange with Robert Clerk.
1423, 20 Feb.	The King Henry VI (as custodian of the estate of Edward Langford deceased).	Johannes Swanwich on death of Edmund Barbour.
1423, 10 Dec.	" " "	Simo Lambthorp on resignation of John Swanwich.
1470, 5 June.	Edward Langford.	Johannes Hewghson on death of Simon Ganstede.
1478, 18 March.	Thomas Langford, Armiger.	Johannes Lowe on death of John Hewson.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Patron.</i>	<i>Rector.</i>
1479, 22 Apr.	Robertus Shordych de Benfold, Armiger, pro hac vice ratione concessionis per Thomam Langford, Armigerum, domi- num Manerii.	Johannes Garway on death of John Lowe.
1508, 29 Aug.	Johannes Langford, Miles.	Hugo Norresse, on resigna- tion of John Garwaye, a pension of 16 marks being reserved to John Garwaye for his life.
1511, 25 July.	Henricus Smyth, armiger.	Bernardus Holden on resig- nation of Hugh Norrys.
1531, 17 Apr.	Willelmus Stafford, armiger et Anna eius uxor, filia et heres Domini Johannis Langford, Militis defuncti.	Johannes Taylor in person of Thomas Dokwray, on death of Bernard Holden.
1536, 5 Jan.	Johannes Barton, armiger and Ricardus Palmes, generosus, for this turn (by grant of William Stafford and Anne his wife).	Georgius Barton, on resig- nation of John Taylor.
1554, 23 Aug.	Thomas Ogle, armiger et Anna eius uxor, filia unica na- turalis et legitima ac heres Domini Johannis Langford, militis.	Johannes Thornall, on de- privation of George Bar- ton.
1555, 9 Nov.	" " "	Willelmus Curston on resig- nation John Thornall.
1575, 29 March.	Queen Elizabeth, by lapse.	Johannes Gravet.
1613, 18 July.	The King James I by reason of the minority of Edward Staf- ford.	Johannes Bowle on death of John Gravett.
1637, 10 Dec.	The King Charles I by the Pre- rogative of the Crown.	Ricardus Bayly on death of John Bishop of Rochester (i. e. John Bowle).
1663, 18 Dec.	John Elwes, armiger.	Henricus Pierse, on resigna- tion of Richard Bayly.
1686, 17 Sept.	Samuel Thompson of London, Armiger.	Franciscus Springet, on death of Henry Pierce.
1703, 30 Nov.	{ Francis Springett, gen., } { Thomas Haines, gen., and } { Thomas Powell, gen. }	Gulielmus Bond, on death of Francis Springett.
1740, 16 May.	Francis Blandy, of Henley upon Thames, Oxford, Gent.	John Stevens, M.A., on death of William Bond.
1758, 24 Apr.	Henry Stevens of Doctors Com- mons, London, Gent.	Thomas Stevens, M.A., on death of John Stevens.
1800, 15 Aug.	Rev. Henry Stevens.	Henry Stevens, LL.B., on death of Thomas Stevens.

APPENDIX II

OLD BRADFIELD BOYS SERVING IN THE TRANSVAAL WAR, 1899-1900

<i>No. in Register.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Regiment.</i>
356	Col. Sapte.	Military Secretary, Cape Town.
386	Col. J. E. Watson.	2nd Batt. Manchester Regiment.
474	Major E. D. Caird.	Royal West Kent Regiment.
496	Col. F. W. Kitchener.	West Yorkshire Regiment.
555	Major E. H. F. Finch.	1st Batt. East Lancashire Regiment.
566	Major H. Capel-Cure (wounded).	Gloucestershire Regiment.
673	Capt. A. Capel-Cure.	Royal Artillery.
678	Capt. W. J. Mangles.	King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment.
709	Capt. G. P. A. Acworth.	Royal Engineers.
747	Capt. T. J. Owen.	Cape Town.
766	Capt. G. B. H. Rice (wounded).	Royal Irish Fusiliers.
812	H. J. S. Burder.	Berks. Imperial Yeomanry.
815	Capt. J. O. Travers.	Devonshire Regiment.
829	Capt. W. R. J. Ellis.	Yorkshire Light Infantry.
860	Capt. W. R. Rawlinson.	King's Liverpool Regiment.
867	Capt. H. T. Crispin (wounded).	1st Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers.
889	Capt. J. M. S. Crealock.	1st Batt. Derbyshire Regiment.
895	H. C. Maw.	Imperial Light Horse.
902	Lieut. D. H. F. Grant.	2nd Batt. Lincolnshire Regiment.
907	Lieut. A. G. Pratt (wounded).	1st Essex Regiment.
913	Lieut. L. R. Acworth.	Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment.
927	Capt. A. R. S. Martin (wounded).	King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment.
931	H. H. Crawley.	Natal Mounted Infantry.
943	Capt. H. W. Fife (wounded).	Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.
963	Lieut. R. L. C. Wilkinson.	5th Dragoon Guards.
981	Lieut. L. A. B. Donaldson.	H.M.S. <i>Doris</i> , South African Squadron.
983	Lieut. W. G. King-Peirce.	

<i>No. in Register.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Regiment.</i>
985	Lieut. J. K. Rashleigh.	Carrington's Rhodesian Force.
1020	C. D. V. Cary-Barnard.	Cape Mounted Rifles.
1033	Lieut. C. C. Barnes (wounded).	Royal Artillery.
1041	Lieut. W. H. La T. Darley.	Devonshire Regiment.
1043	Lieut. F. W. R. Hill.	2nd Dorset Regiment.
1044	Lieut. R. d'E. Hill.	2nd Lincoln Regiment.
1046	Lieut. W. T. C. Jones (wounded).	Royal Marine Light Infantry.
1048	Lieut. J. C. May.	2nd East Surrey Regiment.
1050	Lieut. H. T. Gwennap-Moore.	Royal Engineers.
1055	Lieut. A. T. Schreiber.	Royal Marine Artillery.
1057	Lieut. W. E. M. Tyndall.	Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment.
1066	Lieut. O. D. Atkinson.	Lincolnshire Regiment.
1077	Lieut. W. T. Wyndowe.	Northamptonshire Regiment.
1079	E. S. T. Crispin.	Attached as Medical Officer to the British Troops.
1082	Lieut. C. L. Evans.	Royal Artillery.
1103	Lieut. J. G. Dooner.	Royal Artillery.
1104	Lieut. W. D. Dooner (wounded).	Royal Irish Fusiliers.
1109	Lieut. R. E. M. Lomer.	3rd Dragoon Guards.
1138	E. A. Dawson (wounded, then died of enteric fever).	City Imperial Volunteers.
1140	Lieut. C. E. Foster.	Suffolk Regiment.
1142	Lieut. H. W. Hill.	Royal Artillery.
1153	Lieut. F. R. Burnside.	City Imperial Volunteers.
1165	R. M. Henman.	Berks. Imperial Yeomanry.
1168	Lieut. A. Hinde.	Royal Artillery.
1169	Lieut. R. B. Johnson.	6th Enniskillen Dragoons.
1187	Lieut. A. St. J. Blunt.	York and Lancaster Regiment.
1188	Lieut. Charlesworth.	
1190	H. J. Henman.	Berks. Imperial Yeomanry.
1197	Lieut. L. W. de V. Sadleir-Jackson.	9th Lancers.
1218	Lieut. A. G. Hall.	2nd Bedford Regiment.
1228	Lieut. T. E. Pooley.	The Strathcona Horse (British Columbia).
1248	Lieut. L. W. P. de H. Larpent.	5th Fusiliers.
1251	Lieut. H. S. Marriott.	1st Suffolk Regiment.
1256	Lieut. W. A. S. Woodgate.	King's Own Regiment.
1264	Lieut. T. S. F. Pratt.	1st Suffolk Regiment.
1311	Lieut. A. L. Martin.	4th South Stafford Regiment.
1312	M. P. Barthropp (prisoner).	Kimberley Horse.
1319	Lieut. S. E. Woolhouse.	1st Essex Regiment.
1334	T. H. F. Johnson.	City Imperial Volunteers.
1428	T. H. B. Owen.	Paget's Horse.

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